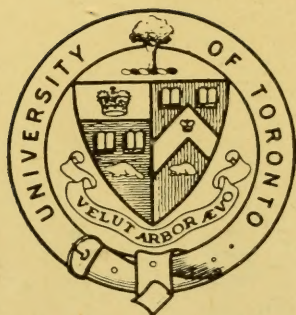


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The Kaiser's Heir





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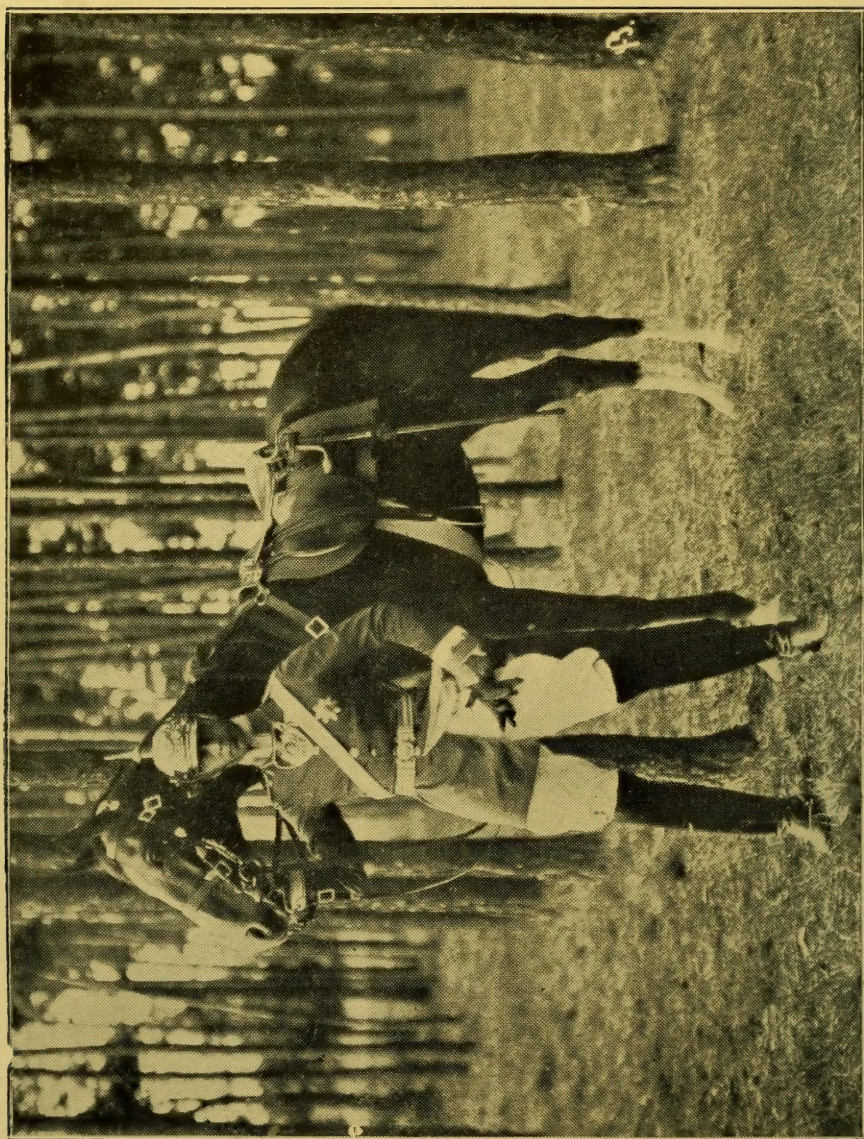
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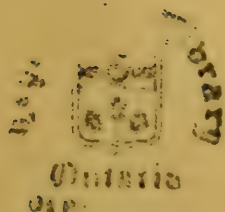


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brief

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PREFACE

IF there be one European personage more than another in whom we must all feel a deep and natural interest, it is surely the heir to the throne of that mighty nation—allied to us by blood and speech—which has now become our greatest, though not unfriendly, rival.

It has hitherto been the fashion for German writers to refer to the Kaiser's heir as an "*unbeschriebenes Blatt*"—a blank sheet of paper waiting to have something written upon it by himself; but the following pages will show that much of this space has already been filled up.

Yet, even if the Prince's character were still something of an enigma, the essence of all interest is uncertainty; and it is to gratify public curiosity that this narrative has been written.

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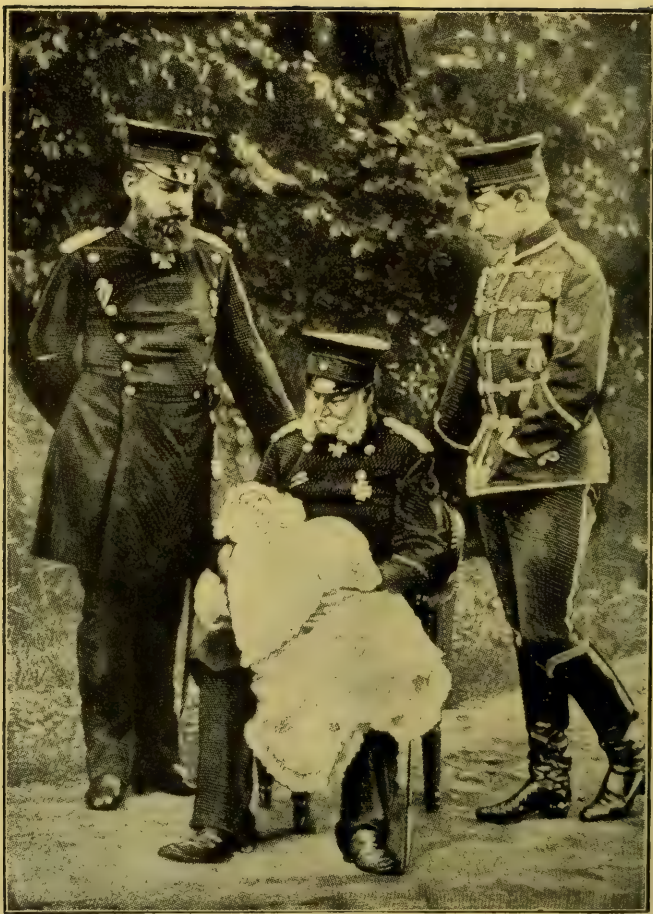
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THE FOUR KAISERS.

THE KAISER'S HEIR

CHAPTER I

ANCESTRY

Principle of heredity—From crag to sea—Meaning of "Elector"—A "Rob Roy" race—By Right Divine—King and Kaiser—A collector of giants—"Ancestor" *quasi* "Ante-cessor"—A Falstaffian monarch—Our Waterloo ally—A Royal "Romanticist"—"King Clicquot"—William "the Great"—Bismarck as Kaiser-maker—"Unser Fritz"—A Royal sentimentalist—A Lohengrin figure—A showy soldier—Dressing to an idea—The *aura popularis*—A tragic reign—An English Empress—A gifted wife—As better half—Mistakes of judgment—A mother's son—"La Société de Berlin"—Startling discovery—Frederick II and William II—A Plutarchian parallel—Christian soldiers—"Criminal levity"—Peace-keeper of Europe—Augusta Victoria—An ideal Empress—Model wife—And perfect mother—A "pearl among women."

IN estimating the character of any man it is first of all necessary to know something about the ancestors of whom he is the physical and mental resultant; for though reformers, or iconoclasts—if the latter be deemed the better word—may abolish an hereditary chamber, it is beyond their power to play the same trick with the principle of heredity in the personal composition of individual men.

But in the case of the Prince who will one day

be called upon to mould the destinies of the mightiest military State of modern times it is not necessary to begin at the very beginning, that is to say, to hark back to the dim, mediæval time when Conrad of Hohenzollern left his ancestral castle—perched like an eagle's eyrie among the Swabian Alps of South Germany—to carve out his career as a soldier of fortune; fought his way into the favour of Kaiser Red Beard, by whom he was made Warden of Nürnberg Keep, and thus became the founder of the dynasty which now dominates all Germany—*vom Fels zum Meer*—from mountain-crag to main.

How from exercising the office of Burggraf, or castle-warden at Nürnberg—afterwards to become the beautiful artistic city of Hans Sachs and Albrecht von Dürer—the Hohenzollern adventurers gradually acquired sovereignty over the Mark of Brandenburg, with the rank of Kurfürst, or Elector, till at last they expanded their territories into the kingdom of Prussia, which ultimately was to form the basis of the new German Empire—all this forms a tale of historical romance, or romantic history, unsurpassed in the annals of Europe.

A word here, by the way, about the term "Elector," or "Kurfürst," which so frequently occurs in German history. The right of electing the Emperor was vested in a college of seven princes (including bishops), of whom the Warden of the Marches, Markgraf, or Marquis of Brandenburg grew to be one. Carlyle has an illuminating note on the subject. "*Fürst*, I suppose," he says, "is

equivalent originally to our noun of number, *First*. The old verb *kieren* (participle *erkoren* still in use, not to mention *val-kyrie* and other instances) is essentially the same word as our *choose*, being written *kiesen* as well as *kieren*. Nay, say the etymologists, it is also written *küssen* (to *kiss*—to choose with such emphasis!), and is not likely to fall obsolete in that form."

On the day the first manhood-suffrage Parliament of the new German Empire was opened at Berlin, its unifier, Bismarck, was raised to the rank of "Fürst," or Prince, though the title is really the equivalent of our "Marquis," seeing that, on his dismissal from office, the Emperor sent him a higher patent of nobility as "Hertzog," or "Duke" of Lauenburg—a title which, like the kingly crown offered to Cæsar, "he did thrice refuse," or at least declined to be ever called by it.

It is the less necessary to detail the process by which the Mark of Brandenburg, known from the barrenness of its soil as the "Sand-box of the Holy Roman Empire"—boxes of sand having been used for drying ink before the invention of blotting paper—developed into the kingdom of Prussia, since that process is well epitomised by a story told of William II, sire of the subject of this biographical sketch.

The former, when a child, was seen to have inherited the proverbial large hand of the Hohenzollerns, which palmistry has sought to connect with their remarkable achievements in the sphere

of conquest from the days of Conrad to those of his twenty-third lineal descendant, who completed the edifice of family aggrandisement by the annexation of Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Schleswig-Holstein and Alsace-Lorraine. When Prince William, afterwards the second of his name, was about nine months old, he was presented by his father to an assemblage of Berlin citizens, one of whom facetiously took out his watch and held it close to the royal infant's ear. The latter, however, less amused by its ticking than attracted by its jewelled brilliancy, clutched the chronometer with his tiny fist, and kept a very tight grip of it too. "Ah! see," said his princely father, smiling, "whatever a Hohenzollern once gets into his grasp he does not part with so readily." Or, in other words, the Hohenzollerns ever flourished on the maxim, which was also the motto of Rob Roy—

"That they should take who have the power
And they should keep who can."³

A turning-point in their worldly prosperity had been reached in 1701, when Frederick, son of the "Grosser Kurfürst," or Great Elector, proclaimed himself first King of Prussia-Brandenburg. This he did—at Königsberg, the Westminster of Prussia—by placing the crown upon his own head in token, not that he had bribed and bargained it out of Kaiser Leopold, as was the sober truth, but that he had received it, without episcopal mediation, direct from the King of Kings. It was in this way that Frederick I established the doctrine of divine

right as reasseverated a hundred times over by his eighth descendant.

But be it noted in passing, and this will be a great surprise to most readers, that of all the eight successors of Frederick I. of Prussia only one has taken the trouble to go through the formality of coronation. This exception was William I., who was at pains to crown himself—also at Königsberg—on succeeding to his demented brother, Frederick William IV, with the express object of thus reasserting the doctrine of divine right which had been seriously impaired by the March Revolution of '48, and by the ensuing grant of a written constitution to the Prussian people. His grandson, William II.—however surprising it may sound—never got himself similarly crowned King of Prussia in spite of all his championship of the divine-right doctrine; while of course his coronation as German Emperor was out of the question, since that would have implied his imperial sovereignty over Germany, which is not inherent in the executive President of the Confederation of German States called “Empire.” But on this subject more anon.

Frederick, the first King of Prussia, crowned himself as such at Königsberg on January 18, 1701; and on this same date, one hundred and seventy years later—in 1871—his sixth descendant and successor, William I. of Prussia, was acclaimed “German Emperor”—a very different thing from “Emperor of Germany”—at Versailles, in the storied palace of the Kings of France. History has presented us with many dramatic contrasts, and with

many astounding episodes, but with none like this. With the shades of Richelieu and the Grand Monarque, and the destroyer of the Holy Roman Empire (Napoleon) looking down on them, did the Teutonic chieftains, ruling Princes and commanding Generals, raise their heroic leader on their shields, so to speak, and with clash of arms and of martial music acclaim him Kaiser—if not *of*, at least *in* a re-united Germany.

The founder of that monarchy, Frederick I.—to continue our ancestral study—was succeeded by his son, Frederick William I., the rough and bearish, almost boorish despot who ruled his people by means of a “Tobacco Parliament,” and his only son with a rod of iron. To this son, afterwards known as Frederick the Great, he was to bequeath the instrument of his unparalleled victories in the shape of the Prussian army which he had created with the help of the grim “Old Dessauer,” the direct ancestor of Prince Arthur of Connaught through his Prussian grandmother, a Princess of Anhalt-Dessau. But the peculiar thing about this superb army was that it was the means of preventing its royal author from going to war for fear this might result in the loss of any of the colossal grenadiers whom he had collected, at an enormous cost, from almost every country under the sun, and combined into a machine-like brigade of giants such as the world had never seen before. Existing as it did more for ornament than use, more as a “*decus*” than a “*tutamen in armis*,” the “*Riesengarde*” of Potsdam acted rather as a

means of inducing its creator to keep the peace than as a weapon of offence in war.

Frederick William's famous son, the hero of the Seven Years War, who had thus found an efficient army and a full treasury ready to hand, confessed quite frankly that it was simply his thirst for glory and aggrandisement which compelled him first to draw the sword. After Carlyle, Frederick II. has found no more fervent worshipper than his sixth successor, William II., who so frequently alludes to him as his "illustrious ancestor," though in using this language he is not quite accurate.

Dining once at Windsor, after the publication of his history, Macaulay records in his *Diary* that—

"The Queen was most gracious to me. She talked much about my book and owned that she had nothing to say for her poor ancestor, James II. 'Not your Majesty's ancestor,' said I, 'your Majesty's predecessor.' I hope this was not an uncourtly correction. I meant it as a compliment, and she seemed to take it so."

Precisely the same correction applies to the Emperor when he talks about his "great ancestor," Frederick, who was only that in the etymological sense of the word "*ante-cessor*," or fore-goer. But his real ancestor—for Frederick never had any children—was the great King's nephew and successor, Frederick William II., the son of his elder brother, Augustus William, whose death was practically brought about by the threat to have him court-martialled and shot for incompetency, or worse, during the Seven Years War.

From him the Kaiser is directly descended, and not at all from the hero of Rossbach and Leuthen, between whom and his nephew-successor the physical and intellectual contrast was so great that they did not seem to be members of the same family. Frederick was a spare little atomy of a man, especially in his later life; while his nephew was a Falstaffian mountain of flesh. According to Lord Malmesbury (Sir James Harris), our Minister at Berlin, Frederick William had "more the air of a stout soldier than a great prince," and his morals were of the very loosest. Harris, in fact, wrote that "a total corruption of morals reigns (in Berlin) throughout both sexes in every class of life."

Curiously enough the revival of religion in the new reign went hand in hand with a monstrous recrudescence of vice. The new King affected to be a pietist—in contradistinction to his uncle and predecessor, who had been a rank atheist—although during the Seven Years War he had been much huzzah'd in England as the "Protestant hero," and even had village inns consecrated to his name.

Frederick William II.'s reign only lasted eleven years—1786–97—and it was, perhaps, fortunate for his country that it was not of longer duration. As it was, his policy and personal tastes had done it a deal of harm. He had squandered the wealth which had been left him by his uncle Frederick, and saddled the Treasury with a debt of several millions, while he had introduced and fostered that spirit of arrogance, self-conceit, and self-indulgence

in the army which was to lead it to Jena, in the subsequent reign of his son, the present Kaiser's great-grandfather, our ally at Waterloo.

Frederick William III., son and successor of the "Fat" King, was a very commonplace kind of monarch, though he will be remembered as the husband of the sainted Queen Louise—mother of the son who, in 1870, was to wipe out the wrongs and indignities of 1807 (notice the reversal of the last two figures!), as well as the author of the famous *Appeal to my People*, which had the effect of transforming the Prussians into a "*Volk in Waffen*," or "Nation in Arms," who rested not, neither relaxed their efforts until they had set the seal on the charter of their liberation from the French yoke by the embracing of Blücher and Wellington on the field of Waterloo.

Frederick William III. was followed by his eldest son, who became the fourth of that name. But of all the successors of Frederick the Great he was the weakest, and it was under him that Herr von Bismarck, a simple country squire or Junker, found an opportunity of coming to the front, or rather had this opportunity thrust upon him. Frederick William was a feeble sentimentalist—a man of high but impracticable ideals. Strauss, the acute author of the *Life of Jesus*—the German Renan, in fact—was one of those who satirised his crying frailties as a sovereign in a pamphlet entitled *Julian the Apostate, or the Romanticist on the Throne of the Cæsars*. A stronger monarch, with Bismarck at his side,

would have suppressed the March Revolution of 1848 with a whiff of grape shot; but the feeble-willed King of Prussia—though an ardent stickler for divine right—was as clay in the potter-hands of the Berlin mob.

The result was that a constitution was wrung from him, through he had sworn that no power on earth would ever induce him “to suffer a sheet of paper to intervene between the Lord God in Heaven and his subjects.”

His brother-in-law, Nicholas I. of Russia, sneered at him as a mere “circus-rider” on hearing of his theatrical processions through the streets of Berlin with a painted imperial crown; and all Europe was at once amazed and amused by the spectacle of a monarch vaunting his resolve to restore unity to the German nation who had lacked the necessary nerve to restore order in his own capital. Afterwards, when offered the imperial crown by a representative assembly of the German people at Frankfurt, he declined it on the ground that his title to such a crown would be incomplete without the concurrent assent of his fellow-sovereigns in the Fatherland as well, and therein he was undoubtedly right.

Otherwise feebleness and vacillation marked his whole reign—from 1840 till 1858—when political worries had so affected his brain that at last he had to be declared incapable of further rule, and was succeeded by his brother William in the same sad circumstances as had attended the supersession of the insane George III.

by his son. How this mental taint had arisen in the Hohenzollern family it is difficult to say, but it is worthy of note in this connection that a niece of Frederick William IV., Princess Marie of Prussia, married to Maximilian II. of Bavaria, became the mother of two sons, Ludwig II., the eccentric patron of Richard Wagner, and Otto, who had both to be successively relieved of their sceptres on account of their insanity. It may be added that Frederick William IV. had always figured in the pages of *Punch* as "King Clicquot"—with a bottle of champagne handy at his side. But the cartoons of those days were far more inconsiderate and provocative of bad blood between nations than now. The Press had not yet been impregnated with that sense of responsibility which is but another name for self-restraint.

But if the poor sentimental Frederick William IV. grew to be insane, there was not a single mad tooth in the head of his soldierly brother, the Prince of Prussia, who, after acting for several years as deputy ruler—like our own Prince Regent during the last sad days of his father's confinement to Windsor—at last (in 1861) succeeded to the throne as William I. Within ten years of this time he had fought three victorious wars, and got himself acclaimed as German Emperor at Versailles. He had waged three momentous, epoch-marking wars during this brief period—yes, but only with the help of his Knights of the Round Table, his mighty paladins: Bismarck, Moltke, Roon and others without whom Germany most probably would

have still remained what it was declared to be before—a mere “geographical expression.”

William I. had his serious limitations. His helmet was one of the smallest-sized in the Prussian army, while Bismarck had to get one specially made for himself. There was no comparison between the intellectual power of the two—master and man. But the King was rich in sound common sense; he was the soul of honour, of justice, and of truth; he was the Bayard of his nation—without fear and without reproach; and he was a connecting link between the Napoleonic era and the new time. Yet he never quite deserved the title “Great,” which his hero-worshipping grandson bestowed upon him—not by popular request, but by official decree. It had needed no such ukase to make, not only the Prussian people, but also the European public recognise the appropriateness of the same term when applied to the hero of the Seven Years War.

But there was one thing which, with all his limitations, proved the saving of William I. and the making of his nation, and that was his unerring instinct in the choice of his instruments, his infallible eye for the men who could best serve him; and once he had made his choice of a minister, the latter's tenure of office might always be regarded as for life, or at least, as in the case of our own judges, *quamdiu se bene gesserit*. Bismarck always had heaps of enemies and detractors—no public man, perhaps, ever more; but all the calumnies, the intrigues, and the dead-sets of which the Iron

Chancellor ever continued to be the object could never shake him in the estimation of the monarch of whom he had been the making, and for whose dynasty he had done so much.

It pleased William II. on repeated occasions to represent his grandfather as the founder of German unity; but its real architect was Bismarck, and it could, indeed, be shown that Germany was unified not by, but in spite of the King of Prussia. At all the crucial crises, the turning-points in the great national drama, it cost Bismarck an infinity of pains and worry to convert his "alte Herr" to his way of thinking; but, as he once observed, "I have always been able, in the end, to talk over, if not to convince, my old master."

Frederick II., surnamed "the Great," and William I. so misnamed by his grandson, are certainly the most outstanding figures in Prussian history, and yet the two monarchs were as different in capacity as any two men could possibly be. Frederick shone, almost blazed by his own solar light; but the luminosity of William was mainly borrowed—like that of the moon. The figure of the latter stands bathed in the reflected glory of his mighty men—the real makers of the German Empire. Frederick did everything himself, while William was content to choose his instruments and let them do the work. But withal he was a fine character, and grew, like Gladstone, to be the "Grand Old Man" of his nation.

His only son and short-lived successor—for long popularly known as "Unser Fritz," or "the Crown

Prince " *par excellence*—presented a singular contrast to the old Kaiser, with whose character, indeed, he had comparatively little in common. The sire was the most practical of men, the son the most sentimental. In character, if not in person, he resembled his uncle, Frederick William IV., more, perhaps, than any of his predecessors. One was a "Romanticist on the Throne of the Cæsars," as Strauss put it, and the other a "Sentimentalist." No man of his time was more misrepresented and misunderstood. In England especially his character was the subject of the grossest misconception. In this country people were content to accept the Crown Prince at his own face value, which struck them as being of a very high kind. He will continue to live in the memory of the British people as the son-in-law of Queen Victoria, in whose first Jubilee procession he rode to the Abbey—the most heroic and knightly looking figure in all that gorgeous cavalcade of kings and princes.

Lohengrin himself never looked half so noble, so soldierly, so warlike. And yet this martial-looking Crown Prince had neither taste nor aptitude for the business of war. Whoever doubts this should read the masterly monograph on the Prince published soon after his death by Gustav Freytag, the novelist, who had enjoyed the intimacy of his princely patron, and even shared his quarters during the French war up to Sedan, so that he must have well known what he was talking about. And what said he?—

‘The Emperor Frederick III.,’ he wrote, “figures in the minds of most people as a strong winner of battles and yet military matters were little to his taste. He was by no means a smart commander on the drill-ground, and in war he performed well the military tasks of a general only because he entirely trusted his Chief of the Staff (Count Blumenthal), and very willingly took upon himself the responsibility and the display appertaining to royalty. But whoever should say that he acquired the reputation of a famous leader without being an able soldier would do the beloved deceased no wrong.”

It was probably to this Crown Prince that Moltke was alluding—and his words are repeated in the preface to his history of the Franco-German war—when he said: “All that can be published of a war is necessarily coloured by the event; but it is a pious and patriotic duty never to disturb the prestige which connects the glory of our army with certain high personages.”

It is to be feared that the Crown Prince was rather too fond of his looking-glass, with its concomitant passion for histrionic pose. One of his foibles was the collection of Press notices about himself.

“He was habitually,” continues Freytag, “extolled as a fine heroic figure, and he himself was probably on this account disposed to attribute great importance to his appearance, and adjust it to the situation and to the task in hand. All that was artificial, however, in face, look, and gesture, vanished the moment a noble thought entered his soul. Then his eye beamed, his face assumed its natural expression and lit up most attractively, and in such moments he really was strikingly handsome.”

One afternoon between Wörth and Sedan, at a little village among the Vosges mountains, the Crown Prince summoned his literary friend and counsellor for a talk out in the open air in front of his confined quarters on a verdant village meadow. What the Prince wanted to know was what should be the future form of a united Germany. Freytag suggested that the Prussians desired no new names and titles for their king, but only the power.

“At this point, however, the Crown Prince broke out with emphasis, and his eye flashed: ‘No; he must be Emperor.’ I looked at him in surprise. He had put on his general’s cloak (though it was a hot August day after rain) so that it fell around his tall figure like a king’s mantle, and had thrown round his neck the gold chain of the Hohenzollern order, which he was not wont to wear in the quiet of the camp, and thus paced elate along the village green. Filled with the importance which the Emperor idea had for him, he had evidently adapted his external appearance to suit the conversation.”

Yes, he was very much of a *histrion*, and never more so than when courting the *aura popularis* and endeavouring to ingratiate himself with “the man in the street”—the more so as he chafed at being kept aloof from state affairs, and felt that he was wasting away from mere inanition. After the war with France—with few intervals, during which he devoted himself to the interests of museums and the like, and a brief spell of regency when his father was struck down by the buckshot of the Socialist, Dr. Nobiling—he may be said to have

been one of the unemployed, and, as a matter of fact, he really died from having nothing to do.

As all the world knows, it was an incurable malady of the cruellest kind which ultimately carried him off at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven; but, even before being seized in the grip of that fell disease, the vital energy had all gone out of him owing to atrophy or non-use, thus opening the door in his system to the fellest form of death. In many respects his was a right noble and exalted nature, but he was not the proper man for his position; and it is to be feared that the shortness of his reign, which only lasted nine-and-ninety tragic days, was by no means an unmitigated evil for Germany.

The question of ancestry, which forms the subject of this chapter, would be imperfectly elucidated did we fail to take into account the character of the Emperor Frederick's English consort, the eldest born of Queen Victoria, who exercised such a controlling, such an overmastering influence on his life and fortunes. In a recently published memoir of *The Empress Frederick* (which, though anonymous, bears pretty clear internal evidence of being the handiwork of Dr. Boyd Carpenter, ex-Bishop of Ripon) the writer says—

“It was her fate to be constantly misunderstood; to see the purity of her motives doubted, and her most innocent actions misconstrued. Owing partly to the circumstances of her time, partly to her own generous and warm-hearted but imprudent impulsiveness, she failed to win the affection of her adopted country as

a whole, though she certainly earned its respect and esteem."

All that is perfectly true; but it might have been added—what, indeed, the Empress's sympathetic biographer is forced repeatedly to allow—that the misfortunes and misunderstandings which embittered her Majesty's life were in great degree due to a certain deficiency of tact on her part—an impulsive blurting out of things better left unsaid.

It is curious that the eldest child of Queen Victoria should have been so little gifted with the *savoir-faire* which caused her brother, King Edward, to be thought a paragon in this respect among all the sovereigns of Europe. On the other hand, the Empress was endowed with a mental power, a passion for culture, a versatility and a fondness for the society of men of intellect of all kinds beyond that of any member of her family. In truth, if she had been less gifted by Nature, and less perfected by education, which had made her the darling and the intellectual image of her father, she would have achieved far greater success at the Court of Berlin.

As it was, she was too impatient of restraint, too outspoken, too imprudent, and, above all, too intensely English, we will not say ever to flourish, but to breathe and live in such an atmosphere as that of Berlin. And her warmest admirers must ruefully admit that she did not make a sufficiently determined effort to identify herself with the views and feelings of her adopted country, especially with regard to its form of government. On more than one occasion she got her intellectually far inferior

husband, over whom her control was absolute, into very serious trouble with his father by egging him on to side with the Opposition, and to make speeches for which he was threatened, among other things, with banishment from Court.¹

As Crown Princess she committed the radical mistake of thinking that the party government which had been the making of England must needs also prove equally beneficial to Prussia. It never occurred to her that what is sauce for the goose is not necessarily always sauce for the gander, and that constitutionalism in our sense of the term was just as little fitted to the special wants of a military State like Prussia as Continental conscription would be unsuited to the circumstances of the British people. If the Crown Princess and her husband could have had their way they would have liberalised Prussia off the map of Europe; for neither of them could ever see the impropriety—as some one put it—of expecting the statesmen of India to wear the furs of Canada in the streets of Calcutta.

The Empress Frederick's interference in politics brought upon her the hostility not only of Bismarck, but even of her own son, whose open quarrel with his mother darkened the beginning of his reign. Had the characters of mother and son been dissimilar, it might have been different; but between the two there was little of that contrast which makes for mutual complement and harmony. It has been said that a man is generally more the son

¹ *Vide* p. 137 *post*.

of his grandfather than his father, and this is certainly true of William II. Hitherto, for some reason or other, the European public have always preferred to think of the Kaiser as the grandson of the old Emperor; but, in point of fact, his mental composition includes, perhaps, a greater share of the Prince Consort, who was one of the most cultured, most versatile, and most intellectual men of his time. Hear what Prince Hohenlohe says on the subject:

[“The Emperor William gives me the impression of (being) a clever and conscientious man. When I speak with him I am always reminded of Prince (Consort) Albert. He resembles him in the voice, and has the same earnest manner, but at the same time delights in the comic aspect of things. If he develops like his grandfather we may be content.”]

The Prince Consort's eldest daughter, too, took more after him perhaps than any of the Queen's other children, and if ever a man was the son of his mother it is William II. It was from her that his Majesty very naturally derived his English tastes, just as it was through her that he inherited all that is best in him of brain and character—intellectuality, artistic sense, versatility and tenacity of purpose. Apart from Frederick the Great, none of the Hohenzollerns—since his time at least—were distinguished by much brain-power as distinguished from character; but of William II. it may be said that he is richly endowed with both, and that he received the double gift from his English mother, who, in turn, was

indebted therefor to her German father as much as to her wonderful mother.

[William I. had possessed great force of character, with but little mental power; Frederick III. had possessed some mental power, with but little force of character; while William II., it was abundantly clear, had been gifted with such a striking combination of both mind and will as had distinguished no occupant of the Prussian throne since it was vacated by Frederick the Great.]

The first to discover this and proclaim it to the world—which greeted the new evangel with sceptical amusement—was a lady whose name was destined to become so tragically associated with that of another (uncrowned) Emperor, or at least Empire-builder, Cecil Rhodes. This was Princess Catherine Radziwill, who, at that time—the early eighties—was a shining figure at the Court of Berlin, and, under the pen-name of “Count Vasili,” wrote and published in collaboration with Mme. Adam, founder of the *Nouvelle Revue* at Paris, a series of brilliant character-sketches, entitled *La Société de Berlin*, which caused a great sensation at the time, the more so since rumour ran riot as to the authorship of those spicy pen-and-ink portraits of all the leading personages in the German capital. Never was a literary secret better kept in spite of all the efforts of Bismarck and his political spies to discover it, and even now it is only known to a few.

One thing was clear to all, namely, that the sketches must be the work—not of an ordinary

society journalist (who is rarely or never in society), but of a regular insider, who knew what he or she was talking about, and this was what the clever writer said of the old Kaiser's grandson (who had recently been married)—

“ Prince William is the most intelligent of all the Princes of the Royal Family ; withal brave, enterprising, ambitious . . . hot-headed, but a heart of gold, exciting sympathy in the highest degree—impulsive, spirited, vivacious, and possessed of a gift of repartee which makes one almost doubt that he is a German. He will certainly be a distinguished man, and probably a great sovereign—possibly even a second Frederick the Great.”

Certainly William II. soon began to show that he had much in common with Frederick II., yet also several points of serious contrast. But perhaps the most striking difference between the two is that, while the former was an inveterate pagan with a reputation for vices from which—as Carlyle remarks—“ even the Muse of History averts her blushing face,” the latter has always led the purest of lives, and is a pillar of the Christian faith, thus forming a striking contrast to his great “ ancestor ” who believed in no God—believed in absolutely nothing but himself.

William II.'s orthodoxy—which was one of the things he did *not* derive from his mother, who was more of a sympathiser with the views of Strauss and Renan than with those of Luther—is all the more perfervid as it enables him to intertwine his favourite doctrine of divine right with the dogmas

of the Christian faith. Frederick based that doctrine on the bayonets of his grenadiers, who thus enabled all the estates of the realm to meet and debate under the King's three-cornered hat, while the preference of William is to buttress the said doctrine with the Bibles of his clergy.

Forgetful of the real character of his pagan predecessor, the present Kaiser, in swearing in some recruits at Potsdam, exhorted them to read the Lord's Prayer daily, since "only good Christians could be good soldiers"; whereupon the chief comic organ of the capital published a cartoon in which Satan was represented as fetching down from heaven Leonidas, Alexander, Cæsar, Hannibal, Napoleon, and Frederick himself, who, as he had just been reminded by his very Christian successor, was not entitled to a place there—a *jeu d'esprit* which caused the audacious author of the lampoon to be laid by the heels and consigned to a fortress. In Frederick's time it had been said: "You needn't believe in a God, but you are bound to obey a corporal."

Differing as to their religious creeds—one being an atheist, and the other an orthodox Lutheran of the straitest type—the two monarchs also entertained divergent views on war. In his memoirs, Frederick frankly confessed that it was simply his French-like thirst for glory which impelled him first to draw the sword on Maria Theresa, and the same spirit was somehow presumed to be the main motive-force of William II. when he succeeded to the throne. But what did he say to this?—

“ I am well aware that the public at large, especially abroad, imputes to me a thoughtless inclination for war and a craving for glory. God preserve me from such criminal levity ! I repudiate such imputations with indignation.”

Yes, it must be frankly owned that, though often suspected of warlike designs and denounced as a firebrand, William II. has proved to be a positive pillar of the European peace. Ever since the proclamation of the Empire at Versailles, Germany is the only Great Power in Europe that has never drawn the sword—except, perhaps (in co-operation with other States) on the Chinese “ Boxers ” who had murdered its ambassador, and on the black barbarians of Damaraland, though such little oversea wars really do not count.

On the other hand England, since 1870, may be said to have been continuously at war of one kind or another all over the world—on the Indian frontier, in Egypt, and in South Africa. France, too, has been engaged in the conquest of Tonquin, Tunis, and Morocco; Austria in the subjugation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Italy has carried the torch of war into Abyssinia and Tripoli; Russia has waged two tremendous wars—one with Turkey, the other with Japan. Spain has been extruded from the New World of her discovery by the United States; China was attacked and beaten by Japan; and the only Great Power in which the Temple of Janus has remained closed since the establishment of the German Empire is this Empire itself. Those who choose to remain blind to this

indisputable truth wilfully shut their eyes to the central fact of the European situation.

"*L'Empire, c' est la paix*," said Louis Napoleon when casting about to convert the French Republic into an Empire; but Germany has proved itself much more entitled to the phrase than ever did imperial France.

But to return to the ancestral point of view from which those political considerations caused us to diverge. Frederick the Great, though a married man, never lived with his wife—a Princess of Brunswick—and thus never allowed her to have the slightest influence on his character and conduct. It is otherwise with his successor, William II., who has proved all the better a monarch for his being mated with a model wife.

Like all other marriages, that between Prince William of Prussia and Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein was also in the nature of a lottery, an experiment, but one that proved to be entirely successful in every way. Was it a marriage of love? There is every reason to believe that it was; but at the same time also it was decidedly one of policy, seeing that, in the words of Bismarck—who was a strong advocate of the proposed union—it formed "the concluding act of joy in a drama otherwise rich in strife."

The drama in question was that which had led to the wars of 1864 and 1866, and to the incorporation of the Elbe Duchies with the dominions of the Prussian Crown. Though theretofore under the unrighteous rule of Denmark, those purely

German Duchies should now by right have fallen to Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg; but, though Bismarck wrested them from Denmark, he could not see his way to restore them to their legitimate claimant, who, in consequence, continued to keep the Schleswig-Holstein question alive until it was settled for ever by the betrothal of his eldest daughter to the heir to the Prussian crown, even as the Brunswick succession question was subsequently to be settled in a similar way by the union of William II.'s only daughter, Louise—his little “sunshine princess”—to Ernst Augustus, son of the Duke of Cumberland—claimant to the throne of Hanover.

The malicious tongue of rumour had, of course, been busy with the private life of Prince William before his marriage, but without the least justification in fact; and since then his conjugal behaviour has ever been above suspicion or reproach. One who moved in the highest Court circles and knew him well—Princess Catherine Radziwill—already referred to as the pseudonymous authoress of *La Société de Berlin*, thus writes in her *Recollections* of the Kaiser's early married years—

“He was at that time very fond of society and entertainments, fondness which it was rumoured he sometimes carried too far, but whatever truth there was in all this gossip, it is certain that his manner towards his wife was always irreproachable, and the young couple lived, outwardly at least, and I believe also in reality, a most happy life. The Princess, the kindest woman in the world, laboured during those early years under the disadvantage of being almost

continually in a delicate state of health, which compelled her to live retired from society, and it was but natural, under the circumstances, that every friendship her husband had with another lady, whoever she might be, should be misconstrued by the public. The Princess, however, secure in her husband's love, had the good sense to shut her ears to gossip."

A few years of married life sufficed to show that the royal pair could not have been more happily mated, and that the Emperor, at any rate, could not have chosen a wife who suited him better. Leaving to him the exercise of all intellectual brilliancy and force of character, she was content to shine not by any personal lustre of her own, but in the light reflected on her by the genius of her spouse. While not inferior to her daughter-in-law in respect of those domestic virtues on which the Germans justly set so high a value, the Empress Frederick had always aspired to play a certain political rôle, and indeed her unpopularity was partly due to public conviction that her husband was entirely under the influence of what Bismarck contemptuously called *Frauenzimmerpolitik*, or petticoat government.

But Augusta Victoria—a name compounded of those of her two predecessors—has never shown that tendency to influence affairs which characterised one, or that passion for "bossing the show" which was the weakness of the other. She has been content to be the happy mother of six fine sons and one fair daughter—who all show a strain of physical improvement in the Hohenzollern race; a devoted, patient and submissive wife; a model

Hausfrau, to whom all German women look up as to the *ne plus ultra* of domestic femininity; a doting and affectionate mother; a silent doer of pious, charitable deeds; and withal a wife who, after only nine years of married life, drew from her consort the following eulogy. Speaking at a banquet given in his honour by the province of Schleswig-Holstein in connection with the grand autumn manœuvres of 1890, the Emperor said—

“The bond that unites me to this province, and chains me to it in a manner different from all others in my Empire, is the jewel that sparkles at my side—her Majesty the Empress. Sprung from this soil, the type of the various virtues of a German princess, it is to her that I owe it that I am able to meet the severe labours of my office with a happy spirit and make head against them.”

On another occasion the Emperor proudly referred to his consort as a “pearl among women,” “from her works of charity to the poor and suffering, and from her strengthening and fostering of the security and domestic life of our people.”

Never, like a Lady Macbeth, or a Eugénie, fury-eyed, has *she*—Augusta Victoria—ever sought to nudge her hesitating husband’s elbow and urge him into a suicidal war, but, on the contrary, always acted as a soothing, softening, and restraining influence upon him. The sympathiser with and steady supporter of her husband, she has only sought in this way to be his sovereign supplement. Worshipped as a model wife, the Kaiserin is also

revered by all as a perfect mother. Germany has now a population of about sixty-four millions, or over twenty millions more than France, and the Empress herself has set a good example by contributing more than an average mother's share to this overwhelming preponderance of numbers in favour of her country. German women may be this or that, but it cannot at least be said of them that they shrink from the sacred duties of maternity.

Her Majesty has no sympathy with those of her sex who want to get themselves "emancipated" from imaginary bonds and natural obligations. She is not the rival, but the helpmate of her husband—wife, friend and comrade. The Emperor's mother, inheriting the intellectualism of her father, the Prince Consort, was in sympathy with the rationalism of Strauss and Renan, like her cultured sister, Princess Alice of Hesse-Darmstadt, who even got Strauss, the author of *Das Leben Jesu*, to come to Darmstadt and lecture to her; but the Emperor's wife, going to the opposite extreme, is a Lutheran pietist of the purest water.

The surest way for any wealthy man to win the favour of the Kaiserin is to endow a hospital or found a church; and of the latter, at the instigation of her Majesty, more have been built in ten years than in half a century before. The worst of it is that churchgoers in Berlin do not increase in proportion to the religious zeal of the Empress herself, and to the new places of worship which she has been the means of calling into existence. As

patronness and founder of works of charity she has been even more successful than as a church-builder. Her Majesty's most conspicuous qualities are her perfect tact, her good sense, her consequent consciousness of her own limitations, her tender motherliness and wifely submissiveness, which, while seeming to be self-effacement, are really in the nature of a restraining and corrective influence over her somewhat impulsive husband.



A TINY GRENADIER.

CHAPTER II

BOYHOOD

A battle anniversary—"The four Kaisers"—The "New Palace"—A mocking King—German beauty-spot—An English upbringing—"Mother *not* a Sinner"—A pattern Battalion—Passing of great ones—Lessons in geography—On Suffolk sands—Soldier at ten—A tiny Grenadier—His giant captain—Educational problems—A German "Gymnasium"—A cramming establishment—"Mooning about in a museum"—Revolt and reaction—"Schleswig-Holstein sea-enfolded"—"Oldest England"—Bismarck's method with a British army—A cadet college—Scions of the Nobility—Like Cincinnatus—Boy farmers—Learning a trade—Battle-field studies—A famous feat of arms—The Kiel Canal—On the *Royal Sovereign*—A "flying squadron"—Apostle of the "Mailed Fist"—"Gospel of your Majesty's hallowed person"—A "moving scene"—William "the Great"—And William "the Greater"—Coming of age—A great exemplar—Taking the oath—An American impression—Knight of the Garter—At Queen Victoria's funeral—Father and son compared—A blank sheet of paper.

SUCH, then, was the ancestry of the Prince who was born at the Marble Palace, Potsdam, on May 6, 1882, a little more than a year after the marriage of his parents. It was thought a happy augury that he had made his appearance on the anniversary of the battle of Prague, which was one of Frederick's greatest victories in the Seven Years War, just as his grandfather, Kaiser Frederick—still only Crown Prince—had also been born on the anniversary of the "Battle of the Nations," at Leipzig, which

shattered the power of Napoleon, undoing the disaster and humiliation of Jena. William II. once expressed a regret that he had not himself been born three days earlier in 1859, since then he would have had the same birthday as his shining exemplar—if not exactly ancestor—Frederick the Great.¹

When the little Prince was born there seemed small prospect of his becoming heir-apparent so early in life. But before he was six years old he had come a step nearer the throne by the death (1888) of his great-grandfather, the old Kaiser, in his ninety-first year. From his birth the child was hailed with the utmost delight, for three generations of direct heirs were then a rarity. "The four Emperors" were photographed together, the old Kaiser holding his great-grandchild on his knee, flanked by his son and grandson—a family group which soon hung in every patriot's house, and, when all is said and done, the Germans—in spite of their so-called Socialism—are still the most monarchically-minded people in Europe.

The aged Emperor was especially proud of his third descendant—who was to be joined by three

¹ The birth of the other children of the Emperor and Empress followed in quick succession: Prince Eitel Fritz, July 7, 1883; Prince Adalbert, July 14, 1884; Prince August Wilhelm, January 26, 1887; Prince Oscar, July 27, 1888; Prince Joachim, December 17, 1890; and Princess Victoria Louise, now the Duchess of Brunswick, September 13, 1892. Prince Adalbert has devoted himself to the navy; while August Wilhelm embraced an administrative career, and the others serve in the army. Only the Crown Prince is entitled to be called "Imperial Highness"—his brothers and sister being but "Royal Highnesses"—another proof that personal sovereignty is not inherent in William II. as "German Emperor."

others before his Majesty's death, and held him at the font when the child was baptised at the New Palace, Potsdam, by the names of Frederick William Victor Augustus Ernest, though his call and sign name is simply "William." Two other Emperors—of Austria and Russia—stood sponsors, together with three Kings—of Italy, Belgium and Saxony.

A word, by the way, about this New Palace at Potsdam, where the Prince was baptised, and which is likely to be often mentioned in the course of this narrative. For one thing, it was here that his grandfather, the "Crown Prince *par excellence*", was born, and where he was also fated to die. Frederick the Great's favourite residence was his little terrace-perched palace-cottage of "Sans-souci," or "No-Bother," at Potsdam, the cradle of the Prussian army, about as far from Berlin as Windsor from London. But down below, among the pinewoods of that terraqueous region, he raised another more imposing structure in the Versailles style, after the Seven Years War, just to show his enemies that his exchequer was by no means exhausted by the long and costly struggle, and that he was ready to come up smiling again should they ever dare to molest him.

This he called the New Palace, though now it is only new in the sense that New College, Oxford, was when first built. Surmounting this New Palace is a crown—Frederick's glory-crown—supported by three nude feminine figures (*not* the Graces) representing his greatest enemies during the Seven Years War—Maria Theresa of Austria, Elizabeth

of Russia, and La Pompadour for France, with their backs turned to their respective countries—a mocking and malicious King. One of the first sovereign acts of the Emperor Frederick had been to decree that the palace should thenceforth be known as “Friedrichskron,” and one of the very first acts of his son and successor was to ordain the restoration of its previous title.

The Mark of Brandenburg is generally supposed to be a very barren, sandy region, and so it is to a great extent. Yet in all Germany there are few beauty-spots which surpass terraqueous Potsdam in leafy summer-time, with the winding river Havel—swelled by the Spree—expanding into broad, sail-studded lakes surrounded by pine-clad hills, and reflecting the features of royal and princely palaces. One of these is the graceful Marble Palace, fronted by a sheet of wood-fringed water, where the subject of this narrative was born.

Nothing could have been more simple and strict than the upbringing of the Prince and his brothers, of whom there were three before he had completed his eighth year, while a fourth soon followed. In all prolific Germany it would have been difficult to find a more healthy, happy-looking family, and the Emperor was quite as proud of his corona of handsome children as of his crown. The most popular picture in the Empire was a group of the royal family. There was only one objection to the way which the Kaiser's boys were being brought up—namely, that it was a little too English for the German taste; but the same objection had also been

urged in the case of himself and his brothers and sisters, whose English mother had been reproached with trying to make her children more British than Prussian.

It was soon seen, however, that her grandchildren were very good Germans, in spite of the English sailor and flannel suits they wore, and the outdoor sports in which they were taught to indulge—cricket, tennis, rowing and other pastimes—which had hitherto been deemed unworthy of the soldier-scions of the House of Hohenzollern. Queen Victoria—a ruling sovereign, not a mere consort—had always been too engrossed with State affairs to see much of her children, so that their family life had never been a very natural and happy one, as King Edward himself once confessed; whereas, on the other hand, his German relatives ever enjoyed the sweets and, what was more, the advantages of perfect domesticity. The Empress herself always presided at their meals, acting at once as their fond mamma and their mentor in manners, and she was repaid by their most affectionate devotion—nay, their worship. A story is told of a clergyman who, when giving religious instruction to the royal children, had occasion to say that all human beings were sinners. “Except mother, *she* is not one,” struck in the little Crown Prince with a frown.

At this time his father—as yet only Prince William—was serving with the red Hussars of the Guard at Potsdam, where his little sons would naturally imbibe all the martial sights and sounds of that “cradle of the Prussian army,” and become soldiers

in spirit long before ceasing to be children. Above all things they must have been impressed by the daily evolutions of what might be called the nurse of that army in the shape of the *Lehrbataillon*, or pattern Training Battalion, composed of picked men from all the regiments of the Prussian army, who here imbibe those rules of unsurpassable discipline with which they shall in turn, as non-commissioned officers, leaven the whole mass of their stay-at-home comrades. The *Lehrbataillon* is one of the great shows of Potsdam; and to see it march past and perform other machine-like exercises, when the Emperor has some illustrious guest at the New Palace, is a thing as much to be remembered as were the evolutions of Frederick William's Brigade of Giants.

The tragic character, too, of this early time could not fail to make its due impression on the hearts and minds of Prince William's little sons: the death of the old Kaiser, who had fondled his great-grandson on his knee, and the ensuing decease of the Emperor Frederick after a tragic reign of only nine and ninety days, or one less than that of Napoleon *redivivus*; the demise of the Empress Augusta, the "my dear Augusta" of her husband's constant victory-telegrams during the French war; the passing of Moltke, Germany's great "battle-thinker," the real winner of those victories; and the consignment to a living tomb of Bismarck, the greatest figure of all, who—a grey and grizzled giant-cuirassier—had so often stooped to pat the blond head of the little Crown Prince,

making him almost feel like the infant son of Hector, the hero of Troy, when he shrank in terror from his father's warlike helm.¹

All these were pageants which had to be explained to Germany's future ruler—as yet only in early boyhood. The initial journeyings of his father, too, already known as the *Reisekaiser*, or “Tourist Emperor,” in contradistinction to his father who had been called the *weise Kaiser*, or wise Emperor, and to his grandfather, who had equally been dubbed the *greise*, or venerable Kaiser—all those peregrinations, we say, must have brought home to the Prince's mind the geography of Europe in a manner more vivid and striking than could have been done by the ordinary map-lesson of a private tutor.

Presently, if rather tardily—for the relations between the two Courts had been seriously disturbed during that tragic time—the turn of Queen Victoria came to receive her first sovereign visit from her imperial German grandson, at Osborne. Two years later, in 1891, the Emperor—this time accompanied by his charming consort—returned to pay his first State visit to his English grandmother and her people, and be entertained no less at Windsor than acclaimed at the Guildhall, where he declared that he had “always felt at home in

¹ “So saying, the glorious Hector stretched out his arm to the child, but he, crying, shrank to the bosom of his fair-girdled nurse, sore affrighted at his dear father's aspect and the bronze and horse-hair plume that nodded terribly from the helmet's top. Then his dear father laughed aloud, and his lady mother; and therewith glorious Hector took the helmet from his head and laid it all gleaming on the ground; then kissed his dear son and dandled him in his arms.”—*Iliad*, VI. (Lang, Leaf and Myers.)

this lovely country," and that the same blood ran in English and in German veins.

The little Crown Prince, now in his ninth year, had begged and prayed to be allowed to accompany his parents to a land of which he had heard so much, and of which he had already learned the language and the sports. But though his request could not be complied with as far as Windsor was concerned, he and his brothers were brought to Felixstowe where, after all the festive pageantry of Windsor and London, they were joined by their mother, with whom for several weeks they spent the "time of their lives"—so far—on the sunny, sandy coast of Suffolk, paddling about with their tiny buckets and spades like other children, and inhaling, with the invigorating breezes of the German ocean, a fondness for England and English ways which only increased with time.

A few months later, on completing his tenth year, the little Prince, in conformity with the custom of his house, was invested with the Black Eagle—the Garter of Prussia—and ceremoniously enrolled in the army as sub-lieutenant in the 1st Foot Guards, in the presence of his parents and a brilliant military assemblage. Addressing his son in the centre of the square formed by the regiment, the Emperor alluded to its glorious annals, adding that this happened to be the anniversary of the day on which Count Schwerin fell at its head while carrying the colours at Prague (in the Seven Years War). "With sorrow and gratitude," added his Majesty, "I remember the day on which I was

enrolled in the army under my grandfather, on this very spot (at Potsdam).”

Wearing the high sugar-loaf headgear of the time of Frederick—the same as may be seen in Hogarth’s “March of the Guards to Finchley”—the Crown Prince now took his place in the ranks to march past the Empress; and it moved the sympathetic mirth of the spectators to note that from time to time the diminutive lieutenant had to take two steps to one so as to keep pace with the long and prancing parade-pace of those towering grenadiers, who on such occasions still use the rigid, if rapid, goose-step introduced—along with the iron ramrod—into the Prussian army by its drill-sergeant, the “Old Dessauer,” who has also given his name to the rousing march which corresponds to our “British Grenadiers.”¹

On this occasion the little Prince presented a striking contrast to his captain (von Pleskow), who was perhaps the tallest man—the Captain Ames, so to speak—of the Prussian army. When the Emperor, in 1889, went to Constantinople to pay his respects to Abdul Hamid—not yet in the

¹ Like Cromwell, the “Old Dessauer” had a habit of prayer before going into battle, albeit his words may have been less saint-like than those of “Old Noll.” At Kesselsdorf, for example, his last field, his battle-orisons are thus described by Carlyle: “At two the Old Dessauer is complete. He reverently doffs his hat, as had always been his wont in prayer to God before going in. A grim fervour of prayer is in his heart, doubtless, though the words, as reported, are not very regular or orthodox: ‘O, Herr Gott, help me yet this once; let me not be disgraced in my old days! Or, if Thou wilt not help me, don’t, at least, help those damned scoundrels on the other side’”—Saxons and Austrians.

“damned” state, the Sultan presented his visitor, among other things, with half a dozen superb Arabs; and, on returning home, the Kaiser reciprocated by sending the Padishah a complete set of silver kettle-drums under the charge of “*der lange Pleskow*.” “Are all your sovereign’s soldiers as tall as you?” inquired the Sultan; to which Lieutenant von Pleskow replied with an acquiescent, if hesitating, smile.

On another occasion—so the story ran—the little Crown Prince’s gigantic captain was strolling in the suburbs of Potsdam, and, looking over a high garden wall, espied a damsel picking gooseberries, whom he at once began to chaff by asking the way to a certain place, which—like many others who ask the same question—he knew quite well himself. “*Ja*, gracious sir,” replied the girl, “you’ve only got to *ride* to the right and then to the left, and that’s the road.” The poor deluded creature had imagined that the officer who could thus address her over the garden wall must be on horseback!

In concluding his address to his son the Emperor had said that the Crown Prince was not yet old enough for regular military service, but it was of supreme importance that he should learn in the regiment those habits of discipline and obedience which had always been the foundation of the army. In the meanwhile the education of the Prince had to be continued extra-regimentally, though on lines very different from those which had been followed by his own father. In the case

both of the Emperor himself and his sailor-brother, Henry, quite a new departure had been made, seeing that they were the first of their race to be sent to a public school. This breach with Hohen-zollern tradition had caused the old Kaiser many a heavy groan, but the parents of the boys insisted on the experiment.

They recognised that, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, with all its general enlightenment and new political problems, a ruler required to be a very different stamp of man from what he had hitherto been. The great Frederick had boasted of being the "first servant of the State"; but he was also its absolute master, and his terms of service were altogether his own—everything *for*, but nothing *through*, the people. The Prussian State had, in the meanwhile, become a constitutional monarchy; and its chief needed, above all things, to be in touch with the thoughts, the wants, and the aspirations of his people.

It was the lack of this touch which had cost Frederick William IV. the half of his absolute power; and it was to secure this touch to the boy who was to become William II. that his parents decided to give him and his brother what they deemed to be the advantage of a public school training. But in Germany "a public school," so-called, is a very different thing from what it is in England.

To begin with, a Gymnasium, as the Germans call such schools—apparently on the *lucus a non* principle—is more in the nature of a huge cramming

establishment, and has none of the outdoor attractions which form so prominent a feature of Eton, Rugby, or Harrow. It is equally devoid of the social polish, refinement, and peculiar codes of personal relationship which characterise those scholastic communities. As education of all kinds in Germany is very cheap, a Gymnasium, or high school, is practically accessible to all, with the result that the pupils present as great varieties and extremes of social status as the democratic classrooms of Aberdeen or St. Andrews. As a rule, too, the training of the body at these Gymnasia—in spite of the name—is subordinated to that of the mind, with deplorable results, as we shall presently see.

The Gymnasium which had the honour of receiving the two sons of the Crown Prince Frederick into its midst was that of Cassel, where the great Napoleon's youngest brother Jerome had masqueraded for a few years as King of Westphalia, and where his nephew, Napoleon "the Little," spent several months of captivity after his surrender to King William at Sedan. There the namesake and grandson of the latter monarch spent three years as a fellow-pupil with all sorts of "sons of the people"; and at the final examination, entitling him to pass on to a university, he only figured tenth in a list of seventeen, which must have been wounding to the vanity of a young man in whose head the doctrine of rule by right divine, and not by selection of the fittest, had already begun to simmer.

The truth is that his school-life at Cassel—sitting on the same benches, and doing the same tasks as the “sons of the people”—seems to have been in the nature of a perfect penance to the future Emperor; and, on succeeding to the throne, he lost no opportunity of girding at what he called the atrocious system of education prevalent at all those preposterous Gymnasias.

No fewer than eighteen of his fellow-pupils, he said, out of a class of twenty, wore spectacles, while two of these with their glasses on could not even see the length of the table. It was cruel and inhuman to make boys work so much at their books, which left them little or no time for healthful recreation and the necessary training of the body. If he himself when at school had not had a special opportunity of riding out and in, and looking about him a little, he would never have got to know at all what the outside world was like. And so much had modern history been neglected in favour of useless classical lore, that the Great Elector was to him but a nebulous personage. As for the Seven Years War, it lay outside the region of study altogether, and history ended with the French Revolution at the close of the last century.

The Gymnasia, said his Majesty, no longer answered the requirements of the nation and the necessities of the time. But perhaps their chief defect was their ridiculous partiality for classical education. The basis of instruction in all such schools ought to be German, and their principal

aim should be to turn out young Germans instead of youthful Greeks and Romans. They must courageously break with the mediæval and monkish habit of mumbling away at much Latin and a little Greek, and take to the German language as the basis of all their scholastic studies. The same remark applied to history as to language. Preference should be given in all schools to German history, geographical and legendary. It was only when they knew all the ins and outs of their own house that they could afford to moon about in a museum.

“Hitherto, if I may say so, we have gone from Thermopylæ, *viâ* Cannæ, to Rossbach and Vionville. I am leading our youth from Sedan and Gravelotte, *viâ* Leuthen and Rossbach, back to Mantinea and Thermopylæ. I believe that is the right road to take with them.”

In speaking thus, William II. had emphatically condemned the decision of his own parents to send him to a public school to mix with, and imbibe the democratic spirit from, bespectacled “sons of the people”; and, indeed, the repulsion which he evidently felt towards such a mingling of crown and crowd was evidently one of the forces which were to send him ramping off to the opposite extreme, with its divine-right creed. Determined not to commit the same mistake as his parents had done, he decided to give his own sons an education more in keeping with the traditions of his house at some cadet college, where, in addition to a sound general and military training, they might also breathe the more congenial and invigorating atmosphere of

Prussian Junkerdom—where, in fact, they could mix with the scions of the aristocracy instead of with the “sons of the people.”

Such an institution was found at Ploen, in Holstein, several miles south-east of Kiel, where the Emperor, in pursuance of his sea-power policy, had meanwhile managed to establish an annual regatta, known as the “German Cowes”; and Ploen commended itself all the more to his Majesty as the old château, now serving as a military college, had in former times been the residence of the ducal family which was to become merged in that of the Empress. As a daughter and princess of Schleswig-Holstein her Majesty was flattered to think that her sons should thus receive their education in the atmosphere of her own particular country. Beautifully situated on a neck of land between two wood-surrounded lakes, the sleepy little old town of Ploen—with its shady elm-avenues, fertile meadows, and richly timbered park—is one of the beauty-spots of “Schleswig-Holstein sea-enfolded,” and no part of all Germany, perhaps, is so English looking as this.

On first going to Ploen with his next eldest brother, Eitel Fritz, in his fourteenth year, the Crown Prince must have been forcibly reminded of the resemblance between the scenery he had seen and admired in his drives through Suffolk, when at Felixstowe, and that of the region where he was now to pursue his studies. Doubtless, too, it was explained to him that this was not to be wondered at seeing that the Anglo-Saxons, who

sailed from this very province of Schleswig-Holstein to seek a new home in England, had taken with them and applied the idea of their hedgerows which are now the distinctive feature of an English landscape—hedgerows which were intended to serve less as fences than as shelter-walls for the cattle as well as the crops.

People talk proudly about the “roast beef of old England,” which even forms the subject of a patriotic song; but the roast beef of “oldest England,” as Schleswig-Holstein might be called, still finds its way into the London market from the hedgerow-fenced fields of that fertile province to an extent that would surprise those who, in hotels and restaurants, fancy they are being regaled with the juicy beeves of Angus or of Devon.

The hedgerow configuration of the two countries being thus the same, military manœuvres are almost as impossible in Schleswig-Holstein as they are in England; and in this respect, perhaps, the Crown Prince—now or later—may have heard a good Bismarck story. At one of his parliamentary “beer-evenings” a certain deputy asked him what he would do if 50,000 British troops were to land in Schleswig-Holstein. “What should I do?” echoed the Iron Chancellor with a grim smile, after plunging his grisly moustaches into a foaming tankard of Hofbräu. “I will tell you what I would do. I should have them all arrested by our police!”

Such, then, was the province—and it was well worth Prussia’s fighting for in 1864—the cradle of

the Anglo-Saxon race, in which the future ruler of Germany was to reside for four years (from 1896 to 1900), and be educated for his sovereign calling—not among “sons of the people,” but among embryo Prussian soldiers of aristocratic type. Two of his other brothers were presently to follow him to Ploen—August William and Oscar—so as to train themselves for the contingencies of their future careers by combining the profession of arms with the pursuit of agriculture, like Cincinnatus, the curly-haired farmer of early republican Rome. It is the rule of the Hohenzollerns that each of their royal princes shall learn a trade of some kind, so as to be ready for all the vicissitudes of life and every turn of the wheel of fortune; and in the case of the Crown Prince’s two brothers, above referred to, each was taught at Ploen—

“To plough and sow,
And reap and mow,
And be a farmer’s boy.”

That is to say, they were given a little farm which, with half a dozen of their fellows, they had to work in the ordinary way, and make it pay too, with its poultry, fruit and kitchen-garden produce, for which they found a ready market in the parental palace at Berlin. Speaking once at a farmers’ banquet, Prince Bülow said that when he withdrew from public life he hoped that the inscription on his political tombstone would be: “This was an agrarian Chancellor.” The Government, he added, “appreciated the importance of agriculture and so did the Emperor. His

Majesty's sons had a little farm at Ploen, and their cottage there bore this inscription: '*Nihil melius, nihil homine libero dignius quam agricultura*'"—"Nothing is better or worthier of a freeman than tillage of the soil."

These were four happy years which the Crown Prince and his brother Eitel Fritz—who was also destined for the army—spent at beautiful Ploen, where their studies were relieved by outdoor sports of all kinds, for the adoption of which from England they were mainly indebted to their father—a great enthusiast for natural athletics as distinguished from the *Turnen*, or gymnasial exercises proper, which had hitherto formed almost the exclusive bodily training of German youth. The trade the two eldest brothers were put to was carpentering—just as their grandfather, Kaiser Frederick, of tragic memory, had been better at bookbinding than at soldiering; but they also became skilful at riding, rowing, cycling, tennis-playing, swimming and all the other outdoor games of Eton boys, for a couple of whom, indeed, in their flannels, caps and blazers, they might easily have been mistaken.

Schleswig-Holstein is a province replete with interest of all kinds—national and historical; and from Ploen it was but a short journey to the famous Redoubts of Düppel, still extant—where the two Princes were taken to view the scene of the first and basic battle for their country's unity, that which—under the eyes of their grandfather, Frederick, and his cousin the "Red

Prince"—was fought against the gallant Danes, to whom the province, though mainly German, had hitherto been unjustly subject. The battlefield—with its ten formidable stone-works stretching across a peninsula called the Sundewitt—still presents pretty much the same appearance as it did in 1864, when the Prussian storming columns rushed forward to the assault, especially of No. 2 Redoubt, into which a way was blasted by Sapper Klinké who, with a bag of powder, deliberately sacrificed his life to let his comrades through the palisades—a feat the record of which the two young Princes could read on the monument to his heroic memory.

But the capture of the Düppel Redoubts, as a military feat, was nothing to the subsequent storming of the island of Alsen, to which the Princes were next taken to view the scene of the crowning victory of the campaign, and marvel that such an achievement could have been possible for any kind of troops. In the deep darkness of a summer night the Prussians, in 160 boats, crossed the channel—about 250 yards broad—separating the peninsula of the mainland, which the Düppel Redoubts guarded, from the island of Alsen, whereon the Danes had again strongly entrenched themselves down to the water's edge; and, under a murderous fire, landed and made themselves masters of the position. It was a feat which recalled the "Island of the Scots," as sung by Aytoun, or the crossing of the Danube by the Russians at Simnitsa (in 1877), as described by

Forbes. The nearest approach to it in our own military history was the landing of Abercromby's army in face of the French fire at Aboukir Bay.

At that time the Prussians had no navy at all, and at sea were completely at the mercy even of little Denmark who, with her famous *Rolf Kraké* and other paddle warships, practically exercised command of the Baltic, and made it extremely hot for the besiegers of sea-skirted Düppel. That was in 1864; and, lo and behold! thirty-one years later the boy Crown Prince—a year before going to Ploen—was bidden by his father to interrupt his studies at Potsdam and join him on the *Hohenzollern* to witness the ceremonious opening of the Kiel Canal—connecting the Baltic with the Elbe—in presence of the navies of sixteen other nations who had been thus invited to assist at what might be called the formal entrance of Germany into the rank of first-class sea-Powers.

The festivities of this festal week cost as much as £85,000, and wound up with a banquet to the Emperor on board the *Royal Sovereign*, flagship of the Channel Squadron which headed the foreign navies present on the occasion, when his Majesty, replying to the toast of his health, said that “since our navy began to exist, we have always tried to form our ideas and to learn from you. The history of the English navy is as well known to our officers and midshipmen as it is to yours”—a sentiment not lost, doubtless, on the Emperor's sons, who, nevertheless, about six months later, were to be treated to the spectacle of a storm such

as had never before disturbed the relations of England and Germany—a storm evoked by the Kaiser's telegram to President Kruger congratulating him on the suppression of the Jameson Raid.

To this telegram the immediate reply was the mobilisation of a "flying squadron"—equivalent to the shaking of Britannia's fist in Germania's face; and in after years the Crown Prince must have realised that this menace—combined with our subsequent seizure and search of several German mail-vessels during the early stages of the Boer war—had done more than all else to generate the resolve of the German people to possess "a fleet of such strength that a war with the mightiest naval Power (England) would involve risks threatening the sea-supremacy of that Power."

About two years after the dispatch of the Kaiser's Kruger-telegram—the most unfortunate and, indeed, fatal of all his acts—the Crown Prince, now in his fifteenth impressionable year—was again taken to Kiel with two of his brothers to witness an incident which must have left an indelible impression on his boyish imagination. This was the departure of his uncle, "Prince Henry the Navigator" (II.), to the Far East, as consecrated apostle of the "mailed fist." A German missionary in China had been murdered, and a German squadron—with the *Deutschland* as its flagship under the Kaiser's brother—had to be dispatched to avenge this outrage on the German name.

At a farewell banquet in Kiel Castle there was an interchange of after-dinner speeches between the Emperor and his brother such as had never before been heard off the stage. "Such is your mission and your task," said his Majesty, in concluding his high-pitched oration.

"May every European in those distant regions, may every German merchant, and, above all, may the foreigner on whose soil we are, or with whom we shall have to deal, be aware that the German Michael has firmly planted his shield with the device of the German Eagle upon the soil in order once for all to give his protection to all who ask for it. And may our countrymen in those regions, be they priests or be they merchants, or be their business what it may, rest assured that the protection of the German Empire implied by the German ships of war will be steadily vouchsafed them. But should any one essay to detract from our just rights or to injure us, then up and at him with your mailed fist, and, if it be God's will, weave for your youthful brow a wreath of laurel which no one in all the German Empire will grudge you."

Prince Henry, on his part, though far less "gifted with the gab" than his imperial brother, was equal to the occasion.

"Of one thing," he said, "I may assure your Majesty—neither fame nor laurels have charms for me. One thing only is the aim that draws me on—it is to declare in foreign lands the gospel of your Majesty's hallowed person, to preach it to every one who will hear it, and also to those who will not hear it. This gospel I will have inscribed on my banner, and I will display it whithersoever I go."

Next day the *Deutschland* started on its mission amid scenes of indescribable jubilation; the Emperor—in Admiral's uniform—and three of his

sons, including the Crown Prince, standing on the bridge as the battleship slowly made its way through the canal, as far as Rendsburg, or about half-way, where the imperial party came ashore, after his Majesty had delivered himself of another rousing address, in which he expressed his conviction—

“that the crew would ever be mindful of the high honour of serving on a ship which bore the name of their common Fatherland. No other ship bore a grander name. They had gone forth from all German races, but would always stand unitedly together and do honour to the vessel’s name in calm as well as in critical moments.”

“It was a moving scene,” wrote an eye-witness, “to see the two brothers on the bridge taking leave of each other in a long embrace,” bringing tears to the eyes of all present, including the Emperor’s boy-sons. Accompanied by one of them, Adalbert—destined for the sea—the Emperor now hastened to pay a visit, on his way home, to Prince Bismarck, his discarded Chancellor, at Friedrichsruh, who, for reasons still beyond the comprehension of the Crown Prince, but perfectly patent to the rest of the world—had excused himself from attendance at Kiel, just as his successor Caprivi—by this time also the victim at once of intriguing agrarians and an ungrateful master—had equally declined an invitation to be present.

The next great ceremony which the boy Prince was fetched from Ploen to figure at was the unveiling of the magnificent monument to his great-grandfather over against the Berlin Schloss, a

monument which may be said to give a sculptured summary of all the great events of his reign, and is simply a terse translation of Herr von Sybel's *Founding of the German Empire by William I.*, into exquisite pictures of metal and marble, far more florid and assertive than the corresponding memorial to Queen Victoria in front of Buckingham Palace. If Sybel—keeper of the Prussian Archives—had been as honest as Iago, he would have worded the title of his classic work not “by” but “under” William I., but the grandson of that venerable monarch had conferred upon him the cognomen “Great” by official decree, and there are occasions on which even impartial historians must be politic courtiers.

Yet the bestowal of this title on his grandfather—which has never caught on with the German people—must have been all the more sincere since it precluded the possibility of its donor himself ever going down to history under the same cognomen, thus leaving posterity the perplexing choice between “William the Greater” and “William the Second—to None.” Anyhow, the latter's son and heir was brought up to be a fervent admirer—and rightly so—of the great deeds done—if not *by*, at least *under* the grand old Kaiser, and recorded so beautifully on the grandiose monument of which he witnessed the unveiling in circumstances of military pomp in respect of which the German capital stands unrivalled.

But the next display of the same kind had more immediate relation to the Crown Prince himself when, on the attainment of his eighteenth birthday

(1900)—having now completed his studies at Ploen—there was a grand ceremony at the Schloss in honour of his coming of age in the presence of his godfather, the Emperor Francis Joseph, the King of Saxony and other sovereigns of the Empire, as well as special envoys from foreign Powers—the Duke of York, now George V., appearing for his grandmother, Queen Victoria.

This was the first time since 1889—when he came to return the new Kaiser's "duty call" of the previous year—that the Austrian Emperor had been to Berlin, and on the previous occasion his little seven-year-old godson had been taken to see a sham fight in his Apostolic Majesty's honour, at which smokeless powder was officially used for the first time; so that the Crown Prince may be said to have witnessed the introduction of the most revolutionary element of modern war. Königgrätz and Sedan had been enveloped in smoke; and the son of one of the most conspicuous, if not perhaps most capable, figures on those ensanguined battlefields, thus now spoke to his grandson, on the day of his coming of age—

"To-day you are taking an important step in life: The position of Crown Prince has been so elevated by your blessed grandfather, who occupied it for the longest and most important part of his life, that it will require a life's work and your whole strength to uphold this station in the position it has occupied since your grandfather's time in the heart of the German people and army. First as Crown Prince of Prussia, then as Crown Prince of the German Empire, when it was welded together in 1870-71; this magnificent figure, which in later times endured such unspeakable suffering, stands out in history, and lives in the heart

of the German people as the Crown Prince *par excellence*. The respect which your grandfather secured for the position of German Crown Prince in the world and among the people is your inheritance, which you have to preserve unimpaired and increase. Realise that you will require your whole strength to do justice to the noble and difficult task."

In presence of all his father's illustrious guests the Crown Prince now took his solemn oath to the colours (*Fahneneid*), which indicated the commencement of his active career as a soldier—a cadet now no longer with a special passion for music as symbolised by the violin in contradistinction to the flute with which the great Frederick, Orpheus-like, had charmed his friends at Sanssouçi, including his fellow atheist, Voltaire and his favourite General, Marshal Keith,¹ that sedate yet songful soldier-Scot—but an alert and strapping young Guards officer of "*stramme Haltung*," or rigid bearing, that highest of all Prussian military virtues, with the motto "*Mit Gott für König und Vaterland*" emblazoned on his pickelhaubéd helm.

¹ It was said of Keith—who fell at Hochkirch in his successful attempt to save the Prussian army from annihilation by a surprise night-attack of the Austrians—that, even on the terraces of Sanssouçi, he might often be heard wistfully crooning the Jacobite song of his own dear mother's composing—

"O, I may sit in my wee croo house,
At the rock and the reel to toil fu' dreary.
I may think on the day that's gane
And sigh and sab till I grow weary.

My father was a good lord's son,
My mother was an earl's daughter,
And I'll be Lady Keith again,
The day our King comes owre the water."

An eye-witness of that inaugural ceremony was the American ambassador, Andrew Dickson White, who thus wrote of the eighteen-year-old Crown Prince: "He was at this time somewhat taller than his father, with an intelligent and pleasant face, and is likely, I should say, to do well in his great position, though not possessing anything like his father's varied gifts and graces."

Three days before the coming of age of his eldest son—whose future educational scheme was to include a visit to our Indian Empire—the Kaiser had wired to the Queen's Viceroy at Calcutta placing at his disposal a sum of over £25,000, subscribed, with his approval, by the citizens of Berlin, for relief of the victims of an Indian famine—a proof, added his Majesty, "that blood is thicker than water"; and this at a time—our war in South Africa being at its height—when the majority of his subjects were more intent on emphasising the blood-brotherhood between German and Boer than between Teuton and Briton.

Very different from his coming-of-age festival was the next great ceremony at which the young Prince was to figure. The festive Court season—which lasts from about the middle of January to Lent, and is very intense of its kind—was approaching, and great preparations were being made to celebrate the bicentenary of the Prussian Monarchy, as well as the thirtieth anniversary of the proclamation of the Empire, when suddenly the news of Queen Victoria's fatal illness reached

Berlin and converted a shining prospect into one of mortuary gloom.

Cancelling all his festive programme, the Emperor—accompanied by the Crown Prince—set off at once for England, and reached Osborne just in time to see his highly revered grandmother breathe her last—in his own very arms. This fact we have on the authority of the late Lord Suffield, for many years a lord-in-waiting to King Edward, who in his *Memories* thus writes—

“Kaiser Wilhelm is, and always has been, very fond of England and the English, in spite of all that people may say to the contrary. He has invariably worked for peace with England, but, in spite of all his really earnest endeavours and his sincere love of this country, there has always been friction between the two Courts. It is impossible to say how it arises, unless it is the usual jealousy that is always a feature of Courts. It was certainly not the Emperor's fault. He was not only greatly attached to Queen Victoria, but regarded her with the greatest respect and veneration. Indeed, it may be said that Her Majesty died in his arms, for he was supporting her, and her head was resting against his chest, when she passed away at Osborne. He grieved very deeply and sincerely for her loss, and looked as sad as her own sons at the funeral.”

Bitter had been the disappointment in the court circles of Berlin, and loud the resentful grumbings and protests among the Junkers, the Pan-Germanists, and the Anglophobes—for the Boer war was still in progress—on account of the consideration thus shown to his English relatives and the British people at the cost of his own. But the popularity which the Emperor thus forfeited

in his own country he more than gained in England, where all were touched by his devotion to the memory of his royal grandmother, and now felt inclined to let bygones be bygones. Popular feeling on the subject was well expressed by the writer of a valedictory ode to his Imperial Majesty :—

Farewell, Sir. Mists between us may have been;
But this salt mist that doth the eyelids wet—
Your English tears for love of England's Queen—
England will not forget.

At a farewell lunch to the Emperor and his son in Marlborough House his Majesty said that nothing had given him greater satisfaction than to be present with his uncles and aunts during the last moments of the great and noble life of his beloved grandmother, for whom, from his earliest boyhood, he had entertained the strongest feelings of love and veneration. He thanked the King for having conferred upon him the rank of Field-Marshal in the British Army. This honour enabled him to wear a uniform similar to that of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Roberts (on whom he was presently to confer the order of the Black Eagle, to the great disgust of the Anglophobe portion of his subjects), and this compliment would be highly appreciated by his own army.

But King Edward had done more than make his German nephew a Field-Marshal in the British army. For one of his first sovereign acts had been to invest the Crown Prince at Osborne with the Order of the Garter. The Queen had intended to do this herself, said her successor—

“And I am only carrying out her wishes, and am glad to do so to the son of my illustrious relative, the German Emperor. . . . I desire to express a hope that my action in conferring upon you this ancient Order may yet further cement and strengthen the good feeling which exists between the two great countries, and that we may go forward hand in hand with the high object of ensuring peace and promoting the advance of the civilisation of the world.”

Nothing had done more to cheer the sorrowing millions in the streets of London on that sad winter Saturday than the spectacle of the German Emperor and his son riding beside King Edward at the head of that princely cavalcade of mourners; and it was then that the British people had their first opportunity of drawing a contrast, rather a striking one, between father and son.

The Emperor himself was found to stand about five feet seven or eight, and to be of a sturdy enough but by no means graceful or athletic build. He was lacking in that distinction of form which sometimes indicates race even more than high-bred features. While fortune had made him the heir to a splendid throne, Nature—ever economic of her gifts—had denied him the grand air, so that, when dressed as a plain civilian, as at Osborne, there was nothing in his appearance that would have prompted a passer-by to turn and take a second look at him.

For one thing, his figure was not of the ideal cavalry type, but rather that of a heavy-footed, solidly planted *Lanzknecht*, or pikeman—his thighs being too thick for the perfect saddle-seat, and

the set of his legs not exactly that of a graceful cavalier of the *haute école*. His compact and well-proportioned head showed a good occiput, the seat of animal energy and will-force—decidedly the head of a man of action as well as of thought.

Less pleasing was the Kaiser's voice, which was somewhat harsh, jerky, and imperious—a voice suggestive rather of the barrack-yard than the boudoir, or even the bureau.

When in repose his sallow features wore a seriousness, a sternness, amounting almost to sullenness, as if his idea of looking dignified was to look "dour." But whenever he broke into a smile or a laugh—and he was fond, like his father, of laughing at his own jokes—his whole expression changed to one of winning *bonhomie*, which could not, however, entirely eclipse the self-consciousness that seemed to be his dominant trait.

On the whole, the Emperor's physiognomy—with its firm, determined mouth fringed by a soldatesque moustache, clear-cut jaw and chin, well-chiselled nose, and eye somewhat cold and even callous—was one of high character and courage, while at the same time, perhaps, less calculated to win devotion than to inspire dread.

Such was the Emperor himself, forming a striking contrast to his eldest son, in whom the mourning millions in the streets of London beheld [a tall, slim, elegant and refined-looking young man, with flaxen hair, an open, fearless, blue eye, and a simple, unsophisticated, winning air.] He had not so much the look of a Hohenzollern as of a Schleswig-

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Holsteiner, and suggested the race which had peopled England with its Anglo-Saxons. In fact, like the Emperor himself, he was more a mother's than a father's son.

While his father was of the solid Brandenburg infantry build, the Prince himself had rather an elegant, supple, cavalry figure, suggestive of the *beau sabreur*. Above all things, there was no self-consciousness, nothing of the paternal pose about him, and the keynote to his whole character seemed to be one of perfect naturalness. There was also a certain fresh tint in his complexion, an alertness of look, and even shape of profile which had marked the features of Frederick the Great.

A happy *insouciance* and "joy of life" were, perhaps, the dominant traits in the character of this collateral descendant of the soldier-sage of Sanssouci: altogether quite a Prince Charming such as the House of Hohenzollern had, perhaps, never produced before—not cast in a very heavy or heroic mould, but bright and prepossessing in the highest degree; an "*unbeschriebenes Blatt*"—or blank sheet of paper—on which anything might yet be written according to the development of his character and the exigencies of his time.



A STUDENT OF BONN.

CHAPTER III

STUDENT AND "WANDER-YEARS"

In the "Kaiserstadt"—A "den of thieves"—From Danube to Rhine—Student at Bonn—Beer and 'baccy carouses—Romance of the Rhineland—A night with the "Borussians"—The Empress at a "Commers"—Innocuous fence—The Kaiser encourages duelling—The practice described—Winking the other eye—Twenty pints at a sitting—The Prince's fiddler and "fellow-man"—Too English for German taste—Private visit to England—Happy days in "auld Scotland"—Charms of country-house life—Fabulous hospitality—Sighing for the "City of Light"—Deterred by example—The Kaiser in Paris—Boldness unparalleled—Battle-fields of Alsace-Lorraine—"Be good!"—Thinking aloud—Judged by his "fellow-man"—A tourist Prince—From the Spree to the Neva—Battleship as peace-offering—"Monseigneur"—At the "blessing of the waters"—From Russian snows to Egypt's sands—"German measles"—With "Abdul the Damned"—Secret of German influence at Stamboul—Athens—A crown of wild olive.

A FEW weeks after returning from London the Crown Prince responded to an invitation from the Emperor Francis Joseph—who had gone to Berlin for the ceremony of his German godson's coming of age—and spent a few days in what used to be called the "Kaiserstadt," on the "beautiful blue Danube," though that noble river is just about as cerulean as the Thames at London. Formerly the Viennese—the Parisians of German lands—had thus expressed the difference between

their own sprightly capital and that on the Spree :

*“ Es giebt nur a Kaiserstadt,
Es giebt nur a Wien ;
Es giebt nur a Räubernest,
Und das ist Berlin.”*

But the memories of the Seven Years War (1756–63) which had transferred the beautiful province of Silesia from Austria to Prussia, and the Seven Weeks War (1866), which resulted in the extrusion of Austria from the Germanic family of nations, rankled no longer in the breasts of the Viennese, who, not now regarding Berlin as a “den of thieves” (of the Rob Roy type), but as the predominant seat of military power subservient to, and identified with, the interests of their own patchwork-cover country—gave the heartiest of welcomes to the son and heir of the imperial ally of their own beloved Kaiser.

At Vienna the Prince was found to resemble his father, especially in his clear-sounding, sharp voice, and his North German accent, with a trace of the Berlin dialect. It was noted, also, that he followed his father in his interest for everything, without distinction. At the banquet in the Hofburg the Emperor expressed the hope that his godson, the son of his trusted friend, would take away with him the impression of having been amongst friends, and the young Prince replied, expressing his undying gratitude to the Emperor, of whose affection and kindness he had been the recipient since he was born.

But, after all, no one expects a prince in his

teens to be much of an interested politician, and so he was glad to exchange his first brief rôle as a missionary statesman on the "beautiful blue Danube" for the part of a jovial, life-enjoying student on the banks of the far more beautiful and romantic Rhine.

His own father and his grandfather—Frederick, as well as the latter's soldier-cousin, the "Red Prince," and father-in-law, the "Prince Consort" of Queen Victoria—had all studied at the University of Bonn-on-the-Rhine, and precedent is everything in such cases. But in all its history Bonn had never been the scene of such festal display as when William II., in the spring of 1901, brought his eldest son to matriculate at the Rhenish seat of learning, where he himself had laid the foundation of his own exceptional erudition, and first begun to practise his ebullient oratory. The streets were gaily decorated, while the windows and even roofs were crowded with spectators as the Emperor and his son drove into Bonn from the neighbouring residence of the Prince and Princess August of Schaumburg-Lippe.

This princess was the Emperor's second eldest sister, Victoria, whom Bismarck had ruthlessly prevented from wedding the hero of her choice, Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, surnamed "the Battenberger." The latter consoled himself for this disappointment by marrying an actress, while the royal object alike of his affections and his ambition had equally found another mate in the person of Prince August of Schaumburg-Lippe,

commanding one of the crackest cavalry regiments in the Prussian army — the famous “King’s Hussars” at Bonn, which was thus a city of soldiers as well as of students.

The matriculation ceremony was followed by a “Commers,” or beer and ’baccy symposium of the “Borussian” (Prussian) Corps, or student club—of which the Emperor himself had been a member during his residence at Bonn, and to which his son was now to be introduced. At this “Commers” his Majesty made a speech which was pronounced to be the most learned and eloquent that had ever fallen from his lips, causing one recorder to declare that “there was no German known to the public who could have spoken so well.” This imperial speech took the form of an erudite survey of the romance of German history as viewed from the Rhineland, and concluded:

“The wish, then, that fills my heart above all else at the moment when my dear son takes his place in your midst, is that a happy student’s term may be granted him as it once was to me. And how could that well be otherwise? The lovely town of Bonn is so accustomed to the buoyant doings of youth, and is, as it were, created for them by nature. Yet may the Crown Prince find memories of his illustrious grandfather—a grandfather who could never forget Bonn, whose kindly eye lighted up at mention of the town that had become so dear to him, and of the noble Prince Consort—the life-companion of that now glorified queenly woman (Victoria) who ever strove for peaceful relations between her people and ours.”

The next day there was another “Commers” of the same kind in the public hall called after

Beethoven—a native of Bonn—given by the united Student “Corps,” or duelling clubs, at which the Emperor, as an “alter Herr,” or old member, presided, wearing the smart white kepi and scarf of the redoubtable “Borussians.” According to rule his Majesty took command of the symposium, and in a firm tone led off the so-called “Salamanders”—or thunderous rubbing and rattling of beer-mugs on the table when a toast was proposed. He also joined heartily and with a loud voice in the singing of the songs, bringing down the flat of his sword in orthodox fashion with a crash on the table at the end of each verse. At one of the verses in the patriotic “Landesvaterlied,” in which the singers swear to live and die for their country, each man crosses his rapier with that of his *vis-à-vis*, while caps are doffed and spitted on sword-points. The Crown Prince thus crossed blades with General von Loë, commanding the Rhineland Army Corps, and so received his consecration as a student of the militant order.

Next year the Emperor came to Bonn to attend another “Commers” of the “Borussians” in honour of their seventy-fifth anniversary, and on this occasion he was accompanied by his consort—who occupied a gallery seat—the first time a lady of her exalted rank had ever made her appearance at such a scene of academic revelry. Calling upon all the “Commilitones,” or fellow-militants, to charge their tankards to their foaming rims, his Majesty said—

“Chroniclers record of our forefathers and ancestors that when they met in a passage of arms and broke lances with each other, it was perfectly natural that an illustrious circle of ladies should assemble to witness their deeds. The victor received with pride a wreath presented by a lovely hand, and it was also thus when at the Wartburg they seized harp and lyre and sang in competition. Never before, so long as the history of German Universities has been written, has any University received such an honour as is conferred to-day. In company with the beauty of Bonn, and surrounded by ladies of princely rank, her Majesty the Empress, the first princess in the land, has appeared at a students’ “Commers.” I hope and expect that all the young Borussians upon whom the eye of her Majesty has rested to-day, have received an inspiration for the rest of their lives. I call for a real strong Salamander for her Majesty.”

But in spite of all these incitements to join in the academic customs of Bonn, the Crown Prince—more the son of his mother than his father—did not find all this beer and ‘baccy revelry, this “rugging and riving,” as the Scots say, altogether to his taste. For he was of a gentle, refined nature, and took not the same view of these beer-drinking and duelling habits as his father had done before him.

His father, of course, was never allowed to go *auf die Mensur*, as it is called, or toe the fighting line, since it would never have done for the heir to the German throne to have his cheek slashed by a scion even of the race of Pumpnickel. But he became a no less ardent than adroit practitioner of the art of innocuous fence, and so enthusiastic an admirer of the duello as practised at the German

Universities that he afterwards lent the weight of his sovereign authority for the encouragement of a custom which, as involving the possibility of fatal results, is, strictly speaking, forbidden by the law of the land, and for the breach of which, several years later, five Corps students at Berlin were actually sentenced to three months' confinement in a fortress. Speaking at a "Commers," of the "Rhenanians" at Bonn, in 1891, three years after his accession the Emperor said—

"It is my firm conviction that every youth who enters a Corps will receive the true direction of his life from the spirit which prevails in them. It is the best education which a young man can get for his future life, and he who scoffs at the German Student Corps does not grasp their real meaning. I hope that as long as there are German Corps students the spirit which is fostered in their Corps, and which is steeled by strength and courage, will be preserved, and that you will always take delight in handling the duelling blade. There are many people who do not understand what our duels really mean, but that must not lead us astray. You and I, who have been Corps students, know better than that. As in the Middle Ages manly strength and courage were steeled by the practice of jousting or tournaments, so the spirit and habits which are acquired from membership of a Corps furnish us with that degree of fortitude which is necessary to us when we go out into the world, and which will last as long as there are German Universities."

The Emperor has frequently borrowed imagery from the *Fechtboden*, or fencing-school, of Bonn, as when, for example, after the Algeciras Conference about Morocco—where he fancied he had been rather left in the lurch by faithless Italy—

he telegraphed to Count Goluchowski, Austrian Foreign Minister, representing his other and more loyal ally in the Triplice, his "heartfelt thanks for your having proved yourself a brilliant second in a fencing bout, and you may count upon a similar service from me in a like case."

Be it here explained that the duels which the Emperor had thus lauded are not so much affairs of honour as tests of brute courage and artificial sword-play. The weapons used are not foils, or rapiers, but double-edged blades, much narrower than a broadsword, called "*Schlaegel*;" and their wielders, who stand quite close to one another, have their arms bound in splints so that they can only indulge in wrist-play, which excludes the thrust and confines the antagonists to the cut. Their eyes, throat, and other vital parts are armoured against harm, but the visage remains an unprotected target, and on this ghastly wounds are sometimes inflicted. The result is that in the higher walks of German officialdom, which draws its servants from the better-born classes with a university training, there are few who do not in after life show the trace of face-scars suggestive of a cavalry charge.

When at Göttingen—the Hanoverian, or English University—Bismarck himself fought no fewer than thirty-seven of those duels, and was only once wounded—by the breaking of his adversary's blade. His son, Count Herbert, who studied at Bonn, had several scars on his cheek. The left cheek of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, appointed to

succeed Count Metternich as German ambassador in London, was scored with *Schlaegel* scars. There was one prominent member of the Reichstag, Baron von Kardorff, who wore a false nose because his own had been slashed off in one of those student duels; and, what was worse, it had been inconveniently snapped up and swallowed by one of the huge Danish mastiffs which generally follow their roystering masters to those secret sword-contests—"secret" because, though in principle forbidden by the rules of each University, the authorities take no pains to come upon the duellists unawares, and, in fact, always "wink the other eye."

The Crown Prince, too, was of course forbidden to do more than merely repair to the *Fechtboden* to practise fencing with the foils, at which he soon became very skilful, though he was free to be a spectator of the regular duelling—whereof the convenient inn of some neighbouring village was generally the secret scene. But, indeed, those coarse encounters—with their slashing of cheeks and noses, and shedding of blood—seemed to inspire him less with admiration than disgust; while even on sing-song evenings his inferior capacity for the swilling of beer proved a sad disappointment to his "Corps brothers," some of whom would easily whack off from a dozen to a score of *Seidel*, or pints, at a single sitting, and never turn a hair. The result was that the Crown Prince was not nearly so popular with his fellow-students as his father had been before him.

Our authority for this statement is one Herr

Willy Seibert, who acted as the Prince's musical tutor during his residence at Bonn, and who, two years later, published his impressions of his imperial pupil, of whom he presumptuously described himself on his title-page as the "fellow-man," forgetful of the fact that, in Germany, humanity—as some one wittily said—commences with the rank of Baron. And did not even one sovereign of Prussia—who might have been Frederick William IV., Strauss's *Romanticist on the Throne of the Cæsars*—once refer to the social gradations of his subjects as ranging from "the king on his throne down to the artist" at his easel?

Be that as it may, this Willy Seibert—the Crown Prince's fiddling master and "fellow-man"—tells us frankly that his imperial pupil was not altogether popular at Bonn, and for reasons which would have made him immensely so in England. He did not care for the coarse drinking and duelling habits of the place, being "averse to every kind of excess. . . . The Crown Prince never took any real pleasure in what is called our student-life," being more addicted to tennis, rowing, motoring, riding, and other forms of sport. In fact, he was much too English in his tastes to win the sympathy of his fellow-students; while he wounded the pride of the garrison officers—"King's Hussars"—by visiting the best middle-class families in the neighbourhood, and making himself acquainted with all classes of society.

It was this Anglomania of his—as his fellow-students called it—which prompted the Prince to



IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.
(Drawn by Allan Stewart.)

spend his first vacation in seeing more of the country of his English grandmother. We have already seen that, as a boy of nine, he had spent several weeks with his mother and brothers at sunny Felixstowe; and that he had come with his father to ride through the streets of London at the head of the funeral procession of Queen Victoria. And now, a Bonn student, he must needs (1901) return, as a purely private visitor, to supplement his impressions of our national life.

Kodak in hand, he began by visiting all the sights of London, from the Abbey to the Tower, and then started on a round of private visits in Scotland and England, where he had the advantage of seeing some of our greatest country houses. Thus, among others, he was the guest of Lord Rosebery at Dalmeny, of Lord Lonsdale at Lowther Castle, and of the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim, to which he went after a visit to Liverpool and its ocean liners. One of his greatest treats was a drive in a four-in-hand from Blenheim across to Oxford, where he was charmed with everything he saw, and drew a mental comparison between this academic paradise on the Isis and his own ruder Alma Mater on the Rhine. Moreover, the Prince was overjoyed beyond words with the delights of our country life; while on all who met him then he produced the impression of a high-bred, very proper, very sensible, if rather shy young man.

It was with reference to this early visit of the Prince to some of our most representative country houses, both in England and Scotland, that he

wrote in his *Sporting Diary*, about which we shall have something to say later on. "Grouse-shooting" he found much more enjoyable than "grouse-eating," but, he concludes, "these were truly happy days in 'auld Scotland.' "

"These English country mansions are, to my mind, the most elegant and at the same time the most comfortable places that can be imagined. In my Indian sporting sketches I have already extolled the fabulous hospitality of the English, and I should here like once more to recall it with thanks. In such a house every guest is looked after in a captivating manner. And this care operates in a charming, quiet way, which never lets the object of it see that the host is in any way troubling about him.

[mine us] "In this art of treating guests the English show positive genius and are exemplary. With us it is always thought necessary to amuse a guest; he is tormented to death with occupations, pleasures, and sight-seeing which generally possess much more attraction for all the others than for the victim in question. None of that in England."

"Meals take place at fixed hours, when the house party assembles. If nothing particular, shooting, for instance, is going on, each one is then absolutely his own master. As these house parties are generally composed of high-spirited young men, and very pretty girls, the essential conditions of a pleasant sojourn are given. At the same time the house and grounds of the host are placed unreservedly at the disposal of the guests in the most daring interpretation of the term. If one wants to ride, he only need say so; motoring, fishing, shooting, sailing, tennis, golf, flirting—all are there.

"Such a home of perfect hospitality was this Scottish nobleman's seat. In the evening every guest received a gardenia as a buttonhole for his dress coat. In the morning the party started off in four-in-hand

coaches, while the amiable master of the house followed with me in a small American buggy. This he drove, as otherwise it bored him, at full gallop to the rendezvous. The springs were so constructed that there was no jolting. These drives, too, I found novel and delightful; for here (in Berlin) one only sees runaway cabs, and batteries getting into action at the gallop."

To exchange grouse-shooting in Scotland and all the other delights of English country-house life for grubbing among musty books at Bonn was rather a sudden transition, and the Prince would have dearly liked to break the force of his fall by a homeward trip to Paris in imitation of his father, who, at precisely the same age, when a student at Bonn, had passed part of his summer vacation (1878) on a visit to his royal grandmother at Balmoral, and then, on his way home, spent a fortnight in the strictest incognito at Paris—the "City of Light", into which his grandfather had marched 50,000 German troops only seven years previously as one of the conditions of peace with vanquished France. The Crown Prince, too, would doubtless have been allowed to follow in the footsteps of his father had not the recollection of the Empress Frederick's grievous indiscretion been still fresh in the memory of her son.

Her widowed Majesty had never been conspicuous for tact; but the *ne plus ultra* of her deficiency in this respect was reached when, in the spring of 1891, barely three years after her husband's death, she started off for Paris, quite

publicly, not to say ostentatiously, with the avowed object of inducing the leading artists of the capital to send specimens of their work to an Exhibition in Berlin. On the top of Count Münster's, the German ambassador's, four-in-hand her Majesty rattled out to visit the ruins of St. Cloud, which the Prussians had burned down, as well as the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, where the new German Empire had been proclaimed, and then the fat was on the fire. The *révanchiste* Press blazed out with language of the strongest kind, and—well, the long and the short of it was that the Empress, hastily quitting Paris, practically had to seek refuge with her mother at Windsor.

Her son, Prince William, had managed to obviate such an ending to his visit by walking and driving about Paris in the strictest incognito—unknown even to the ambassador—though he lunched with Sir Richard Wallace at his suburban villa, "Bagatelle." There can be no doubt about the fact, because it is referred to by the Prince's own father in a letter to the King of Roumania. "William," he wrote on October 19, 1878, "has just returned from England and Scotland. He met Charlotte" (his sister) "and her husband, Bernhard" (Crown Prince of Meiningen) "in Paris, where they amused themselves immensely in the strictest incognito."

From another equally reliable source we learn that Prince William—who, with only two aides-de-camp, was quartered at the Hôtel Mirabeau, while his sister and her party patronised the Chatham—

roamed all over the capital which had so great a fascination for him, and visited all its historic spots with the thoroughness of an American tourist—not forgetting Versailles, the crowning scene of Germany's glory and France's humiliation; and that he even went up in a captive balloon on the Place-des-Tuileries! The Prince, however, incurred a tremendous risk in doing all this so soon after the war, when the spirit of revenge was still at its height; but thus he gave proof of a boldness which was only to be paralleled afterwards by the sudden "dropping of his pilot"—Bismarck, and the taking of the helm of the ship of State into his own hands.

Remembering what had happened to the King of Spain (1888), in returning home through Paris from attending the German manœuvres when he was appointed colonel of a Uhlan regiment stationed at Strassburg, of all places in the Empire; as also recalling the insults and danger to which his own mother had been exposed on the occasion of her most indiscreet visit to the French capital—the Emperor dissuaded his son and heir from seeking to follow his own example—the more so, as fearing that his secret might not be so well kept as his own had been. So, during his spring vacation of next year (1902), the Crown Prince had to console himself with a private visit to the battlefields around Metz and Strassburg, under the guidance of Count Häseler, commanding in the conquered provinces; and then back to his studies at Bonn.

In his autobiography, the famous Dutch scientist, van't Hoff, tells how he happened to be supping with their imperial Majesties at Berlin on an evening when the Crown Prince was leaving to resume his studies at Bonn. His father dismissed him with his blessing and the injunction—"be good" (*sei solid*). Van't Hoff adds that he heard later that the Crown Prince had difficulties with the members of his student-corps because he refused to empty an enormous glass of beer at the word of command.

The Prince's music master was above all things struck by the Prince's perfect simplicity and naturalness. "If anything was dropped, he was just as ready to make a dash and pick it up as he was amiable in acknowledging a similar service done to himself." His range of study was wide, and among other things he had a course of private lectures on *Faust*, a work "for which he always felt a special enthusiasm." Sometimes he allowed himself the luxury of thinking aloud. Thus, when listening to a lecture on the Hohenzollerns and their championship of free thought—an address delivered by the Curator of the University, Herr von Rottenburg, who had for many years been private secretary to Bismarck—the Prince exclaimed, 'So it was, and so it always shall remain.'"

Summing up his impressions of his musical pupil and "fellow-man," Herr Seibert thus writes—

"In the Crown Prince we have a personality of an opposite kind. His nature is calm, and gives,

indeed, the impression of being almost passionless. He does not allow himself to indulge in heated remarks, but is cool and assured in the delivery of his opinion, which he certainly does not suppress. The first impression he makes is one of pride, but on closer acquaintance this only proves to be natural and proper reserve. . . . As for his intellectual calibre he is undoubtedly what one would call a clever fellow, and above all things I was ever much impressed by his insight into character. . . . He was always quick to distinguish between the honest and manly among his fellow-students with whom he fraternised, and the obtrusive snobs and toadies of the place, about whom he expressed himself in a manner—well, energetic, to say the least of it. The Prince is a good, God-fearing Christian, and neither knows nor wants to know anything about the new philosophy which would abolish faith. On the whole, in temperament and mental equipment he is more the son of his great-grandfather, William I., than of his father, William II.”

Like his father before him, the Prince spent two very pleasant and profitable years at Bonn, and then set out to see something of the world. Before his accession William II. had not been very much of a traveller—though his peregrinations all over Europe were presently to procure for him the sobriquet of the “Tourist Kaiser”; but he determined to give his heir the advantages which he himself had not enjoyed, just as his son’s education in other respects was made to be the reverse of his own.

A month or so before leaving Bonn the Prince may be said to have begun his travels by going on a visit to the Court of St. Petersburg, with a peace-offering to the Tsar in the shape of a

model of the battleship *Braunschweig*—the latest addition to the German navy. It is doubtful whether this curious gift was received by Nicholas II. with the same rapture as used to be felt by the father of Frederick the Great when any of his fellow-sovereigns presented him with a couple of gigantic grenadiers; but it was a proof to the Russian Emperor that the German fleet was rapidly overtaking his own, though little could he then have dreamt that, in about two years' time, all his own navy—from battleship to bumboat—would be at the bottom of the Japanese Sea. At a banquet in his honour at the Winter Palace, the Tsar, speaking in French, toasted his illustrious visitor rather frigidly, addressing him as “*Mon-seigneur*,” and wishing long life to his august parents. It was now, perhaps for the first time, that the ingenuous Prince realised that the ways of courts were very different from the free-and-easy manners of the “*Borussians*” at Bonn.

Among other sights of the Russian capital—now looking its best under snow, and with sledges tinkling through the streets, and across the ice-bound Neva—the Prince witnessed the ceremony known as “the blessing of the waters” at the very spot where, under the windows of the Winter Palace, just two years later, the imperial family, when similarly engaged, were to be exposed to a terrific shower of shrapnel from gunners so grossly ignorant of their business as to load their pieces with live shell when firing a salute from the other side of the river. There was little wonder that

blundering artillerists who, posted on one side of the Neva, had thus happily failed to exterminate an imperial family group standing on the other, should have been unable to do much execution at long range on the plains of Manchuria. A week later the same river Neva was to be running red with the blood of Father Gapon's revolutionary followers, for Russia is a country—as the Crown Prince himself must have been quick to conclude during his brief visit, which included a trip to Novgorod—where things are done in the most extraordinary manner.

It was doubtless a relief to him in many ways to pass from the snows of Russia to the sunny sands of Egypt, which was to be the object of his next visit (March 1903), in company with his eldest brother, Eitel Fritz, now a strapping subaltern in the Guards. Embarking at Brindisi on an English yacht, the *Sapphire*—chartered for the purpose—the brothers made a call at Corfu—the home of Ulysses that had been, and the Mediterranean spring-resort of their own father that was to be—and landed at Alexandria after a voyage that severely tried their powers as sailors.

After a few days at Cairo—where, of course, they were warmly welcomed on all sides, and entertained by the Khedive—the two princes began their journey up the Nile, being deeply interested, among other things, in all the principal scenes of our Egyptian campaigns. Their intention was to proceed as far as Khartoum and visit Omdurman; but at Luxor they were attacked by

measles—of the German kind, presumably—such as had also affected the Duke of York at Osborne, on the occasion of the Queen's death, and thus prevented him from figuring at her funeral or at the ensuing opening of Parliament.

It was given out at Luxor that the younger prince had caught the infection while attending a symposium at Bonn, and that six of those present at the gathering were also down with the same complaint. But, acting on orders from Berlin, the two brothers, after an interval of convalescence, abandoned the rest of their tour in Egypt, as well as its extension to Palestine, while adhering to their original intention of visiting Constantinople and Athens.

At Stamboul they were received with open arms by the Sultan in Yildiz Kiosk, where their parents had been so grandly entertained by Abdul Hamid fourteen years before, and received his Ottoman Majesty's return visit at the Merassim Kiosk—a very different thing from a Parisian kiosque. Abdul "the Damned" was enchanted with the fresh, simple, winning ways of the two comely German brothers—sons of the only European sovereign who had never sought to enrich himself with a slice of the Turkish dominions, and who, therefore, by this policy of self-denial, had acquired an influence at Constantinople far surpassing that of all the other Powers—England, Russia, France, Italy and Austria—which, while professing their solicitude for the welfare of the "Sick Man on the Bosphorus," had in turn

aggrandised themselves with territories, sword-excised or treaty-torn, from the mutilated body of the Ottoman Empire.

It was, therefore, no wonder that Abdul Hamid had come to look upon William II. as his sincerest, because most disinterested friend, and that he treated his two sons with quite exceptional distinction—giving to each, among other things, a beautiful Arab steed, and to the elder a magnificent jewelled sabre—the symbol of Turkish sovereignty, seeing that the Sultan, on his accession, is never crowned but only girt with a sword. But what a farce a sabre had now become as the symbol of Ottoman power!

No such costly presents awaited the princes at Athens, the capital of impoverished Hellas, to which they next repaired, to be welcomed by the royal family, and especially by their Aunt Sophie, whose marriage to the Crown Prince of Greece in 1889 her brother, the Kaiser, had come to attend on his way to Stamboul. If Germany, unlike other Powers, had not enriched herself with slices of the Turkish Empire, she had at least enlightened the rest of the world by the researches of her learned men in the domain of Hellenic history; and to the care of one of those learned archæologists, successors of Schliemann, the two princes were now consigned to be instructed in the antiquities of Athens, Eleusis, Delphi, Olympia, Salamis and Marathon—to be arrayed in fact with Ruskin's "crown of wild olive" as a complement to the jewelled sabre of the Sultan.

With his brother the Crown Prince now returned home in time to celebrate his twenty-first birthday, possessed of a tourist's knowledge of the world ampler and richer than his father had ever been able to boast of at the same age.



A FAMILY GROUP.

CHAPTER IV

MARRIAGE

Engagement rumours — “I’d crowns resign” — Escapades —
“At length divine Cecilia came” — Secrets hard to keep —
The Mecklenburgs — Plattdeutsch and Lowland Scots —
“Muckle-mou’d Meg” — Love and policy hand-in-hand —
Bella gerant alii — Black-eyed daughter of the South — Cecilia
as described by “Daphne” — Mahommed and the mountain
— Queen Victoria as Mahommed — “Absurd, to say the least”
— A triumphal entry — Roses all the way — A Grenadier bride-
groom — “My dear daughter Cecilia” — “Little rift within
the lute” — Discord between London and Berlin — Prince
Arthur for Prince of Wales — English Press-boycott of Crown
Prince — The *Times* newspaper and Germany — “Bordered by
an abyss” — The “little dwarf Delcassé” — Chancellor Bülow
becomes a Prince — “Where silence breathes sweet breath.”

HAVING thus seen so much of the world, it now only remained for the Crown Prince to complete at once his education and his happiness by finding a wife. Of course, several had already been found for him by those busybodies who, in every country, take a strange delight in the making of imaginary matches between the members of royal families. Thus it was that these fanciful gossips had already arranged a union between the Prince and his English cousin, Alice of Albany; while there was a rival scheme for wedding him to a daughter of the Duke of Cumberland, and of thus settling the Hanoverian problem in the

same way as the Schleswig-Holstein question had been finally disposed of by the marriage of his own parents.

There were others who, striking a lower note, had discovered a more congenial life-partner for the Prince in the person of an American member of the Berlin opera, with whom he was said to have fallen violently in love, and to have declared his readiness to forfeit his rights to his father's throne rather than forswear his devotion to the Yankee beauty, in the spirit of the fatuous admirer of the "Lass o' Richmond Hill": "I'd crowns resign to call thee mine," etc. "*Pas si bête*," exclaimed the Prince, whose youthful escapades had never gone beyond his attending a performance of the *Zapfenstreich* (or "Tattoo" quasi "Tap-to")—a play founded on Beyerlein's sensational novel *Jena or Sedan?*—against the wish of his father, and of riding his squadron for a freak up the terrace-steps of Sanssouçi—a performance for which he had well qualified himself by winning the army steeplechase at Hoppegarten, the Kempton Park or Sandown of Berlin.

The truth is that while all those matrimonial alliances were being publicly devised for his benefit, he himself had privately fallen in love with and plighted his troth to the charming young Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, younger sister of the reigning Duke Frederick Francis IV. of that ilk—her elder one being then the wife of the prince who is now King Christian X. of Denmark. Her mother, the dowager Grand Duchess Anastasia,

was a daughter of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, a great-uncle of Nicholas II.

And the name Cecilia! Was that not derived from the patroness of music to whom Dryden had dedicated his stately "Alexander's Feast"? What more appropriate name for a princess whose passion for music was more than shared by her imperial lover? "At length Divine Cecilia came"—quite as heavenly an apparition at least as other maidens with whom admirers fall in love.

It was the Emperor himself who first conveyed the news to his people at a military banquet in Altona on September 4, 1904, two days after the annual celebration of Sedan. It had been originally intended to withhold the announcement till the eighteenth birthday of the Duchess, on the 20th of the same month; but secrets of that sort are as hard to keep as the proverbial coins which burn holes in one's pocket, and so the Kaiser chose the occasion of that military banquet—the more so, as it had also served him for the delivering of a perfervid panegyric on the virtues of his own consort—a daughter of the province whose soldier-sons he had now come to inspect. "His Majesty's voice," said one recorder, "though clear and ringing as ever, was plainly touched with the emotion of deep pleasure, while the Kaiserin too was visibly moved."

Not only was the announcement received with the liveliest satisfaction by all present, but also by the entire Prussian people. From every point of view it was a popular match—the more so, as

the Crown Prince had not gone outside of Germany itself to seek for a wife. The Mecklenburg dynasty, of which there are two branches—one called of Schwerin, and the other of Strelitz—had already, through the latter, contributed to the royal family of Prussia its most illustrious Queen in the person of Louise, the victim of Napoleon, and the sainted mother of modern Germany's first Emperor—not to speak of Charlotte, the prolific consort of our own George III., and grandmother of Queen Victoria.

The Schwerin branch was now to have its turn in the person of its daughter Cecilia—a branch which, be it said in passing, rules over the most mediæval and autocratic State in Germany. Yet it is a province which has produced some of the Fatherland's most illustrious sons—like, for example, Blücher, Moltke, and Bülow, the Empire's fourth and best Chancellor after Bismarck himself; and, as proving the close affinity between the Plattdeutsch of Fritz Reuter and the Doric of Robert Burns, it may be mentioned as a philological curiosity that "Mecklenburg" is but the North German way of spelling the Lowland Scots "Muckle-burgh," the same adjective for "big" or "large" as was applied to Lord Murray's famous ancestress, "muckle-mou'd Meg," or big-mouth'd Margaret, who once set upon her table a dish which, when uncovered, disclosed a pair of spurs—a gentle hint to her husband that more cattle were wanted for the support of her family from the English side of the Border.

The Prussians have always been quite as good as the Scots at encroaching on the territories of their neighbours; and among other advantages expected from the marriage of the Crown Prince to the Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg was that it would enable them to attain a long-cherished object of German policy by giving them access to the Russo-Danish family councils at Copenhagen—not only through the sister of the Duchess Alexandra, the future Queen of Denmark, but also through her mother, Anastasia, a near relative of the Tsar. Moreover, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, sister-in-law of Cecilia, was a daughter of the Duke of Cumberland, so that here was another advantage, from the Prussian point of view, in its bearing on the ultimate settlement of the Brunswick question.

In fact, it was a marriage of love, a union of hearts, which could be made to subserve the ends of State policy. “*Bella gerant alii, tu, felix Austria, nube!*”—“Let others get on by waging war, but thou, Austria, more astute, shalt seek to prosper in the world by means of politic marriages”—such had come to be the maxim of the Hapsburgs, who were now simply not in the same street with the Hohenzollerns in respect of their matrimonial successes. Already the proved superiors of their Hapsburg rivals in the field of arms, the Hohenzollerns had now also surpassed them in the domain of policy.

At the time of her betrothal to the Crown Prince the Duchess Cecilia was only eighteen, and looked

less like a damsel of the Baltic shores than a dark-eyed daughter of the sunny South, where, indeed, she had hitherto spent the greater part of her time. Her father, the Grand Duke Frederick Francis III., was, during the last years of his life, a confirmed invalid, and lived most of the year at Cannes, where the Duchess Cecilia received a great part of her early education and became an excellent linguist—speaking French and English fluently, and also Russian, the tongue of her mother. As for her personal appearance, perhaps it may be as well to interpose a picture which, though belonging to a later time, will now best serve our purpose—a thumb-nail sketch of the Princess Cecilia by the clever writer of *Daphne in the Fatherland*, an English lady who spent some little time at the Court of Berlin. The occasion was a gala performance at the opera.

“On the right hand of the Emperor was the Crown Princess, a very attractive personality with whom everybody is in love, as they were in the old days with Queen Alexandra. The Crown Princess is tall and dark and thin, and she looks as if she found life pleasant and enjoyed everything. She has masses of black hair in which she wore no jewels but only a twisted ribbon; her eyes are lovely, and her complexion of that beautiful pink and milk-white which one so seldom sees. She has high cheek-bones and a very wide mouth which, when she laughs, she opens to its fullest extent” (but not to the over-accentuated and unseemly degree of ‘muckle-mou’d Meg,’ the Lady Macbeth of the cattle-lifting Murrays already referred to). “The Emperor seemed to be having all sorts of jokes with her, for they laughed and talked together incessantly.”

Betrothed on Sept. 4, 1902, it was not till the sixth day of rosy June in the following year—when the Duchess Cecilia was barely nineteen, and the Crown Prince had just entered his twenty-fourth year—that they were wedded at Berlin in circumstances of such pomp as no other European capital can display. The first act in the pageant was the triumphal entry of the bride from the Château Bellevue, in the extra-mural Thiergarten—an edifice which bears about the same relation to the Imperial Schloss as Kensington Palace does to Buckingham Palace.

It was thus that all the brides of Prussian princes had come to be married instead of being wedded and fetched by them from their own parental homes; for in Prussia, in matrimony as in most other things, it is generally the mountain that has got to go to Mahommed. But there was one sole exception to this rule, and that was in the case of the Crown Prince's own English grandmother. The people of Berlin had wanted the thing to be done as usual, but Queen Victoria put her foot down emphatically, not to say indignantly, and would not hear of it. Her letter on the subject is worth quoting. Writing to Lord Clarendon, her Foreign Secretary, her Majesty said:

“It would be well if Lord Clarendon would tell Lord Bloomfield” (her ambassador at the Prussian court) “not to *entertain* the *possibility* of such a question as the Princess Royal's marriage taking place at Berlin. The Queen *never* could consent to it, both for public and private reasons, and the assumption of its being *too much* for a Prince Royal of Prussia to *come* over to

marry *the Princess Royal of Great Britain* IN England is too *absurd*, to say the least. The Queen must say that there never was even the *shadow* of a *doubt* on *Prince Frederick William's* part as to *where* the marriage should take place, and she suspects this to be the mere gossip of the Berliners. Whatever may be the usual practice of Prussian Princes, it is not *every* day that one marries the eldest daughter of the Queen of England. The question therefore must be considered as settled and closed."

So wrote Queen Victoria; and in accordance with the will of this—the best, the strongest, and last of all our *real* sovereigns—the marriage of her eldest daughter to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, not yet Crown Prince, took place in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and the Berliners had to content themselves with the comparatively colourless entrance of the bridal pair into their capital later on. But the Mecklenburgers, not being blessed with a ruler so self-willed as the proud Queen of England, were obliged to conform to the general custom and send their charming princess from Schwerin to Berlin to be wedded there.

No need to describe in detail her triumphal entry into the capital from Bellevue through the famous Brandenburg Gate, and across the Pariser Platz, and along the Unter den Linden avenue to the grim old Schloss in a gorgeous State coach built for Frederick the Great, with the Empress at her side, and a squadron of "Queen Victoria's Dragoon Guards" at the head of her procession, and another of shining Life Guards in their "jingling

jackets " behind her, and " roses, roses all the way " strewing her path; and popular acclamations, and civic addresses, and salvos of saluting guns, and the summer air fluttering with flowers and garlands; and be vies of white-robed maidens singing joy-anthems and odes of welcome; and the hundreds of thousands of sympathetic spectators; and at the end of the route the Emperor himself, in Field-Marshal's uniform, standing at the entrance to the Castle to receive the royal bride with a kiss of welcome, and another from her royal bridegroom at the head of a guard of honour formed by his own company of gigantic Grenadiers.

Two days later—the interval being occupied by banquets, torchlight demonstrations, receptions of deputations, etc.—the royal wedding itself was celebrated in the usual manner in the huge chapel formed by the dome of the Schloss, in presence of a most brilliant concourse of princes and foreign representatives. Among his other decorations the Crown Prince wore his English Garter star on his full-dress uniform as the simple captain of a company in the 1st Foot Guards. It was hard to say whether he or his bride looked the more radiantly happy, but there could be no doubt about its being a love match to begin with, whatever its political effect might otherwise be.

Of course the day's ceremonies were wound up with the usual torch-dance—a curious survival from pagan times—and the distribution of the bride's garter among the ladies of her train. But perhaps the hearts of the bridal pair had been more touched

by the words addressed to them by the Emperor at the wedding banquet than by the sermon of the Court chaplain on the sanctity of marriage. In proposing the health of the wedded couple his Majesty said:

"My dear daughter Cecilia, I bid you heartily welcome in the name of my whole House. You have come amongst us like the Queen of Spring, amid roses and garlands and the unexampled rejoicings of the people.

"Hundreds of thousands have acclaimed you, but in their eyes there was at the same time the question which requires to be answered by your whole nature and your life—the question how will it turn out.

"A nation has its models, which it takes as its guides. Queen Louise and other Princesses on the Prussian throne furnish a standard by which the people will form their judgment of your life; while your life and acts, my dear son, will be measured by the great examples set by your grandfather and great-grandfather.

"You, my daughter, shall be cherished and cared for. I wish you both with all my heart God's richest blessings. May your household be founded on God and the Saviour.

"May your household be an example for the younger generation. According with the confession of faith of William the Great, my strength belongs to the world and the Fatherland. Accept then, for yourselves, my blessing for your life course."

Referring to this wedding banquet, an observant English lady, who happened to be present, wrote that the bliss of the bridal pair seemed to be all the greater from "the startling contrast they formed to their neighbours—the Emperor at the right hand of the bride, and next to him the bride's

mother, the Grand Duchess Anastasia, whose strained relations to William II. and his Empress are an open secret. The great lady, who is still very handsome and young-looking, had so far been all graciousness and charm (to every one's astonishment), but now that the last act was being played it was perhaps becoming too difficult. Beautiful she looked, with her dark hair and eyes and the deep black shadows under her eyes, but her face was set and pale, and she and her Imperial host hardly exchanged a word. The Empress, who sat on the Crown Prince's left, cast occasionally a somewhat anxious look at those two silent figures at the brilliant feast, and Heaven knows how many other eyes were on them. But this was the only indication that the peace and unity were not perfect among the two august families which had that day become more closely connected than before."

But this was not the only "little rift within the lute" which had been lilting out so much wedding melody. For at this time the relations, not only between France and Germany, but also between the Courts of London and Berlin, were of a very strained kind, sufficiently so to make a ruler more buoyant than even the Emperor himself look serious. As far as concerned England this was partly due to the Kaiser's recent descent on Tangier, his consequent opening up of the Moroccan question in a most acute form, and his queering of the European pitch all round.

In the previous year—1904—King Edward had

made a sort of semi-State visit to his imperial nephew at Kiel, where he was received with much naval honour; but now, in this wedding year of the Crown Prince, the table-cloth between them seemed to have been completely cut, and there was no meeting at all between the two monarchs—not even when our royal “Peacemaker” made his annual pilgrimage through Germany to take the “cure” at Austrian Marienbad.

The result was that the duty of representing King Edward at the royal wedding—which, strictly speaking, ought to have devolved on the Prince of Wales as a personage of the same rank as the Crown Prince—was relegated to Prince Arthur of Connaught, who was attended by General Kelly-Kenny, one of the few of our leading soldiers whose reputation not only survived, but was positively enhanced by, the Boer War. The gallant General received the Grand Cross of the Red Eagle—equivalent to the Order of the Bath; while Prince Arthur was placed *à la suite* of the scarlet Ziethen Hussars from whom his Prussian grandfather, Frederick Charles, had derived his sobriquet of “Red Prince”—the victor of Düppel, Alsen, and Königgrätz, and the captor of Metz.

Moreover, these jarring discords between the two Courts and countries were only aggravated by what was believed, rightly or wrongly, to be the very anti-German tone of the *Times* newspaper, whose Berlin correspondent, in common with most of his English colleagues, was now denied access

to the scene of the royal wedding, and which therefore revenged itself by compressing its account of the stately ceremony into a bald and colourless paragraph of sixteen lines. This was thought to be but a poor way of honouring a prince who had always shown such a marked predilection for England and the English, and who had earned their gratitude by riding with his father at the head of Queen Victoria's funeral procession through the many-millions of mourning London.¹

Another jarring note in the wedding music had been furnished by the still more strained relations now existing between France and Germany over the question of Morocco, which it was feared might even lead to positive war.

Among the wedding presents, curiously enough, were two beautiful Sèvres vases and a piece of Beauvais tapestry which were taken to Ludwigs-lust, the residence of the royal bride, by the French Ambassador at Berlin, M. Bihourd, to whom the German Chancellor, referring to the Morocco

¹ For some reason or another the *Times* had always been accused of making bad blood between the two countries—ever since it protested so violently against the marriage of the Queen's eldest daughter to what it called the member of a "paltry German dynasty."² Writing to Lord Palmerston on October 25, 1861, the Queen said she had "long seen with deep regret the persevering efforts made by the *Times*, which leads the rest of our Press, in attacking, vilifying and abusing everything German"; while a few years later Sir Robert Morier, who knew Germany and her affairs better, perhaps, than any other Englishman, thus wrote to Lord Russell: "The Press in England has all along made itself the violent and indiscriminating partisan of Denmark. There has not been published one article or one letter in the *Times* in which I could not point out the grossest misstatements and the most childish blunders."

trouble, had but recently said that "the situation was bad, very bad," and that it was dangerous to linger along a road "bordered by an abyss."

The wedding bells were at their very loudest—and princely rings of plighted troth were actually being exchanged between the bridal couple, when the news reached Berlin that M. Delcassé, French Minister for Foreign Affairs, had resigned his office—in consequence of his refusal to comply with the demands of Germany; and at the same time it became known that the Emperor had raised his Chancellor, Count Bülow, to the rank of "Fürst," or Prince—like Bismarck before him. The impulsive French—and their equally impetuous sympathisers in England—at once rushed to the conclusion that the two incidents must have a relation of cause and effect, and that, in bestowing the honour in question on his Chancellor, the Emperor was but rewarding him for having brought about the fall of a statesman so detestable to the German mind as the "little dwarf" Delcassé.

As a matter of fact the two things had no more connection than Monmouth and Macedon. The story about M. Delcassé's falling a victim to the *rancune* of the Kaiser was the purest of myths, though it continues to be believed—or at least industriously repeated, which is not quite the same thing—by the anti-German section of our Press.

The truth is that M. Delcassé only resigned on the afternoon of the Crown Prince's wedding-day, whereas the Emperor had repaired to the Radziwill Palace as early as eight o'clock to press

again upon his Chancellor the rank which the latter had already declined as one that his worldly circumstances would not allow him to live up to; whereas he had now come into a fortune of about a quarter of a million sterling bequeathed to him by a wealthy relative, a merchant-prince of Hamburg. It was the knowledge of this circumstance that had induced the Kaiser, *more suo*, to hasten to his Chancellor with a renewal of his offer, which was now accepted the more readily for its being made on the day when the Duchess Cecilia, a daughter of the province native to the Bülow's, was to become Crown Princess of the Empire of which he was the Chancellor.

M. Delcassé had simply resigned because he was in a minority of one at the Cabinet meeting which—on the afternoon of the Crown Prince's wedding, and *after* Count Bülow had been given princely rank—met to consider the German proposals for a conference on Morocco. “M. Delcassé,” said an authoritative writer in the *Figaro* six years later, “was only the victim of his own faults and errors; but the pride which had falsified his judgment led him to maintain that he had been sacrificed to Germany, whereas he was only sacrificed to the peace of France.”

Yet these were troublesome questions which the Crown Prince did not carry with him to the scene of his honeymoon happiness at Hubertusstock, a favourite shooting-box of his family not very far from Berlin, among the moors and forests of Brandenburg, “where silence breathes sweet

breath." At the completion of his honeymoon in this sylvan solitude the Prince took occasion to say :

" I hope that God will preserve my father to me for a very long time to come. My wife and I have resolved to devote ourselves to the welfare of the people, to the care of the sick, to religion and education, and to science and the fine arts. We wish to learn and to extend our sphere of knowledge so that, later, we may be in a position to judge and give suggestions. We shall be grateful to any one who will help us to attain our object."



WITH THE 1ST FOOT-GUARDS.

CHAPTER V

SOLDIER

"I am a son of Mars"—As father to his children—"Come unto me!"—Maltreatment of soldiers explained—Not an amphibious Prince—Red tunic and blue jumper—The *Royal Louise*—Kernel of German Navy—A Scoto-Prussian Admiral—"The Too Oft Orphan'd Regiment"—Audacious criticism—Censure of Crowns—English reticence unknown in Germany—Saying and doing—"Scamping his work"—Tourist pleasures—Colonel of "Death-Heads"—Reasons for his appointment—Chief of British "Cherry Breeks"—From Prestonpans to Balaclava—Shorncliffe memories—With the Life Guards—A brilliant rider—The realism of war—"Germany in arms"—Jacob's voice but Esau's hands—A "barbaric war-whoop"—"Song of the sword"—"Final argument of kings"—The "Capua" of Mars—"God Almighty's Grenadier March"—Press criticism—Bernhardi's views of war espoused by Crown Prince—Glorification of war—"Bravo! Go for them!"—Forging a name—Exile or Elysium?—A cruel parting—"My youth to the grave"—The Prince explains—Editors punished—A popular idol.

AFTER their brief honeymoon among the sylvan solitudes of Brandenburg—where the Duke and Duchess of Brunswick were afterwards also to begin their wedded life—the princely pair took up their residence at Potsdam—in the little Marble Palace, fronted by its willow-fringed sheet of water, where the Crown Prince himself had been born.

He at once resumed his military duties with the 1st Foot Guards, in which he was now captain of the second company, and this was how he had

once addressed his men, who, by the by, simply adored him :

“ If ever you have any sorrow or care, or, if anything is the matter with your absent dear ones, and you are troubled about it, I shall expect you to come and confide in me; for you are as my children, and as father of the company I shall feel it my duty to try and cheer you up and rid you of your worry. I tell you so most emphatically. Do not feel shy—as is so often done by the friendless soldier far from home, but come and tell me quite frankly when you are in any difficulty, either of a service or a social kind, and you will always find me full of sympathy. The company must be a second home to you.

“ I do not believe that any one of you will ever be so wicked as to neglect his duty, and I hope that by your alacrity and punctuality you will all delight me and do me honour. To be a good soldier is not easy, as you know; yet not only is much expected of you yourselves, but also of your superiors.

“ Let us therefore all work together in a spirit of mutual trust and camaraderie—ever up to time in every respect. I shall then be satisfied with you, and you yourselves will also feel all the better for it. Then will I ease for you the burden of your duties.”

It is doubtful whether any captain—in the Prussian Foot Guards, at least—had ever spoken to his company like that, almost using the words of Scripture : “ Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” This little sermon—not on the Mount of Olives, but on the parade-ground at Potsdam—was all the more striking as about this time the papers were full of stories about the cruel and even brutal treatment of German soldiers. Even in the 2nd Foot Guards

a non-commissioned officer had got six months for maltreating his men.

What was the meaning of all these cases of brutality, which had apparently even touched the heart of the Crown Prince himself? At bottom the Germans are undeniably a kindly and humane people—quite as much as the English, and rather more so than the French. In the time of the old Emperor cases of the kind referred to were very rare; but now, under the *régime* of his grandson, they were cropping up almost every day. What madness had meanwhile seized the military section of the German people, which was almost identical with the people themselves—as must be so in the case of a *Volk in Waffen*—causing them to act in this way?

The explanation offered was that the whole thing was due to the shortened period of military service. Under the old Emperor this term of service with the colours for the infantry was three years, and now it had been reduced to two. But the same result had to be produced in the shorter period as in the longer, and consequently, so to speak, the men had to work overtime. Yet as you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, so neither can you in all cases convert a stupid country lout into a finished Prussian soldier who should rank as the best of his kind in Europe.

Still, the work had got to be done somehow; the War Office insisted on it; the officers hammered it into the heads of their non-coms.; while the non-coms., in turn, hammered it into the bones and flesh

of their men. This explanation—which did not claim to be a justification—was accompanied by an expression of the conviction that the non-coms. punished for maltreating their men had, in so doing, suffered mental anguish more acute than the corporeal pain of the victims of their passion for doing things in a hurry, instead of in the comparatively leisurely way obtaining under the three-years system.

It said much, however, for the Crown Prince that he set himself severely against all this cruelty, with the result that his company had never a more popular captain, for whom they would readily have gone through fire and water—especially fire. The Prince was the more popular with his men since, unlike the Emperor, he did not appear to divide his affection between the navy and the army—his heart, in this double respect, not being so large as that of his amphibious father. Beneath the scarlet tunic of the Hussars of the Guard—which was the regiment he served in and rose to command when equally doing his military time at Potsdam—the Kaiser had worn the blue jumper of Germany's nascent navy.

He had really been the first of his line to take kindly to the water with the determination to teach Germany how to swim as well as his grandfather had taught her how to march, and had thus added a swan natant, so to speak, to the outspread eagle on the Prussian arms.

But his eldest son did not seem to have inherited his father's passion for the sea and its power, in

spite of the fact that he too, when a boy, had been delighted with many a summer cruise on the loch-like arms of the Havel around Potsdam in the little frigate *Royal Louise*—a replica of the *Royal Adelaide* of Virginia Water, which was a miniature of the celebrated *Pique* that had been presented to the King of Prussia by our sailor-sovereign, William IV., and may almost be said to be the seed-germ and nucleus of the present German navy.

Yet few, perhaps, have ever realised that there is direct water-communication between London and Berlin by means of the Elbe and the Havel, and that the little fifty-six-feet-long frigate *Royal Louise* was sailed by British tars under two of King William's sons, and "young Prince George," afterwards Duke of Cambridge, from Woolwich to Potsdam, where, in her graceful, swan-like beauty, she may still be seen, and has served as a naval nursery for several generations of Prussia's royal princes.

But while it was on board this miniature frigate of English make that the Emperor himself had first imbibed his consuming passion for such an unconscionable share of Captain (now Admiral) Mahan's sea-power—a writer whom he is never tired of reading—he set apart only one of his own six sons—the third—Prince Adalbert, for the career of a sailor. It was clear from the day of his christening that the child was to be dedicated to the service of the sea, since he was given the name of the prince of his house who had been Admiral

of the Prussian Navy, when as yet this armada consisted mainly of British men-of-war which had been sold out as incapable of further use, like the blind, the lame, and the spavined old creaks of a cavalry regiment.

This was the sailor-Prince Adalbert who, dying in 1873, bequeathed his name to the steam-corvette in which the Kaiser's brother, Henry, a few years later, was to make his educational voyage round the world under the Scoto-Prussian, Captain MacLean, who, to some extent, had proved to the new Germany navy what his namesake and clansman was also destined to achieve for the Moorish army.

But now it is high time that we should return from the Navy, which has not quite the same fascination for the Crown Prince as for his amphibious father, to the Army, with which he is as deeply enamoured as a lover with his mistress: a lover, yes, but nevertheless of a rather flighty and inconstant kind, and one who has frequently absented himself from the object of his affections, to the scandalising of the sterner elements of what may be called the Prussian "soldatocracy," who in such affairs of the heart are disgusted with the very idea of a divided allegiance. Thus it was that one of these military Puritans—a retired lieutenant-colonel, Carl von Wartenberg, under the pen-name of "Günther von Vielrogge," wrote a magazine article entitled "The Too Oft Orphan'd Regiment," in which he severely took the Crown Prince to task for the slackness of his military

service, and his apparent preference for the pleasures of the world—travel, sport, and frivolous society—to the grim and all-engrossing business of war.

But first, in parenthesis, let reference be made to the popular belief that the German Press is not nearly so free as our own, and that as far as Milton's "liberty of unlicensed printing" is concerned, our Teuton cousins are still living—as our leading Germanophobe organ so often phrases it—"in Tudor times." Nothing could possibly be further from the truth. As a matter of fact the throne is far more audaciously criticised than it is in England—and with impunity. It is only when the Emperor and his family are made the objects of the grossest libels that they act as King George himself did in the year of his accession, when he had the splendid courage to prosecute and hand over to justice a criminal calumniator. At the same time there is a tacit understanding among all our public writers that the name of the King must never be introduced into political controversy.

There is no such theory, or at least no such practice in Germany, where the Kaiser—as on the occasion, for example, of his famous newspaper interview—is criticised with a boldness and outspokenness which with us were scarcely displayed even in the days when Sir Charles Dilke openly advocated a republic, and when certain weekly and daily organs of the baser sort bespattered the royal family with the foulest abuse. Those same organs—especially the weekly ones—now write of the Crown almost

with bated breath and whispering humbleness, or at least with reticent respect; while an article against the King or the Prince of Wales, such as that of the retired colonel of the Prussian Army against the Crown Prince—why, the writer would probably share the fate of the man Mylius who got a year's imprisonment for his libel on King George.

Colonel von Wartenberg had already been deprived of the usual right of every retired officer to wear his uniform, as a punishment for another piece of criticism; so that when he not only published his incriminatory article but afterwards developed it into a pamphlet, about the Crown Prince's "Too Oft Orphan'd Regiment," there was nothing for the object of its reprimand and invective but to imitate the example of the great Frederick, who, when he came across a knot of his Berliners greedily reading a poster-lampoon upon himself, cried, "Hang it a little lower, so that all may read it." "All my subjects," he said on another occasion, "can *say* what they like, provided it be left to me to *do* as I like."

In the spring of 1911 the Crown Prince had been transferred from the Guards to the command—his first independent one—of a cavalry regiment at Dantzic—the "Death's Head Hussars"; and the object of the Wartenberg article, published about the same time in the following year, was to show that in the interval the Prince had practically scamped his work as a soldier. What had suggested the article to its outspoken writer was the bicentenary of the birth of Frederick the Great,

which enabled him to draw a comparison between the military virtues of that monarch and the shortcomings, as a soldier, of the present heir-apparent to his glorious crown—although, in point of fact, the Prince himself, when addressing his regiment on the anniversary in question, had declared that “though it may not be necessary for me to live, it is necessary for me to do my duty.”

Even making all due allowance for the ceremonial claims on the Crown Prince (such as, by the by, have also so often necessitated the interruption of his cousin, Prince Arthur of Connaught's, active service with his “Greys”), the retired colonel nevertheless opined that “among earnest-thinking men there was probably not one who could feel gratified at the way in which the Prince is meeting the strict requirements of the service.”

“On his transfer to Dantzig, military men hoped that there would be a change in this respect; but their hopes have not been fulfilled. When, indeed, since he took over his regiment at Langfuhr, has he been really actively in service? Immediately after his appointment he went away for four weeks, principally to shoot. Soon after his return we saw him in Berlin, partly in the Reichstag, partly on the aviation grounds.

At the beginning of last December he went shooting for a week in Silesia, while late in the same month and early in January, he was again in Berlin. Between these two vacations he was ill; but the illness could not have been very serious, otherwise the Berlin newspapers could not have reported, immediately after Christmas, that he was industriously practising winter sports in the Tiergarten. At the end of January he

came to Berlin to attend the Court festivities for the Kaiser's birthday, only to proceed immediately afterward to Switzerland.

"There, as in former years, he devoted himself zealously to winter sports, and, if he remained at Celerina longer than was originally planned, it was due to the fact that he slid one evening when playing ice-hockey, and received a bruise on the cheek. On March 6 this year (1912) the 1st Life Hussars finally see their commander again in their midst."

The appointment of the Crown Prince, in May 1911, to the command of the "Death-Heads" at Dantzic had, as usual, given rise to the usual amount of conjectural cackle in the German Press. For, as—

"It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves who take their humour for a warrant,"

so it is also the misfortune of Kings and Kaisers that they never can do anything into which some hidden and malign meaning shall not be read. It is too often forgotten by our public mentors that monarchs are generally animated by the same motives as ordinary men. But this principle would not work with the journalists of Berlin, who were quick to discern in this transfer of the Crown Prince from Potsdam to Dantzic—from the Havel to the Oder—an appointment which would cause him to cool his heels away from all court intrigue, and enable the Kaiser to indulge his spleen at the greater popularity of his son, who, there was no doubt, had now displaced his father as the premier favourite of his people. As the Crown Prince of Denmark, Hamlet by name, was

once sent to England by his scheming uncle to be there disposed of as directed, so the German heir-apparent—according to the wiseacres of the Spree—had equally been assigned the rôle of the Duke who was banished to the forest of Arden—a very much pleasanter place, however, it must be owned, than the shores of the Baltic.

But, apart from the simple question of promotion, and the completion of his training by the exercise of independent command such as could not well be got at Berlin, there was another motive for the Prince's appointment to the Dantzic "Death-Heads," which has hitherto eluded the acumen of inquiring critics. In the first place the notice of his appointment to the Dantzic Hussars had reached him at Cairo on his way home from India in the early spring of the year (1911), and was regarded by the Prince himself as an expression of his imperial father's complete satisfaction with the results of his Eastern tour—with which we shall have to deal in a subsequent chapter.

Then again, the coronation of King George and Queen Mary, preluded by the unveiling of the Queen Victoria memorial, was to be attended by the Crown Prince and Princess on behalf of their Imperial Majesties, who themselves were only coming to grace the unveiling ceremony several weeks beforehand, and that King George was desirous of marking the occasion by conferring on the Prince the colonelcy of an English regiment, whose uniform he might wear on the occasion of his Majesty's "hallowing." But such an honour



could not be conferred until the Crown Prince himself had attained an equal rank in his own army, so his appointment to command the Dantzig Hussars was a solution of the difficulty. Therefore, in addition to being colonel of those gloomy "Death-Heads," he was now, on the day before the unveiling of the Victoria monument in presence of his Imperial parents, gazetted as colonel-in-chief of our 11th Hussars, and a happy man it made him.

There was a peculiar appropriateness in the appointment of the Crown Prince to the chiefship of this regiment, since it bore the name of his own great-grandfather, and was known as "Prince Albert's Own." To the army itself it was more familiar as the "Cherubims," a corruption of "Cherry Brecks"—like "Billy Ruffian" for "Bellephophon"—from the colour of the new pink or magenta pantaloons which made them look one of the gaudiest, and consequently most attractive, regiments in the service. This was in 1840, when it fell to them to escort Prince Albert from Dover to London on the occasion of his coming over to be married to the Queen—hence their title of "Prince Albert's Own"; while their motto is also a German one—*Treu und Fest*, "True and steadfast," as in the case of *Die Wacht am Rhein*.

The regiment had a long and glorious history. There was the more reason why it should have been selected for the escort duty to which it owed its present title seeing that it had always been among the foremost champions of the Guelphs, and that it was raised in 1715 to help in fending off a

return of the exiled Stuarts. But at Prestonpans, as "Honywood's Dragoons," they had run like hares before the furious onset of Prince Charlie's kilted clansmen. For that defeat, however, they more than atoned in the valley of Balaclava, when the "Cherry Breeks" formed part of the immortal Light Brigade led by Lord Cardigan, who wore their uniform. To that heroic folly they contributed by going into action with 110 officers and men, and answering the subsequent roll-call with only twenty-five.

So no wonder the Crown Prince was proud of his appointment to this redoubtable regiment and that, after the coronation of King George—at which he and his wife assisted as the sunniest of ceremonial figures—he went down to Shorncliffe to inspect his "Cherry Breeks" and be accorded a most enthusiastic reception. He was the more interested in reviewing his English regiment in such a place, as it was here that we had trained the "German Legion" raised for our service in the Crimea—owing to the exhaustion of our own recruiting sources of supply—though it never got further than Malta, after the Prince Consort had presented it with its colours and declared it fit for service; while the Crown Prince also looked with a melancholy interest at the graveyard memorial to the 280 victims of the collision between the German ironclads *Grosser Kurfürst* and *König Wilhelm* off Folkestone in 1878—Germany's first considerable "toll of the sea." But all these gloomy memories were forgotten at the mess-table of the "Cherry

Brecks," where the charming Crown Prince was voted a colonel of the right sort, and good luck to him with his own lugubrious "Death-Heads" at Dantzig.

Before going to Dantzig the Prince had done a spell of service with the "Gardes-du-Corps," into which he had exchanged after familiarising himself with infantry duties in the 1st Foot Guards—the same as our Grenadier Guards.¹ In spite of the pathos of his farewell to his foot comrades, the Prince was not long in taking on with his new love—the less so, perhaps, as he was now able to appear in the showiest uniform of the army—white tunic with scarlet facings, seven-league boots, and flashing, eagle-crested helm—the favourite get-up of his martial sire, who in this kit looked less like a War-Lord than a War-God. For one thing, the Prince proved one of the best and most daring riders ever, perhaps, produced by his house, which had hitherto never seen one of its members taking 5 ft. 8 in. high jumps, winning steeplechases against the will of his father, and getting *Stubenarrest*, or confinement to his quarters, in consequence; and riding his squadron for a freak up the terrace-steps of Sanssouçi, which was very like riding it up the red-tiled roof of a house.

Just before coming over for King George's coronation he had—at a horse-show in Schwerin,

¹ The newspapers never seem to be able to make a clear distinction between the "Gardes-du-Corps" and the "Gardé-Corps." The latter means the whole Army Corps of the Guards, while the former is only one regiment, and corresponds to our own 1st Life Guards.

the home-country of his wife—won the high jump with the very creditable height of 5 ft. 8 in., which would have enabled him to make a very good figure even at Olympia; but on returning from London to Dantzig he settled down to the more serious business of soldiering with his devoted “Death-Heads” at suburban “Langfuhr”—so-called from the “long road” connecting it with the ancient Baltic port, which has been called the “Nürnberg of the North.”

In spite of the Prince's frequent leaves of absence, which exposed him to the severe reprimands of such censorious critics as Colonel von Wartenberg, there is no reason for doubting that he proved himself to be a very zealous and a very popular officer, and that, under him, his regiment attained to a high state of efficiency. But it is not so much the routine of his profession during this period that excites our interest, as what might be called his intellectual development as a soldier and his views on the subject of war.

The subject is the more interesting since Germany, too, has her professional pacifists, and her realistic writers who seek to emulate the skill of Verestschagin, the famous Russian artist (he went down with the torpedoed battleship *Petropavlovsk* at Port Arthur) who painted war in such a way as to inspire a horror of it. Hence, when he came to Berlin to exhibit his pictures of the Russo-Turkish war, the old Emperor forbade his Guards to go and see this show, lest it should fill them with a distaste for their business. Similarly,

when the Crown Prince was at Dantzig there appeared a volume from the pen of one Wilhelm Lamszus, entitled *The Human Slaughter-House: Scenes from the War that is sure to come*, which aimed at outdoing the realism even of Zola in depicting the savagery and sinfulness of the soldier's trade.

Presently this evoked a counterblast—if not *propter hoc*, at least *post hoc*—from the pen of no less a personage than the Crown Prince himself, which caused a great flutter at the time throughout Europe. This was in the shape of the preface to a richly illustrated gift-book called *Germany in Arms*, to which the Prince himself contributed an ardent article on his old regiment—the “Gardes-du-Corps.” “For him,” he said, “who has once ridden in a charge in peace there is nothing better except another ride ending in a clash with the foe. How often in the midst of a charge have I caught the yearning cry of a comrade, ‘*Donnerwetter*, if it were only in earnest!’ That is the cavalry spirit. Every true soldier must feel and know it. *Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*”

As the old cock crows the young one learns—never had this truth been better exemplified than in the present case, where the father only seemed to be speaking through the mouth of his son. The voice was that of Jacob, but the hands the hands of Esau. Yet the Emperor must have been a proud man—prouder even than Queen Victoria on the night of the marriage of one of her daughters to the son and heir of the great Maccallum More—

when he woke up one morning to find that all the world was discussing the warlike sentiments of his son—as thus expressed :

“ More than other countries, our Fatherland is compelled to trust to its good weapons. Badly protected by its unfavourable frontiers, situated in the centre of Europe, not regarded by all nations with love, the German Empire has, more than any other peoples of our old earth, the sacred duty to maintain the army and the fleet always at the highest degree of readiness to strike. Only thus supported by our good sword can we obtain the place in the sun which is our due, but is not voluntarily conceded to us.”

And then, as for the pacifists and the believers in a millennium :

“ We live to-day in a time which emphasises with special gratification the proud elevation of its culture, which only too eagerly glories in its international cosmopolitanism and indulges in foolish dreams of the possibility of a perpetual world-peace. This view of life is un-German and does not become us. A German who loves his nation, who believes in the greatness and future of our home, and will never agree to see its prestige diminished, must not close his eyes in such reveries, must not permit himself to be lulled into slothful slumber by the peace-lullaby of the Utopians.

“ Since the last great war Germany has behind her a period of economic advancement which has something almost alarming about it. Prosperity has increased among all sections of our people to such an extent that the demands on the standard of life and luxury have developed rankly. Now it shall certainly not be thanklessly overlooked that great economic prosperity creates much that is good. But the shady sides of this all-too-rapid development appear in many directions in an unpleasant and menacing guise. Already the

estimation of money has obtained among us an importance that can only be regarded with anxiety.

"The most able achievement, as such, is to-day, unfortunately, already valued less than the fortune that a man has inherited or scraped together. And often the question is no longer asked in what manner that fortune has been acquired. Things which formerly were not regarded as 'fair' (the Prince used the English word, for which there is no exact German equivalent), or, to put it better, as respectable, are tacitly permitted—all is sacrificed to the frenzied pursuit of money. The old ideals, nay, even the prestige and honour of the nation, may suffer, for peace, peace at any price, is required for the undisturbed earning of money."

Passing then to the material comforts and luxuries of the age as the worst traps for the true soldier, the Capua of Mars, the Prince proceeded:

"We certainly do not want to breed saints of the type of Simon Stylites, who, resigning all the joys of our beautiful earth, choose wild honey for their food and camels' hair for their raiment. Let us regard the comfort and luxury of our age as an agreeable supplement to life, and as something which is without justification in itself, and which we cheerfully fling away when the Emperor calls us and our hands must be free for the sword. Then, though the world were full of devils in arms against us, we shall outmatch them, be the stress of the hour what it will."

The last sentence is a clear paraphrase of one of the verses in "Luther's Hymn"—*Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*—which Frederick the Great called "God Almighty's Grenadier march"—and is thus rendered by Carlyle:

"And were the world with devils filled,
All eager to devour us,
Our souls to fear should little yield,
They cannot overpower us."

And why not? Because the "German Michael"—a synonym for the "German Mars"—will always be on the *qui vive*, and also because:

"If we study the pages of history we find that they are traversed as with a red thread by the doctrine of the necessity of warlike capacity in a people—a view illustrated by recent events in the Balkans, with their interesting examples of a people, weaker in numbers, overcoming by unexhausted capacity for war and fresh *élan* an opponent once highly esteemed by experts but resting on his laurels."

Last of all comes the world's Supreme Court of Appeal, the *ultima ratio regum*, the final argument of Kings and Kaisers, when the cannon begin to speak:

"True, diplomatic skill can and must postpone conflicts for a time, and occasionally solve them. True, all in authority must and will be fully conscious in the hour of decision of their enormous responsibility. They will have to realise that the gigantic conflagration once ignited will not so easily and speedily be extinguished. But just as lightning equalises the tension in two differently charged strata of the air, *so will the sword always be, and remain till the end of the world, the finally decisive factor.*"

If ever any man could plead the example of his father in extenuation of his errors, it was surely now the Crown Prince when assailed by his critics both at home and abroad. In England his essay was described by one anti-German journal as a "barbaric war-whoop;" while he found more sympathy from another organ which rather appreciated the soundness of his sentiments

as "the song of the sword."¹ In Germany itself, where the nation is practically the same thing as the army—being a *Volk in Waffen*—the Prince, quite naturally, suffered the severest criticism from the Socialist and Semitic Press, which is always "agin' the Government."

The former described the book as "the hare-brained ideas of a young lieutenant of the Guards"; while the organ of the Jerusalemerstrasse wanted to know whether the Emperor himself could utter such words without being covered by his Chancellor. "Should the Crown Prince speak them? Does the Chancellor cover him too?" But beyond all doubt the general opinion of the German people—"A Nation in Arms," be it ever remembered—was well expressed by the Conservative *Post*, which wrote:

"We welcome gratefully this new profession of Germanic ideal by the Crown Prince. Thousands who read the book will agree with us that it is thus that the future wearer of the imperial crown must necessarily speak, if he is mindful of the blood that flows in his veins."

But in writing as he had done the Crown Prince, as War-Lord in training, had not only paraphrased

¹ This "song of the sword" had been sedulously taught by the Kaiser to all his sons in the words inscribed on the blades presented to them all when entering on their service duties. The sword given to the Crown Prince bore the inscription, "Ready at all times for the glory of the Empire." That of Prince Eitel Fritz had the motto, "Fearless and true." Prince Oscar's blade was inscribed, "Faithful and steadfast." The naval cutlass presented to Prince Adalbert had a double inscription; on one side, "Full steam ahead!" and on the other, "Thy strength belongs to the Fatherland."

Luther; he had also, to some extent, plagiarised the ideas of General von Bernhardi, of whom he was known to be as diligent and devoted a student as his father was of Admiral Mahan. Bernhardi—who, by the way, was the first German officer to ride into Paris on the day of its occupation by 50,000 of the new Emperor's laurel-crowned troops—might be called a latter-day Clausewitz, and, with General von der Goltz, the brilliant author of *A Nation in Arms*, ranks as the most popular of all Germany's military writers. His *Cavalry in Future Wars* has been done into English, with an enthusiastic introduction by Sir John French; his *War of To-day* might be described as Clausewitz up to date; while his *Germany and the Next War*—to which we shall later on have occasion to refer—caused quite a sensation on its appearance, and is known to have made a profound impression on Germany's future "War-Lord."

Germany and the Next War, as we shall afterwards see, had more especial reference to England; but it also conveys Bernhardi's views on war in the abstract. His general aim is to glorify war as an absolute and everlasting necessity for all nations, and as a moral blessing in disguise for the human race.

"War," he says, "in opposition to peace, does more to arouse national life and to expand national power than any other means known to history. It certainly brings much material and mental distress in its train; it evokes the noblest activities of human nature. This is especially so under present-day conditions, when it can be regarded—not merely as the affair of

Sovereigns and Governments, but as the expression of the united will of a whole nation. . . . The brutal incidents inseparable from every war vanish completely before the idealism of the main result. All the sham reputations which a long spell of peace undoubtedly fosters are unmasked. Great personalities take their proper place; strength, truth and honour come to the front and are put into play."

Bernhardi then goes on to quote Schiller in proof of his thesis—which was also supported in several eloquent essays by John Ruskin—that war is a necessity for the development and elevation of the race.

"Man is stunted by peaceful days,
In idle repose his courage decays.
Law is the weakling's game,
Law makes the world the same.
But in war man's strength is seen,
War ennobles all that is near;
Even the coward belies his name.

Frederick the Great recognised the ennobling effect of war which, he said, "opens up the most fruitful field of all virtues, for at every moment constancy, pity, magnanimity, heroism, and mercy shine forth in it; every moment offers an opportunity to exercise one of those virtues. "War," says Schlegel, "is as necessary as the struggle of the elements in nature." "War," said Heraclitus of Ephesus, "is the father of all things." "It has been," wrote von Treitschke, the historian, "the weary, spiritless, and exhausted ages which have played with the dream of perpetual peace." "And," says Bernhardi, who scoffs at those who would wish to abolish war entirely:

“ War is a biological necessity of the first importance, a regulative element in the life of mankind which cannot be dispensed with, since without it an unhealthy development would follow which excludes every advancement of the race and, therefore, all real civilisation. As Goethe sings—

“ Dreams of a peaceful day;
Let him dream who may !
War is our rallying cry,
Onward to victory.”

Such, then, are the wisdom-founts from which the Crown Prince appears to have drawn, or at least intensified his views on war. He might also have imparted additional vigour to his opinions by quoting what Field-Marshal von Manteuffel (*quasi* “ Man-Devil ”), Statthalter of Alsace-Lorraine, had once said to his dinner-guests at Strassburg, at a time when there were rumours of a French war of revenge :

“ Gentlemen, I am a soldier, and war is the soldier’s element; and well I should like again to experience the elevated feeling of commanding in a pitched battle, knowing that the balls of the enemy are every instant summoning men before the judgment seat of God, and knowing that on the orders one gives depend the issue of the fight and the destinies of the Fatherland. This feeling is divinely great. But as Statthalter of Alsace-Lorraine, I cannot wish for this war. I have studied the campaigns of Condé, and of Turenne, and of Napoleon too deeply, and have still too fresh a recollection of the four battles in which I was confronted with French troops, not to respect the French army. But I also know the German army; and this I also know, that if this war is again forced upon us, hundreds of thousands of German women (like the ancient Spartans) will call on their sons to return with their shields or on their shields.”

The German people, thinks Bernhardi, in their efforts to obtain world-power, must be guided by the words of Goethe :

Bid defiance to every power !
Ever valiant, never cower !
To the brave soldier open flies
The golden gate of Paradise.

But it does not follow that because the Crown Prince shared such views about "*bella, horrida bella*," therefore he was also bellicose, seeing that his own father—who had delivered himself of more warlike sentiments than any other sovereign of his time, has also proved himself to be the most pacific monarch in Europe. To him certainly also applies the description of Cato :

Arma togæ prætulit ; pacem armatus amavit.

Arms he preferred to the arts,
Yet, clad in armour, cultivated peace.

At the same time it was perfectly clear that the character of the Kaiser's heir included a considerable admixture of that militancy which his Majesty had sought to inculcate in the students of Bonn ; so that this admirer of academic duellists should have been the last to feel either surprise or resentment when his son was found to be enjoying the rôle of a spectator of a duel on a high military scale, and shouting out "Bravo !" "Go for them !" to the antagonists of his fancy.

For this is what the Crown Prince was said to have done during the conflict which had broken out in November 1913 between the citizens of Zabern (or Saverne), in Alsace, and the Prussian infantry

regiment, under Colonel von Reuter, forming the garrison of the place. One journal professed to have been favoured with the text of these hortatory telegrams: "*Immer feste drauf!*" i. e. "Go for them!" and "*Bravo!*", which were said to be signed "Friedrich Wilhelm—Kronprinz."

But if the text of the telegrams was right, the signature was certainly wrong, seeing that the Crown Prince always signed himself only "Wilhelm"; and thus the forger, or at least the modifier, of those two messages was caught in his own trap in the same way as Jeanne de la Motte who, personating the lovely consort of Louis XVI., signed for the famous diamond necklace as "Marie Antoinette 'de France'"—which she certainly was *not*, but only "of Austria."

The Crown Prince's telegram in question to the military matadors in the Zabern conflict—Colonel von Reuter, of the incriminated regiment, and his chief, General von Deimling, commanding the 15th Army Corps at Strassburg—might never have been disclosed, even in their false-signature form, had not the journalists of Berlin found it necessary to maintain their reputation as motive-hunters by accounting to the public for the recall of the Crown Prince, about the middle of December, from Dantzic to Berlin, and his transference from the "Death-Head Hussars" to the Grand General Staff.

On this becoming known the air at once grew as thick with surmises as if with flakes of snow. The general opinion was that this meant the

“disciplining” of the Prince for his interference in the Zabern affair in obedience to that sporting instinct which had once been so warmly commended by his own father. At the time of his first appointment to the Dantzic Hussars it was said that he had been sent to that dull Baltic port as a punishment for certain acts of indiscretion; while now, on the other hand, it was equally asserted that he had been recalled to Berlin for a similar reason. But the two statements were mutually destructive. For if his appointment to Dantzic was in the nature of exile, then his return to the gay life of Berlin had to be regarded as an act of the utmost indulgence on the part of his Imperial father.

At the same time, there can be no doubt that if the Prince had been sent to Dantzic as to a sort of “Coventry,” it had meanwhile become to him a kind of military Elysium, and that he was unfeignedly sorry to leave a spot where, on his own showing, he and his wife had spent the happiest years of their life. In taking leave of his “Death-Heads,” the Crown Prince—“tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect”—thus addressed them:

“Hussars of my regiment—For more than two years I have worn the same coat, and faithfully followed the same standard as you. His Majesty the Emperor and King has assigned me a fresh field of military work, and I must obey. It is cursedly (*verflucht*) difficult for me, and my heart is breaking at the thought that I shall no longer ride through life at your head. You will all feel that at this moment, I am sure.

“The two happiest years of my life I have spent

in your ranks ; to-day I carry my youth to the grave. True, they can separate me from you, but my heart and my spirit remain with you. If some day the King calls and the signal ' March ! march ! ' is blown, then think of him whose most yearning wish it always was to experience at your side this moment of highest soldierly happiness.

" But the firm and deep bond that indissolubly unites you, my children of the regiment, with me will only be rent asunder when for me, too, the hour has struck for the march to the great army above. My old, dearly-loved regiment, farewell ! hurrah ! "

After leading the regiment past the Crown Princess he called the standard-bearer to his side, seized the silk ribbons hanging from the flag and fervently kissed them. Then, turning his horse, he galloped from the parade-ground without looking back or saying another word, which was certainly rather less than another famous " Willie " once did when—" boots and spurs and a' "—he hied him to Melville Castle, in the whilom kingdom of Scotland, to " bid the leddies a' fareweel " before setting out for the German wars.

When on his horse he rade awa'
They gathered roond the door,
He gaily waved his bonnet blue,
They set up sic a roar.
Their sighs and tears brought Willie back.
He kiss'd them ane and a',
" O, lasses, wait till I come back
And then I'll wed ye a'."

But there was no such solace for German " Willie's " disconsolate Hussars—many of them with tears in their eyes—as, turning his horse's head, and putting it to the *pas de charge*, he galloped from the parade-ground like Bürger's " Wild

Huntsman " or Goethe's " Erl-King." Nor was it much consolation for him to receive this formal telegram from his no less imperial than imperious sire :

" To-day, when with a heavy heart you are parting from the beloved 1st Regiment of *Leibhusaren*, it is a necessity and a pleasure for me to express to you my recognition and my thanks for what you have done at the head of this fine regiment. It will always be proud of having had you as its commander. May the chivalrous spirit you have cultivated and cherished live on in the regiment, and may your example always find imitation ! "

In order to account for the Prince's recall to Berlin, all sorts of stories, other than those about the Zabern affair, had been circulated, alleging serious personal friction between the royal Hussar Colonel and his official superiors. But all those rumours were disposed of by the Prince himself, who thus confided his case to a Berlin journal—curiously enough of a very Radical kind :

" When I took over the command of the 1st Body Hussars at Dantzig, more than two years ago, my employment later in the General Staff was already in contemplation. After the manœuvres last autumn I ought to have come to Berlin, but begged to be allowed to remain another year. That was at first granted me. Then, in December, I was commanded to join the General Staff, as his Majesty considered it necessary, in view of the present position of affairs " (in Europe and their grave possibilities) " that I should already begin my training in the higher leading of troops. In the contingency referred to I should of course have a higher command than a regiment " (and I must prepare myself accordingly by service at the General Staff).

" The statement as to my relations to my superior officers in Dantzig, as to the town of Dantzig generally,

and to the entire population, represents me as an ungrateful man. I can give an assurance that our two years in Dantzic were positively the best in the life of the Crown Princess as well as mine, and that I shall always look back upon them with great pleasure.

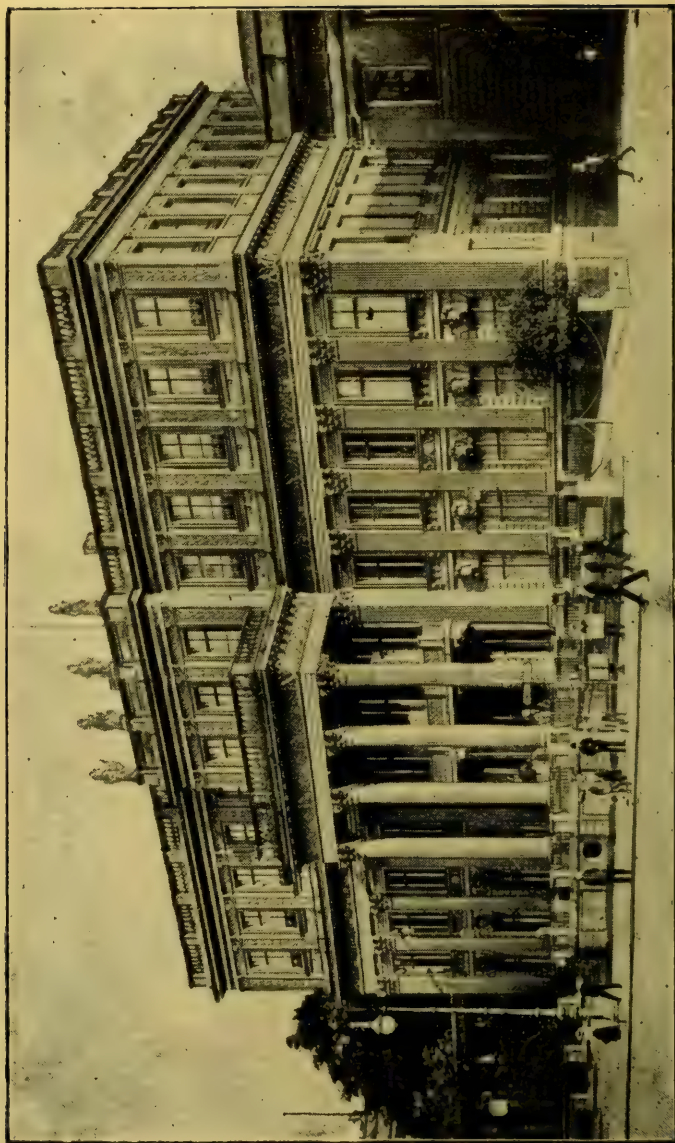
“With his Excellency General von Mackensen I am on terms of intimate friendship. I have often been a guest in his house, and there existed and still exists between us the most cordial relationship.”

The Dantzic-Zabern incident had created a great uproar both in the Press and in Parliament, to which we shall have occasion to refer more fully when we come to consider the action of the Kaiser's heir from the political point of view. But this is a purely military chapter, and we must meanwhile content ourselves with saying that two Berlin editors were subsequently placed on their trial for libelling the Crown Prince and sentenced to six and three months' imprisonment respectively, while two others got six weeks' confinement in a fortress. One of the former, in commenting on the Dantzic incident, had represented the Prince as being on one side of his character “girlishly sentimental” and on the other as “a hot-headed Chauvinist.” The second writer, heading his article “William the Last,” had opined that the Prince's action was likely to revive Republican ideals, and make people wonder whether it would not be better to do without an hereditary monarchy and pension off princes. It would be a misfortune, he said, if the Prince came to the throne, for with the exception of a small group of warlike persons, he had won the mistrust of the Germans and of Europe.

But that was by no means the prevailing opinion in Germany itself, as may be judged from the following allusion to the Crown Prince's return from Dantzic by an English journalist resident in Berlin :

“ Frederick William, though thirty-one and a full-fledged colonel, is still a boy in the hearts of the people, and they love him for the mistakes he has made. They like his impetuosity and periodical revolt against parental authority because they see in it the ingredients of a man and monarch with a backbone. The Crown Prince and Princess are undoubtedly the most popular Royal couple in Prussia. The Kaiser and the Kaiserin are deeply respected and admired; their son and vivacious daughter-in-law are beloved.

“ You observe the distinction on parade-days in the Friedrichstrasse and Unter den Linden. When the Kaiser rides along, fenced in by police and bayonets, there are reverential salutations of various sorts; when the Crown Prince appears the multitudes along the kerbs and in the windows and on the roofs break into a frenzied storm of huzzas, hand-clapping and kerchief-waving.”



CROWN PRINCE'S PALACE.

CHAPTER VI

CONSTITUTIONAL STUDIES

A father's wish—The art of government—Calf-flesh only half flesh—A three-legged stool—"Official rubbish"—Constitutional history—Difference between Kaiser and King—And between German Emperor and Emperor of Germany—United States of America and Germany—"Deutscher Kaiser"—Emperor never crowned—Kaiser as "fountain of honour"—*Primus inter pares*—German sovereigns not Kaiser's vassals—Kaiser as Dymoke champion—Landesvater and Vaterland—Germany a land of Home Rule—The Kaiser (Limited)—No veto power—Two-chambered Legislature—People's House and Princes' House—The Reichstag—Its constitution and powers—Party régime and personal régime—Meaning of constitutional government—Best governed country in Europe—Kaiser's foreign policy—Cannot declare war—Helmet and Crown—Kaiser as War-Lord—Army and Navy—In "shimmering armour."

WHEN accusing the Kaiser's heir of scamping his military duties the censorious writer of "The Too Oft Orphan'd Regiment" had omitted to mention that the Prince had been repeatedly called away from that "Skull and Crossbones" command of his in order to act, in one way or another, as the representative of his father—as when, for example, he attended the Province of Saxony manœuvres, near the historic field of Rossbach, in the autumn of 1912, and at the banquet served as the mouth-piece of his father, who was rather seriously indisposed.

But even before going to Dantzic the Prince's military service at Potsdam had been interrupted by repeated spells of enforced absence from the drill-ground, and, above all, by his release from his duties as a soldier for a whole year in order that he might devote himself to the study of civil government. "It is my will that my son, in accordance with his wish, and the traditions of my house, shall be initiated in all the details of civil administration." So ran a Cabinet Order by the Emperor in October 1907—only a little more than two years after the Crown Prince's marriage—on the eve of his Majesty's departure with the Empress to pay a State visit to King Edward, and just when the Harden-Moltke-Eulenburg scandals had burst like a foul, malodorous waterspout over the German capital.

People may think and say what they like about German rulers, but it is certain, at least, that no others receive such a thorough grounding in the art of government. What English heir to the throne ever divided a year of his pleasurable life between our various public departments at Whitehall? Yet this was what was now done by the Kaiser's heir, as it had similarly been done by his father before him. Having already been taught the trade of a carpenter, he was now to be taught the business of a constitutional monarch—that is to say, a sovereign who has got to exercise his functions within the limits of a written constitution. To this end he had to begin at the beginning—seeing that, in cases of this kind, there is no royal

road to knowledge—by getting himself attached for a preliminary period of six months to the administrative chief of the Potsdam district to be schooled in all the details of local government.

After that he was put to spend the best and brightest period of his life—which in the case of every man is, or ought to be, the age of twenty-five, when his *joie-de-vivre* sense is at its highest—in drudging like a City clerk on a three-legged stool in all the various departments of public service: the Ministries of Finance and Agriculture—where he made a special study of horse-breeding from the military point of view—the Admiralty, the Foreign Office, the Technical High School at Charlottenburg—a suburb of Berlin—but, above all, the Home Office, or Prussian Ministry of the Interior.

Here he used to arrive at nine in the morning and slave away till dinner-time like any petty official earning his hundred and fifty a year, and bringing with him his penurious lunch in the shape of a packet of veal sandwiches, in spite of the national adage that “*Kalbsfleisch ist nur Halbfleisch*”—“calf-flesh is only half flesh,” though it appears to be the favourite edible of the greater portion of the German people; and even Bismarck, on a memorable occasion, borrowed his most terrible metaphor from veal when it had been *saigné à blanc*, or rendered white by hanging and the consequent draining away of all its blood.

Thus this dashing young captain of cavalry had now to “take a turn”—not, like his fellow Ritt-

meister, Dugald Dalgetty, "with *half* the Princes of Europe," but with *all* the public offices of Berlin. Here, to be sure, was a noble act of self-sacrifice on the part of the heir to an imperial throne—to exchange his seat in the saddle of his shining Life-Guards—where he would have been thrilled with the charging note of the war-clarion as of Freiligrath's famous "Trumpeter of Gravelotte"—for a seat on the summit of a three-legged stool amid the dust, the dullness, and the utterly awful atmosphere of a Government bureau. But "*il faut souffrir pour être belle*" is a maxim which applies to Prussian princes no less than to Parisian beauties.

It was tidings of great joy to all Germans groaning under the suffocating *régime* of red-tape to hear that their young Crown Prince, in these exercitations of his at the Home Office, had once written: "Away with all this ridiculous scribble" on the margin of a report which had been submitted for his perusal; and upon another: "Hence with all this superfluous piling up of official rubbish!" Here, at last, was a Crown Prince *comme il faut*, thought his red-tape-fettered countrymen, who were further delighted to hear that, when asked by his mentor at the Ministry of the Interior (Prussian) to make recommendations for dealing with the subject in question, those suggestions of his had been oftener rejected than accepted—for reasons explained to him by his official chief. In some cases, however, he succeeded in persuading that chief to grant petitions which otherwise would

have been refused or pigeon-holed—a gratifying sign to the people that their future ruler seemed to be richly endowed with the unstrained quality of mercy extolled by Portia.

One prominent feature of the Prince's training at the Ministry of the Interior was a course of lectures by Prof. Hintze, of the Berlin University, on civil administration and constitutional history. It was thus that he came to acquire a thorough knowledge of the limitations under which he would in future be called upon to exercise his power—first as King of Prussia, and then as German Emperor. With us in this country the tendency ever is to lose sight of the King of Prussia in the German Emperor; and until this distinction is clearly grasped no one can hope to avoid confusion of thought in following the affairs of the Fatherland. People should always ask themselves, on hearing that his Majesty has done this or that, whether he has been acting as Kaiser, or only as King; and in about seven cases out of ten they will find, doubtless to their great surprise, that it was in the latter capacity.

English readers will never be able to comprehend the character and actions either of the Emperor or his heir until they attain to a clearer and more accurate understanding of the two constitutions—that of Prussia and that of the Empire—with which they are clothed as with a purple mantle. But though the German Empire has now been in existence for the greater part of half a century, and lies opposite to our very doors, with every motive of

interest and even duty prompting us to be perfectly clear about this friendly yet formidable rival of ours, even if we remain defectively informed about everything else, nevertheless we continue to be as grossly unenlightened on the subject of Germany and her form of government as we are about the affairs of Timbuctoo or Tibet.

It is with the view of helping to dispel such dangerous ignorance that we propose to set forth some of the things that had to be explained to the Crown Prince himself at the Prussian Ministry of the Interior.

To begin with, let us clear our minds—if not of cant, at least of inaccuracy—and get rid at once of the notion that the German Empire—for it is not an “Empire of Germany”—is an Empire in the sense that this could be said of Rome under the Cæsars, or France under her two Napoleons, or Russia under her Tsars, or Turkey under her Sultans. It is the commonest thing possible for our public writers to refer to the German Emperor as a “truculent despot,” an “iron-handed autocrat,” an “irresponsible ruler,” a “divine-right monarch,” a “modern Cæsar,” a “sovereign of the Tudor type,” and so on.

But really, however absurd it may sound, [the nearest analogue among rulers to the German Emperor is the President of the United States, which hold almost exactly the same position in America as the United States of Germany do in Europe.] As forty-five separate States in America are banded together in a federal Union called Republic, with

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an elective President for their executive head; so twenty-two German monarchies, large and small, with three little republics, viz. the Hansa Free Cities—Hamburg, Lübeck, and Bremen—did, in 1871, agree to constitute themselves into a corresponding confederation, with the presidency thereof not elective, but hereditary in the line of the kings of Prussia, as a reward for their having done so much to bring about this national unity.

In the case of America, the confederation of States was called "Republic," while to the corresponding thing in Germany was accorded the title "*Reich*," or Empire; though, strictly speaking *Reich* only means "realm," while *Kaiser-reich* is empire, just as *König-reich* is kingdom. But the German State Confederation is not a *Kaiser-reich*; it is only a *Reich*, with a purely titular Kaiser at the head of it—a mere "*Deutscher Kaiser*"—or "German Emperor," which is vastly different from "Emperor of Germany." William II. of Prussia is Emperor *in*, but not *of*, Germany, and therefore imperial sovereignty is not inherent in him. There is an imperial German family, but in the *Almanach de Gotha* one has to look for it—not under the head of "*Allemagne*," but of "*Prusse*." One hears loose talk about the "Imperial German crown," but in reality there is no such thing, and no such throne.

We have already had occasion to remark that William II. has never yet been crowned either as King of Prussia or as German Emperor.¹ In the

¹ *Vide* p. 5, *ante*.

latter capacity, of course, it would have been impossible for him to imitate the example of the Great Napoleon who crowned himself in Notre Dame, since William II. is not an imperial sovereign in the sense that the Satanic Corsican was.

But even as King of Prussia, and stickler for divine right though he was, he never sought to imitate the example of his grandfather, who had crowned himself on his accession—the second of his royal line to do so. In view of the costly journeys by land and sea, with all their inevitable scatterings of largesse, which William II. was already contemplating, he had decided to forgo the very tempting, but very expensive, ceremony of a royal coronation. But for this ceremonious placing of the crown upon his head with his own hands he beheld a satisfactory enough substitute in an assemblage of his fellow-sovereigns in the Fatherland who should acclaim him as Kaiser—at the opening of his first Reichstag—and thus set the seal upon his succession to the throne of Prussia. There never was, as there never could have been, any question of his coronation as German Emperor, but only as King of Prussia. Yet his formal recognition as Kaiser by his federal allies implied, of course, the previous acknowledgment of his Royal Prussian rank, and that was enough.

[In the Imperial Constitution the Kaiser is referred to as the *Bundespräsident*, or President of the Confederation, and that is precisely what he is. But he is not an imperial sovereign in the ordinary sense of the term.] As Kaiser he receives no Civil

List from the nation, but only from his Prussian subjects, who thus pay him well on to a million sterling a year for the upkeep of his Imperial dignity, and for the lustre which it thus sheds on the Prussian people.

Apart from his own loyal and honest Prussians the Kaiser has no personal "subjects." The author of one of the numerous tales of invasion of this country by the Germans makes the Kaiser issue a proclamation to all his "loyal subjects" living in England. But this betrayed gross ignorance of the writer's theme, because the Germans do not stand to William II. as Emperor in the relation of subject to sovereign. The Prussians are his proper subjects; but the Bavarians, the Saxons, the Würtembergers, and so on, owe similar allegiance to their respective sovereigns, while all enjoy the superincumbent status and privilege of German citizenship.

Moreover, William II. is a "fountain of honour"—not as Emperor, but only as King of Prussia. There are no such things as imperial decorations, or imperial titles of nobility. Bismarck was made a "Fürst"—which is misrendered "Prince," and is nearer "Marquis," being less than "Duke"—not by the German Kaiser, but by the King of Prussia; and in this respect his Majesty's sovereign powers are shared by all his crowned confederates from the kings of Saxony, Bavaria, and Würtemberg down to the other "wee, wee German lairdies" who continue to wear a crown and cock their hats as proudly as ever, enjoying—as "fountains of

honour"—quite as much prerogative elbow-room as the King of Prussia who is only *primus inter pares*, first in rank and precedence among his sovereign equals.

But now let us look at the thing from another point of view which goes to the root of the whole matter. There is a popular impression, which no amount of explanation seems able to correct, that the various minor Sovereigns in Germany stand to the Kaiser in about the same relation as the Norman barons once did to William the Conqueror, or as the great feudatory chiefs of India now do to our own King-Emperor. But nothing could be more erroneous. When, yielding to the temptation to belong to a foreign nation, our Duke of Edinburgh assumed the succession to the throne of Saxe-Coburg, it was asked by several writers whether it was possible for an English Prince, "who had taken an oath of allegiance to a foreign Sovereign," to retain his status as a British subject. These questions indicated a belief that, on ascending the throne of his uncle, Duke Alfred had actually, so to speak, bent the vassal knee to his nephew, the German Emperor, as to his suzerain lord.

A more erroneous and absurd belief never impressed itself on the mind of man. It was probably due to the circumstance that, when Duke Alfred took the oath to the constitution of the united Duchies of Coburg and Gotha, he did so in the accidental presence of the Emperor who, out of a mere feeling of kinship and sovereign camaraderie for his English uncle, had hastened to Rheinhardts-

brunn to act towards him as a kind of sponsor and Dymoke champion, so to speak, at such a serious juncture of his life. That was all. Otherwise the Duke took no further oath of allegiance to the Emperor than was implied in his vow to his own subjects to observe their ducal Constitution—an act in itself which at once admitted him to the confederation of his fellow-sovereigns.

Each of those federal sovereigns is still a *Landesvater*, or *Pater Patriæ*, to his particular subjects, and the feeling of personal loyalty which still attaches all Germans to their special *Landesvater* takes undoubted precedence over their other sense of allegiance to the Kaiser as political overseer and protagonist of the whole *Vaterland*. Or, let us illustrate the case in this way. Throughout Germany the military oath—*Fahneneid*, or “oath to the colours”—is taken—not to the Kaiser personally (except, of course, in his own kingdom of Prussia), but to the *Landesherr*, *Landesvater*, or sovereign of the soldier’s particular birth-State. Yet in thus taking the oath of allegiance to their own special ruler, recruits at the same time swear obedience to the Emperor as commander-in-chief of the entire German army—though of this more anon.

This reference to the individual federal sovereigns of the Fatherland—among whom, we repeat, the King of Prussia, as Kaiser, is only *primus inter pares*—leads us to a consideration of the little realised fact that Germany is, *par excellence*, the country of Home Rule in Europe—her local or

individual State Parliaments corresponding to the various State Legislatures in the American Union. Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Würtemberg, Baden, and all the other minor sovereignties in Germany form in their totality the confederation called the German Empire.

But whereas with us in England it is proposed, by the advocates of Home Rule, to decentralise legislation by the creation of separate Parliaments for the transaction of local business, Germany has attained to her present condition by something like the reverse process. All the Home Rule assemblies in Germany did not proceed from, but preceded, the Imperial Parliament. They were all in existence before the creation of the Empire, and all they did was to surrender some of their law-making powers to the Legislature of the Reich. The rest of these powers they retained, and continue to exercise in as full and sovereign a manner as ever.

Each separate State has its Landtag, Diet, or local Assembly, generally consisting of two Chambers, with the King, Grand Duke, Duke, or Prince as the third effective factor in the Legislature; and each of these bi-cameral Diets is entitled to legislate on local matters, *minus* the affairs that were, by common consent in 1871, handed over to the care of the Reichstag, or Imperial Parliament, representing the whole German people. Mr. John Redmond has truly said: "Many people regard the German Empire as a great autocracy, and the Kaiser as the very personification of an autocrat. Nothing, however, is further from the truth. The

German Empire is to-day the most convincing proof of the triumph of Federalism by consent."

It is only in a few imperial respects—and mainly in the military domain—that the power of the Kaiser extends to the individual States of the Empire, apart, of course, from his own kingdom of Prussia, where he can do anything he likes—within the limits of the Prussian Constitution. Thus, for example, he cannot exercise the chief attribute of sovereignty—the prerogative of mercy—in any other State except in cases which have been before the Supreme Court of Appeal at Leipzig. But not even in the three little republics, or Free Cities, of Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck can he pardon a condemned person.

Or, take this other instance of the limitation of his sovereign power as Emperor. One of his biographers writes that, on the death of his mother, "he ordered mourning throughout the Empire for six weeks, and forbade all public music, entertainments, theatrical or otherwise, until after the funeral." But it was quite beyond the power of the Emperor to issue such an order, except as regarded his own kingdom of Prussia. An injunction of this kind would have been a gross interference with the sovereign rights of the Kaiser's confederates—Saxony, Bavaria, Würtemberg, and even Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

But now, having said so much about Germany as a country, *par excellence*, of Home Rule, let us see what is the nature of the Federal or Imperial Legislature itself. This may be said to consist of

only two factors, with no sovereign or veto-power over them at all. "But what, then, about the Emperor?" astonished readers may ask. Our reply is that the Emperor, as executive President of the German Union, has no veto-power whatever over measures which have been passed by the Imperial Legislature, which is a purely bi-cameral one.

These two Chambers, constituting the Imperial Legislature, represent the German people on one hand, and the sovereign princes of Germany on the other. The former is called the Reichstag, or National Assembly, returnable on the basis of manhood suffrage; while the other is the Bundesrath, or Federal Council, composed of personal representatives of the confederate Sovereigns, and presided over by the Imperial Chancellor, whose appointment lies with the Kaiser, to whom alone he is responsible. Each of these Chambers—one the People's House, the other the Princes' House—has co-ordinate and co-equal powers. The assent of both is necessary to the passing of a law, and a bill would be blocked by the negation of either.

The Reichstag has 397 members, and the Federal Council 58—or, at least, that is the number of its votes. Of these 17 only belong to the King of Prussia, whose monarchy is about two-thirds the whole of Germany, while the rest are distributed among the other States in proportion to their size and importance. It will thus be seen that Prussia might easily be outvoted in what may be called the Upper Chamber, or Princes' House, of Germany. The combined "noes" of Saxony and

the Southern States would, in themselves, suffice to counteract the "ayes" of Prussia; and, as a matter of fact, it has repeatedly happened that the King thereof has thus been outvoted by his sovereign confederates. The location of the Supreme Court of the Empire at Leipzig, instead of at Berlin, was a case in point.

It cannot be too emphatically pointed out that the Kaiser, as executive chief of the German Union, has no power of veto over a measure which has once—as in the case, for example, of the Supreme Court—been approved by the two Chambers of the Legislature; and that then, as German Emperor, he has no choice but to promulgate a law which, as King of Prussia, he may have previously opposed in the Princes' House. It is true that in this Upper House the influence of the King of Prussia is paramount; nevertheless such is the theory and practice, as we have endeavoured to explain; the main thing to remember being that the Emperor has no veto-power over measures passed by the two Chambers representing the princes and people of the Fatherland.

Moreover, it is a great mistake to suppose, as so many seem to do, that the Reichstag, or People's House, returnable by manhood suffrage, is only a law-assenting and registering body, and that it has no will or power of its own. This is a gross delusion, as may be inferred from the fact that the Wilhelmstrasse is ankle-deep with the bones and dust of bills which the People's Chamber has thrown out. The Reichstag's power of the purse is as absolute

as that of the House of Commons. Not a single man or mule, for example, can be added to the German army without the consent of, that is to say, the voting of their cost, by the German people. The veto-power of the Reichstag is just as absolute as that of the Bundesrath, and nothing can be done in the way of positive legislation without the assent of both. They thus represent a pretty even balance of forces. What matters it that the initiative of legislation lies with the Federal Council, and that therefore private bills are rarely heard of, if the Reichstag enjoys, and has so frequently exercised, the absolute right of rejecting those measures?

The one thing the Reichstag, or People's House, cannot do is by a party majority against the Government to turn it out of power; and for the simple reason that, though Germany may be said to have a parliamentary *régime*, it is not yet "blessed," or otherwise, with the party or see-saw system of rule. Besides, there is no such thing at Berlin as an imperial Cabinet. The only imperial Minister worth considering is the Chancellor, the rest of the "Ministry," so to speak, being formed by the members of the Federal Council. There is a Prussian Ministry, but not an Imperial one, so that an application of the party system to the German Government itself would, at the utmost, result in a change of Chancellor.

But, as a matter of fact, the German people, as a whole, are not very much enamoured of party government, preferring to trust to the wisdom of

their monarchs and the patriotism of their Ministers. What said Prince Bülow, who may be credited with knowing his countrymen as well as any one? "No one in Germany desires a personal *régime*; but, on the other hand, the vast majority of the German people is most emphatically against a party *régime*." And why? Because the Germans, being a sensible people, know full well that they must strike the golden mean between civil liberty and military security; and that as long as their country, as Moltke phrased it, "remains in the position of a besieged fortress," it would be folly for them to entrust the destinies of the Fatherland—depending as they do on the strength and efficiency of its forces by land and sea—to the political caprices of rival factions.¹

When Englishmen talk of "constitutional Government" they mean government by party; whereas the meaning attached to the phrase by the Germans is government according to a written constitution, which they certainly enjoy. They are the more reconciled to its omission of any

¹ Dealing with the subject of party government with more especial reference to Prussia, Bismarck writes in his *Recollections*: "For a quarter of a century a whole school of our political writers had extolled what, without any thorough comprehension of it, they called the English Constitution, as a model to be imitated by continental nations. What wonder then that the Crown Princess and her mother overlooked that peculiar character of the Prussian State which renders its administration by means of shifting parliamentary groups a sheer impossibility? What wonder that this error bred the further mistake of anticipating for the Prussia of the nineteenth century a repetition of the civil broils and catastrophes of the England of the seventeenth century unless the system by which they were terminated were introduced among us?"

reference to party government since it gives them, as before remarked, absolute control of the nation's purse, as well as absolute power to reject any and every measure that may meet with their disapproval. Hundreds of such measures have been thrown out beyond recall ; while, on the other hand, the Government has absolutely no means of dragooning the Reichstag to its will. True, the Kaiser, with the assent of his fellow-sovereigns in the Union, may, on the advice of his Chancellor, dissolve Parliament, and thus send it packing, on the understanding, *bien entendu*, that another must soon take its place. But so may our own King on the advice of his Premier.

Dissolutions of the Reichstag have always taken the form practically of a Plébiscite, Referendum, or direct appeal on some particular issue—Army Bill, or the like—from the party-rent representatives of the people to the people themselves ; and we cannot recall a single case in which the popular reply to such an appeal was not in favour of the Government. That is because the German people, as a whole, firmly believe in the honesty, the honour, the enlightenment, the public spirit and patriotism of their rulers, and the belief is amply justified of acts. For there is no Government in Europe that is more single-mindedly devoted to the highest interests of the nation than that of Germany, whose greatest source of strength is its consistency and continuity, and its happy non-dependence on the ever-varying spirit of parties.

At the same time—and now we come to the anti-climax of our argument—though the Kaiser, as already shown, is not monarch of the Empire, he is vested with powers usually found possessed only by monarchical rulers. As King of Prussia, he claims to rule by right divine; but, as Kaiser, the sole source of his authority is the Imperial Constitution, and the laws made in conformity therewith. That is to say, his powers as Emperor are all derivative, and not original; but for all that they are very ample, and make him one of the most potent monarchs of his time. In the field of domestic politics his power is limited, as we have seen, by the Constitutions of Prussia and the Empire, and never once has he sought to overstep them. But in the area of his activity outside this field his personal power is not so tightly circumscribed, though far from being absolute. In brief, this personal power of his accrues to him from his twofold position as conductor of the foreign policy of the Empire on one hand, and as commander-in-chief of its armed forces on the other.

“The Kaiser,” says the Imperial Constitution, “shall represent the Empire in international matters, and in the name of the Empire shall declare war and make peace, and enter into treaties and alliances with foreign States.” It is he who appoints all diplomatic representatives of the Empire to serve it abroad, and to him also are accredited the corresponding agents of foreign Powers. It is in this capacity that he shines as Kaiser, and keeps a Court worthy of an Emperor,

—like a man who, by the social code, has got to live up to his position. Yet, even so, the Emperor's power as conductor of the foreign policy of the Reich is not without its limitations. For one thing, there is a Foreign Relations Committee of the Bundesrath, Federal Council, or Princes' House, in harmony with which the Emperor is expected to work; while in the case of treaties involving money expenditure, the Reichstag, or People's House, like the House of Commons, has the final word.

One often hears the Kaiser's critics lamenting that his foreign policy should be so dangerous, because pursued in the dark. But we have never yet heard of any Government which did otherwise. Diplomacy would be impossible if practised in the open glare of the sun. As M. Pichon once truly remarked to the French Senate, treaty-making cannot possibly be a thing of the market-place; and, in fact, there is no essential difference between the secret methods of English and of German diplomacy. Did Disraeli take the House of Commons into his confidence before purchasing the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal—one of the 'cutest and most advantageous things ever done by a British statesman? Had any of us the least inkling of the exchange of Notes between this country and France, constituting the agreement known as the *Entente Cordiale*, before these Notes were presented to Parliament? And, moreover, did not our Treaty of Alliance with Japan come upon the country with all the force of a great,

if pleasant, surprise? What, then, becomes of all the strictures on the dark and tortuous ways of the Kaiser's foreign policy—as if, indeed, it differed materially in its methods from our own?

The chief thing to be remembered in connection with the position of the Kaiser as conductor of the foreign policy of the Empire is that he *cannot on his own initiative declare war*. If Germany should be attacked, then, without more ado, he not only can, but must, command the buglers of the army to go on sounding the assembly till they burst their cheeks. This is what would happen in the case of a *defensive* war, such as was thrust upon Germany by France. But, on the other hand, the Imperial Constitution expressly stipulates that the Emperor can only declare an *aggressive* war with the assent of his fellow-Sovereigns in the Union, so that the Empire is thus amply safeguarded against a wanton misuse of its armed forces as the instruments of his power.

And now a few concluding words about the Kaiser's relationship to the Army and Navy of the Empire. It is here that his position before his own country and the whole of Europe is most conspicuous. It is the flashing of the Kaiser's helmet more than of his crown which sometimes tends to dazzle the eyes and bewilder the German nation, and other nations as well. His favourite rôle, his pose by preference, is that of *Kriegsherr*, or War-Lord; a War-Lord clad, as he said himself, in "*schimmernder Wehr*"—in "shimmering armour," a beautiful phrase! whose primary aim,

however, it is, not to provoke, but to prevent war. *Kriegsherr*, in fact, is short for commander-in-chief, in peace or war, of all the armed forces of the German Union.

But there is a difference between the Army and the Navy which requires to be explained. Strictly speaking, the army is not imperial in the sense that the navy is, being composed of contingents from the various States, while the fleet is unitary and national. "The unity of the navy," says a German jurist, "is an internal, indivisible one, set forth in the very idea and nature of it. The Imperial army, on the contrary, is a collective unity. The 'unity' of the land forces of the Empire does not cancel the separate existence of the State contingents. It simply signifies the bond which holds these various contingents together."

Most of the minor States, by special conventions, have practically merged their military quotas of men in that of Prussia. So that, strictly speaking, the German army—consisting of twenty-three Army Corps—is now composed of four separate contingents—namely, those of the four kingdoms, Prussia, Saxony, Württemberg, and Bavaria, the last-named State enjoying certain special rights and privileges, political and military, with which the Emperor cannot interfere.

Thus each State has its own army, but all are recruited, organised, equipped, and drilled on the same plan, and paid for out of the common treasury, so that a perfect unity in the scheme of the whole military fabric is thus secured. It is at once the

right and the duty of the Kaiser, as commander-in-chief, to see that everything is done in accordance with this principle of national, or imperial, unity in the military field, while leaving the detail work of administration to the separate States. Thus it is that there is no such thing as an Imperial Minister of War, his work being done by the War Ministers of the four kingdoms, especially Prussia, which, in area and population, forms a good two-thirds of the whole Empire.

But while there is no Imperial Minister of War, there is an Imperial Minister of Marine in the person of the Secretary of State at the head of the *Reichsmarineamt*, which is a proof in itself that the Navy is Imperial in a sense different from, and superior to, the phrase when applied to the Army. The latter contains no "Imperial" officers—and consequently none of the "German Field-m Marshals" of the journalistic imagination—but only Prussian, Saxon, Württemberg, and Bavarian ones. All these officers, we repeat, take the oath of fealty to their respective Sovereigns, while swearing obedience to the Kaiser as General *Kriegsherr*; whereas all naval officers and officials, on the other hand, no matter who their local Sovereign may be, are appointed directly by the Kaiser, to whom, personally, as supreme commander of the Navy, they swear allegiance. At the same time, the Kaiser cannot add to this fleet a single torpedo-destroyer without the express consent of the German people, whose power of the purse, as was said before, is, therefore, absolute.

CHAPTER VII

IN OPPOSITION

German Emperor and King of Prussia—Crown and crowd—Constitutions written and unwritten—Bismarck's "Conflict-Time"—Ruling without a budget—One man's meat another's poison—A startling revelation—"Contents burnt"—An "act of faith"—His "worst Billingsgate"—Socialist "wretches"—Germany's "Red Terror"—A "Frankenstein monster"—Noisy but innocuous—Crown Prince as anti-Semite—Kaiser compared to "Prince Hal"—"We must eject the Jews"—Anti-Semitic sabre-rattling—A "born anti-Semite"—"The Crown Prince's friends"—Heirs-apparent as chiefs of Opposition—"Father and son never of same mind"—Conflict between William I and son—A Lady Macbeth consort—*Pater, peccavi!*—Oldenburg's "Outchuck"—A reactionary group—Berlin as hot-bed of scandals and sensations—Heydebrand as "Firebrand"—Two "Uncrowned Kings"—Crown Prince against the Government—Demonstration in the Reichstag—But not anti-English—What Napoleon would have done—Up in an airship—A circus hero—"A splendid fellow"—Son *versus* sire—"Sword in mouth"—Kaiser not a representative German—"A nation in arms"—People same as Army—The Zabern melodrama—A "monstrous charge"—A Socialist snarl—Kaiser compared to Dr. Johnson—Prince and brother-in-law—All's well that ends well.

IN thus explaining the views that were presented to the Crown Prince by one of the leading authorities in Germany—Prof. Hintze, afterwards Rector of the Berlin University—we have mainly confined ourselves to the *Reichsverfassung*, or Imperial Constitution, which clings to only one foot, so to speak, of the Kaiser-King; while the

other is clogged with a corresponding charter in favour of the Prussian people proper.

We have already had occasion to remark that it would always be well for readers to feel perfectly clear on this point: whether, when they hear of the Emperor doing anything, he is acting in his capacity as King of Prussia or as German Emperor; and in four cases out of five—outside the domains of foreign policy and military authority—they will probably find that it is in the former respect.

In the field of purely domestic affairs it is the King of Prussia whom we see figuring on the national stage. As King of Prussia William II. has far more personal power than as German Emperor; yet this power is also very considerably limited by the Constitution of 1850, which was in the nature of a solemn covenant between Crown and Crowd, just as was the Imperial Constitution—first of 1867, as applied to the North German Confederation, and then of 1871—as amplified and adapted to the needs of the united Fatherland.

It is the fashion among certain writers to sneer at these constitutions; but at the time of their origin, at least, they represented the will of the Prussian and German peoples every bit as much as did the Constitution of the United States of America. In every case they were the outcome of Constituent Assemblies representing the people in their bargaining with the Government; and to such an extent did the will of that people prevail in the wording of the Federal Charter of 1867—

afterwards expanded into that of 1871—that the Government accepted all but two of their *thirty-six amendments*.

It had been the same with the Prussian Constitution of 1850—an outcome of the Revolution of '48, though in this case the power of the Crown was much less restricted; while that of the democracy, on the other hand, was to a great extent countervailed by an electoral system of an indirect and complicated kind, very different from the manhood-suffrage principle as applied to the Parliament of the whole Empire.

It is but fair to add, however, that only in one flagrant instance has the Prussian Crown ever sought to exceed its power as fixed by the Constitution of 1850; while in the case of the Empire no such *ultra-vires* attempt has ever been made at all—in spite of all assertions to the contrary.

This was in 1862—after his accession to power—when Bismarck entered into his famous “Conflict” with the Lower House of the Prussian *Landtag*, National Diet or Parliament, about the reorganisation of the army, which was to prove the instrument of Germany's unification, and for which the Chamber refused to vote the necessary supplies. Consequently Bismarck came to the conclusion that he must achieve his object without a regular budget.

His view was this: if the three legislative factors—possessing votes of equal power—could not agree to pass the budget-law, what was to be done? By the oversight of those who made it

the Constitution had not provided for such a dilemma, and was the machinery of the State meanwhile to stand still for want of oil? Would not the Government incur a much more fearful responsibility before the country if, merely because the budget could not be passed, it sat down with folded hands, shut up its customs-houses, and allowed its huge army of officials to starve for want of pay?

It had the choice of two evils, and which was the lesser of these there could be no possible doubt. All constitutional life was a series of compromises, and as the Lower Chamber would not yield an inch to the Crown and the Upper House—two being here against one—there was nothing for the Government but to act, at its risk and peril, on the law of majorities, and afterwards ask for a bill of indemnity—which was freely and even gratefully given it when the time came with the victorious entry of the Prussian troops into Berlin after Königgrätz.

The Prussian deputies were now the first to admit that, if the Government had not acted in conformity with the strict letter of the Constitution, they themselves had also committed an error of judgment in withholding the supplies that had been demanded of them. Both sides had endeavoured to exceed their constitutional power.

It was now seen how unfortunate, in one respect, are the countries that have a *written*, and therefore inelastic Constitution; for they are debarred by a *lex scripta* from making constitutional progress,

and yet the tendency of all human institutions to develop continually tempts them to depart from the letter of the law. Vain of their new-won rights the Prussian people were a little too apt to look upon their Charter as a unilateral contract, and too eager to precipitate the operation of that process which, in a country like England—where the Constitution is mainly based on custom, precedent, and warped interpretation—must inevitably end by transferring the balance of power from the Crown to the Crowd.

They were inclined to forget that the Constitution (of 1850), which had conferred upon them certain political privileges, had not to any great extent curtailed the prerogatives of the King. By that Constitution the power of the Crown and of the two Chambers was expressly declared to be equal; not merely in theory, as in England, but in living reality. Their common and uncoerced assent was as necessary to the passing of the budget as of any other law; and yet the Lower Chamber claimed fiscal rights as complete as those of the House of Commons—as supreme as if the veto-right of a Prussian king, like that of an English sovereign, had already become a mere legal fiction.

From this point of view, therefore, William II.—no less than his grandfather—may well claim to have always acted as a strictly constitutional sovereign—that is to say, a sovereign exercising his power within the limits of a written constitution—both as King of Prussia and as German Emperor; and on the occasion of his Jubilee, or completion

of his first quarter of a century of rule (in 1913), his Majesty's loyalty to the Constitution was brought out in a very striking manner.

At a special sitting of the Senatus of the Berlin University, its Rector, Prof. Hintze—who, as we have seen, had lectured to the Crown Prince on constitutional law—vouchsafed this remarkable statement, which is well worth quoting :

“ With what decision the Emperor from the first took up constitutional ground is clear from a hitherto unknown historical incident which his Majesty himself was graciously pleased to communicate to me some years ago at a reception. His Imperial Majesty told me that he was informed by the Minister of Justice, Dr. von Friedeberg, during the last hours of his Imperial father, that immediately after the latter's decease a sealed document of great importance, relevant to this event, would be laid before him ; and, indeed, this was the first thing that his Majesty had found on his writing-table.

“ He opened it, and recognised at once the characteristic writing of Frederick William IV., with many underlinings and notes of exclamation. It was a political testament which had to be laid before every successor to the throne on his accession, and it contained an exhortation, couched in the strongest and most urgent terms, to overthrow the Constitution (of Prussia) before taking the oath.

“ Frederick William IV., as is well known, had all his life clung to the idea of replacing the Constitution—which, born in the storm and stress of the year of Revolution ('48), had first been granted by the Government, but then revised in agreement with the representatives of the people—by a Charter emanating from the Royal will, which should contain nothing of the revolutionary character of modern constitutions. Frederick William IV. was thus now attempting to exercise posthumous influence on his successors, with

all the power that the dead can bring to bear upon the living, in order to secure fulfilment of this Royal wish.

“The Emperor William had just as little inclination as his two predecessors to accede to this appeal of his Royal great-uncle, but he went further. He considered it possible that some future day a young and inexperienced ruler might come to the throne, on whom this testament might make an impression. ‘From that time,’ said his Imperial Majesty, ‘I felt as if a barrel of gunpowder were in the house, and I got no peace till the testament was destroyed.’ It was burnt, and the envelope returned to the Royal Archives with the inscription, ‘Contents burnt.’”

In perpetrating this *coup d'état*—this arbitrary destruction of a dynastic document, of which some future heir to the throne might possibly make an improper use—the Emperor could scarcely have been thinking of his own eldest son who, at the time of his father's accession (1888), was as yet only a child of six. But there is nothing in the context of the above statement to show that his Majesty's *auto da fé*, or “act of faith” (which always took the form of burning heretics) did not belong to a later time, after the Crown Prince had begun to develop a tendency to reactionary courses calculated to inspire his affectionate parent with sovereign concern.

As time wore on the only political question which father and son seemed to regard with a common eye was that of Socialism; and on this subject they both used the unbridled language of Mr. Gladstone. Talking once (in 1885) with a friend (G. W. E. Russell), the Liberal leader

declared himself vehemently hostile to Socialism in any sense of the word. "When I asked whether by 'Socialism' he meant the State doing for the individual what he ought to do for himself, or the State taking private property for national purposes, he replied with indescribable emphasis: 'I mean both; but I reserve my worst Billingsgate for the latter.'"

Now it is with the Kaiser as it then was with Mr. Gladstone—he reserves his very worst Billingsgate for his Socialist subjects, whom he never tires of denouncing with fierce indignation as "fellows without a fatherland," "foes to the divine order of things," "sacrilegious wretches," "fellows unworthy to bear the name of German," and revolutionaries who, if need be, would have to be ridden down, or shot like dogs.

Presently the Crown Prince followed suit by referring to the Socialists as "*Elenden*", or "wretches"—thus exposing himself to a bitter attack in the Reichstag by their leader, Herr Bebel, who said that the name "wretches" might, after all, be adopted by his party as a title of honour, just as the Dutch under the Spanish domination had taken a pride in calling themselves "beggars" (*les gueux*). He added that "this young gentleman of only twenty-one" might surely be better employed than in assailing Social Democracy, which, by the time he came to the throne, might be so strong that it would not be to his advantage to have vilified it in this way.

That was in 1903—the year of the Prince's

leaving Bonn; and within less than ten years of this time the strength of the Socialist party—known to the Crown Prince only as “wretches”—had risen by the general election of 1912 to a figure expressed by the fact that, of a total of over 12,000,000 votes, they had polled more than a third, thus securing 110 of the 397 seats in the Imperial Parliament; though on a strict system of proportional representation—which does not exist in Germany any more than in England—they ought to have returned about 130 members.

But the tendency in this country has ever been to take a most exaggerated view of German Socialism. After the general election referred to, the anti-German portion of our Press was unable to refrain from evincing a certain degree of *Schadenfreude*, or malicious pleasure, at this formidable increase in the Socialist vote—such the frailty of poor human nature, of the international kind. But, after all, there was nothing whatever of what it was pleased to call the “Red Terror” about this expression of social discontent by so large a proportion of German electors, seeing that it was no more scarlet than the aims of our own Labour party and ultra-Radicals, which are only German Socialism translated into English.

In the main this aims not at political revolution, but only at economic reform—or in other words, better wages. But the figures which express social discontent in a country of over sixty-six millions of people naturally seem much more significant and terrible than the corresponding

returns for a country like our own, with a population of only forty-six millions. Socialism in Germany, as in every other country of Europe, and in America, does not concern itself so much about the forms of Government as about the filling of stomachs.

Primarily it is not at all a question of Crowd *versus* Crowns, but of Labour *versus* Capital. In fact Social Democracy as a whole might be described as a sort of Frankenstein monster compounded of dissecting-room odds and ends excised from the bodies of other parties, yet as incapable as Mrs. Shelley's fearsome creation of organic action and cohesive effort : altogether a very noisy but very innocuous animal.

"The day will come"—the Prince was quoted as saying on one occasion—it may have been at the golden wedding feast of a Potsdam cobbler—"when Social Democrats will come to Court," though he also once quoted with approval the saying of Frederick the Great, that "*Jedermann soll nach seiner Façon selig werden*"—"Every man must get to Heaven in his own way"—whether Christian or Jew.

Meanwhile in his serious opinion Socialism seemed much less of a danger to Germany than Semitism, or the ascendancy of the Jews in all the walks of national life; and on this subject his opinions began to be seriously divergent from those of his father. There was a time—though as yet this father was only Prince William—when he had laid himself open to the suspicion of sharing the anti-Semitic views of the notorious Jew-baiting

court-chaplain, Stöcker; and certain it is, anyhow, that he used to attend the Christian Socialist meetings, or conventicles, presided over by this most aggressive personage at the house of Countess Waldersee, an American lady of pietistic principles.

But the freedom of speech and action which our own "Prince Hal" had allowed himself when revelling with his boon-companions at the "Boar's Head" he could no longer exercise on succeeding to the throne; and just as Henry V. discarded fat Sir John and all his followers, so did William II., on at last coming to his own, hasten to dissociate himself from his anti-Semitic companions of an earlier day, and even to get rid eventually of his Jew-baiting chaplain as a man who was now more of an encumbrance than a comfort to him.

But the agitators whom the Emperor himself had now succeeded in shaking off hastened in turn, like tenacious parasites, to fasten on his more compliant heir, who soon seemed to have fallen an easy prey to their flattering caresses,—so much so, that in the year of his marriage the Prince was actually prevailed upon to be present at a festive gathering of the Association of German Students—attended by the leader of the anti-Semitic party in the Reichstag as well as by Stöcker himself, the discarded court chaplain—and to listen to, and even applaud, violent tirades against the chosen people dwelling within the bounds of the Fatherland. One speaker asserted the object of the association to be the suppression of all Socialists and Semites; while another—amid loud

cheers—declared that “we must eject the Jews from our midst.”

It was even said that, at this anti-Semitic assemblage, the Prince had rattled his sword—as at concerts and the like one often sees enthusiasts beating the floor with their sticks and umbrellas—to accentuate his applause. Anyhow, about five years later, shortly before setting out on his tour to India (1910), the Kaiser's heir was installed as Rector of Königsberg University—which had once been adorned by such a liberal-minded thinker as the Scoto-Prussian philosopher, Immanuel Kant—when, in replying to the address of the academic body, he dwelt on the necessity of preserving and enhancing the “sense of German nationalism in contradistinction to the internationalising tendencies of the time, which threatened to destroy our healthy individuality as a (pure-blooded) people.”

If this was not outspoken anti-Semitism, asked the Hebrew Press, what was it? Certainly it looked very like it; and all the Junker, or ultra-Conservative, journals broke out into a chorus of jubilation at this political and religious confession of faith on the part of the Kaiser's heir, causing one Radical writer to remark that “in Kaiser William the anti-Semites behold their best-hated man, and in the Crown Prince their greatest friend”—a friend who had been described by the leading nationalist print as “the son of his Holstein mother, and therefore a born anti-Semite”—very different from (his father) “a scion of the daughter of the island-people of shopkeepers.”

"All hell shall stir for this!" snarled Pistol, when compelled by Fluellen to eat the loathsome leek; and that was pretty much what the Semitic portion of the German Press—a very large one—also exclaimed on thus beholding the Kaiser's heir greedily swallowing to all appearance the principles of the persecutors of the Jewish race. The spectacle was all the more revolting to the Press in question as the Kaiser himself—having sloughed the anti-Semitism of his youth—had meanwhile, in imitation of Bismarck—who once said that he would enlist the services of allies wherever he could find them—shown himself to be singularly accessible to men of Semitic origin, and assimilated the experience of all the best business talent among the Jews of Germany.¹

Thus it gradually began to dawn on the German people that their Crown Prince must be cast in the same mould as other heirs-apparent, especially those of England, of whom Macaulay had written in his essay on Chatham, apropos of the opposition of the Prince (Frederick) of Wales, to the ministry of his father, George II.:

"Nothing is more natural than that, in a monarchy where a constitutional opposition exists, the heir-apparent of the throne should put himself at the

¹ All the pros and cons of this anti-Semitic controversy are to be found in a pamphlet, *Die Freunde des Kronprinzen*—"The Crown Prince's Friends"—which was published as a contribution to the literature of the Kaiser's Jubilee in 1913, by a writer with a Jewish name; and his Press quotations, from all sides, on the subject of the Kaiser's heir must convince any reader that, after all, there is far more liberty, or at least licence, of the Press in Germany than in England.

head of that opposition. . . . An heir-apparent who wishes to enjoy, in the highest perfection, all the pleasure that can be derived from eloquent flattery and profound respect, will always join those who are struggling to force themselves into power. This is, we believe, the true explanation of a fact which Lord Granville attributed to some natural peculiarity in the illustrious House of Brunswick. 'This family,' said he at Council, we suppose after his daily half-gallon of Burgundy, 'always has quarrelled, and always will quarrel, from generation to generation. . . .' We cannot quite admit his explanation; but the fact is indisputable. Since the accession of George I. there have been four Princes of Wales, and they have all been almost constantly in opposition."

This was written of the heirs-apparent in a monarchy with a constitutional, or party, opposition. But in Prussia there had always also been regular antagonism on the part of the heirs-apparent without the excuse of their being heirs to a constitutional crown of the English kind. Was it not declared by the great Prussian historian, Treitschké, "that, in the Hohenzollern family, father and son are never of the same mind"? Was not Frederick the Great, when Crown Prince, committed to prison, at Küstrin, by his bearish bully of a father, for venturing to have opinions of his own, and for acting on them too? And was not the same fate all but incurred by William II.'s own father, who, when Crown Prince, in 1863, had publicly declared himself to be the opponent of his parent's policy? In the previous year Bismarck had been called to power, and, among other measures for the promotion of his policy of "blood and iron," he had

suspended the Prussian Constitution to the extent of ruling without a budget, and also issuing certain severe ordinances against the Press. Of these high-handed measures the Crown Prince Frederick openly avowed his emphatic disapproval as being calculated to imperil his own chances of succession to the throne.

There followed a most serious correspondence between the King and his antagonist son; and its gravity was accentuated by the fact that a summary of it appeared in the *Times*, to which it had been communicated, indirectly at least, by the Crown Princess, who wanted to have everything in Prussia done in the English way, and, Lady Macbeth-like, had egged on her much less gifted and feeble-willed husband to the rebellious course he took.

Matters went from bad to worse till at last the Crown Prince wrote to Bismarck: "The King now knows that I am the determined foe of the Ministry"; and he was given the choice of submitting to the will of his father, or of being deprived of his military honours and offices—*se soumettre ou se démettre*. But the then Crown Prince was a mere man of sentiment, of straw, of plastic putty, completely under the domination of his strong-willed, gifted, ambitious, but politically perverse English wife; and in the long run he had to climb down and murmur a penitent "*Pater, peccavi!*" or "Father, I have sinned!" In his *Reminiscences* Bismarck tells how, when driving with the King at Potsdam, and speaking French so as not to be understood by the servants on the

box, he had pleaded with his Majesty to "deal gently with the young man Absalom," and thus inclined his heart to forgiveness.

Curiously enough, the Crown Prince of that time had made public avowal of his opposition to his father's domestic policy at Dantzic, whence his grandson, the present Kaiser's heir, was also to come to indulge in a still more ostentatious demonstration against his father's foreign policy in the Imperial Parliament. But be it explained beforehand that this Dantzic is the chief port of West Prussia, which is, perhaps, the most military and reactionary province in the Empire; and that among its squires, or Junkers, is that Herr von Oldenburg who, when a member of the Reichstag, told it to its face that "the Kaiser could send a lieutenant and ten men and shut it up for ever," so that "Oldenburg's Out-chuck" would thus become a parallel to "Pride's Purge." From the name of his estate—Januschau—this latter-day Pride of the would-be kind was punningly called the "Janissary" of the Empire.¹

¹ This parliamentary "chucker-out" continued to be a great favourite with the Crown Prince, and at the annual Congress of the German Agricultural Council (spring of 1914), it was noticed that when his friend Herr von Oldenburg, the perfect type and model of Prussian Junkerdom, was speaking, the Prince by smiling nods frequently expressed his sympathy with the aspirations of that ardent champion of the "back to the land" movement. As Herr von Oldenburg advocated, among other measures to check the flight to the towns, that the young men should be forced to stay on the land till they have finished their military service and the girls till they are grown women, whether they liked it or not, the Radical outcry against this princely demonstration of approval was easily understood.

At the house of this parliamentary "chucker-out" the Crown Prince spent much of his time when at Dantzic, and had also extended his patronage to a scholar at Königsberg, further along the coast, named Jessen, who, under the pen-name of "Alter Preuss," or "Old Prussian," wrote reactionary articles of a most violent kind against the democratic Reichstag, the Chancellor, and even the Emperor himself. The Prince had also been in touch with the members of another reactionary clique known as the "Stahl Crowd"—so-called from Friedrich Julius Stahl, the leader of the Lutheran reaction under Frederick William IV., Strauss's "Romanticist on the Throne of the Cæsars."

It was with his perfervid head fermenting with the ideas derived from these various sources that the Crown Prince took three days' leave (of the French kind, it was said) of his regiment for the purpose of coming to Berlin to hear the Reichstag debate on the Morocco question, which was then (November 1911) the burning question—not only in Germany, but also in England, and indeed, in all Europe. It was said that no one was more surprised than the Emperor himself by this sudden appearance of his heir on the parliamentary scene.

As a result of the war with France the centre of political gravity in Europe had been transferred from the Seine to the Spree. Not only, however, had Berlin thus become the chief seat of political—that is to say, military—power in Europe, but it had also for forty years been the principal centre

and hot-bed of sensations and scandals—court and social—of all kinds, far superior in dramatic interest to those of the second French Empire.

The Arnim trial, the repeated attempts to assassinate the old Emperor, the Berlin Congress, the historic speeches of Bismarck, his dismissal from office and the scandals therefrom resulting, the illness of the Emperor Frederick and the shameful controversies that raged around his death-bed, the publication of his war-diaries, the Kotze scandals, the Eulenburg-Moltke revelations, and the thousand and one other engrossing incidents of the period in question—there was nothing corresponding to all these in the annals of the second French Empire during the eighteen years of its wicked, dissolute, and degenerate existence.

But in dramatic interest none of those incidents surpassed the demeanour of the Kaiser's heir in the royal box during the Moroccan debate in question, which had been greatly exercising the German mind, and the handling of which by the Imperial Government had deeply disappointed the nation as a whole—especially after the Kaiser and his Chancellor had seemed to back down and out of it by the final withdrawal of the war-vessel sent to make a demonstration at Agadir.¹ Further-

¹ The Pan-German *Post* thus wrote of the Emperor's return from his last trip to Norway in order to grapple with the question which had been raised by the sending of the *Panther* to Agadir: "What has happened to the Hohenzollerns who produced the great Elector, the first King of Prussia, Frederic the Great, and the Emperor William the First? Is the Emperor the strongest support of the Anglo-French policy, a support much stronger than fifty French divisions? We

more, the back of the nation, so to speak, had been put up by a bellicose speech of Mr. Lloyd George at the Guildhall—a man who knew just as much about foreign relations as about the habits of English pheasants—and who thus, forgetful of the sagacious *ne sutor* maxim, “put his foot into it” as no political busybody had ever done before.

The principal speech against the backing down policy of the Government came from Herr von Heydebrand—though “Firebrand,” perhaps, would have been a more appropriate name—the Conservative leader. A man of diminutive stature, but, like Alan Breck, “a bonny fighter,” he had been called the “uncrowned king of Prussia” from his paramount influence over the agrarian, or agricultural classes, which, though forming but a third of the population, continue to be the backbone and fighting mainstay of the kingdom.

Another king waiting to be crowned was the Kaiser's heir, now sitting in the royal box of the Reichstag and vigorously applauding all the chief passages in the denunciatory speech of his

cannot and will not believe it. We will not believe what the British and French newspapers have been saying for weeks, ‘Wait till your Emperor comes back (from Norway), then the retreat will be sounded, then Germany will give way.’ We console ourselves with æsthetic tea-parties, dinners, suppers, journeys, inspections, and celebrations of every possible kind, for the shame of the Fatherland.” And again: “The arbiters of German policy can hardly fail to perceive that another cleavage between the Kaiser and the nation must and will occur if the Moroccan incident ends as it apparently is going to—in a masked German retreat.”

Junker friend. Every point the Conservative leader made against the Chancellor, and, for that matter, against France and England, when he criticised the Chancellor's attitude over the resignation of the Colonial Secretary, Herr von Lindquist; when he called Mr. Lloyd George's Guildhall speech a threat and a humiliating challenge; when he declared "We must be ready when the moment comes to draw the sword"; when he said that the "Cartwright interview" (an alleged newspaper interview with our ambassador at Vienna, which was afterwards officially disavowed) brought the blush of shame to the cheeks of Germans; when he declared that the German people now knew where the enemy lay, and called for "a clear German answer to the English question"—at all those passages the Crown Prince, with nods, and smiles, and tapping of his hand on the ledge before him, and even a clapping of both hands as in a theatre, plainly manifested the keenness of his patriotic sympathies and his dissatisfaction with the policy of his father's advisers.

As for the Prince's feelings towards England, which were made the subject of such emphatic inference by some of his critics, we will deal with that aspect of the matter in another chapter. Meanwhile we may just remark that the Prince had spent the previous winter on a tour in India, where he had been overwhelmed with kindness, and had there repeatedly professed his admiration for our race and rule; that he had recently been made colonel-in-chief of our 11th Hussars; and that a few months

later he had been one of the most popular figures—he and his wife—at the coronation of King George; so that he must have been rather less than human if his semblance of hostility to England on this occasion was anything more than a mere momentary impulse—like the transient moods of his emotional father. But it is the personal and, as one might say, the constitutional aspect of the incident which at present concerns us.

What the Kaiser himself thought of his son's conduct—in his heart of hearts he may even have been proud of it, the ways of parents being often peculiar—the public really never got to know; but if there was any paternal punishment meted out to the audacious Prince at all, the first instalment took the form of a command to come and dine the same night at Potsdam with the Chancellor, whom the Kaiser thus delighted to honour as a mark of his continued confidence in the minister whom his son had done his best to discredit.

The only wonder is that the Prince was let off by his father so lightly. It appears that, among his other eccentricities, he is a great admirer of the first Napoleon, who inflicted so much humiliation and suffering on Prussia, and that he has collected a perfect museum of mementos of the victor of Jena and the vanquished of Waterloo. Referring to this in connection with the Prince's demonstration in the Reichstag, a Paris journal remarked that his hero Napoleon would have marked his appreciation of that exploit by giving him several weeks' confinement in a fortress.

The "wiggling," if any, which the Kaiser administered to his rebellious son could not have been very severe or depressing in its effect, seeing that next morning he made haste to ascend in a Zeppelin airship and circle round the city of which, more than ever, he had now become the idol. This was conclusively shown the same evening when the Prince exchanged his seat in an airship—whence he could wave down kisses to his adoring Berliners—for a seat in a circus where these same Berliners could look up to him in the royal box and give him a reception—as the chief Conservative organ put it—"such as had never been equalled even in the case of a ruling sovereign."¹

With regard to public opinion as reflected in the Press, it was, of course, divided, according to the political bias of the organ expressing it. The Radical papers were very outspoken in their condemnation of the Prince's conduct, using language

¹ This was at the Schumann Circus, where the attraction was a grand spectacular drama called *Orestes*. "The huge building," said one writer, "was crammed from top to bottom, upwards of 9000 persons being present; and when the Crown Prince, accompanied by his small suite of officers, appeared in the royal box and became visible to the huge multitude of spectators, he received a very remarkable ovation. Every man, woman, and child rose and cheered for several minutes, and some time elapsed before order could be restored. In view of the unmistakable evidences of the Kaiser's displeasure at his son's conduct, every cheer given to the Crown Prince was a demonstration against the Emperor, and for this reason the scene at Schumann's Circus was highly significant. The Crown Prince, by demonstrating his dislike of the German Government's peaceful policy, and especially by giving vent to some degree of animosity against England, captured the popular imagination, and for the moment has thrown himself into the forefront of German politics."

such as had never been addressed even to an English royalty, or only, perhaps, when the *Times* launched out, or rather lashed out, against Queen Victoria for yielding to her private sorrow as a widow, to the neglect of her public duties as a sovereign; or again, when the same journal lectured her son and heir so severely on the enormity of his connection with the Baccarat case at Tranby Croft.

But the Pan-German *Post* stood forth as the Prince's ardent champion, describing him as a "splendid fellow," and bidding the critics "keep their hands off this young man, who would one day be invested with imperial magnificence, and whom we already regard as a great hope. It is not, and cannot be, denied that the Prince condemns the entire Morocco policy of the Government, in common with the patriotic portion of the German people."

This was a very severe slap at the Emperor himself, about whom the same journal, the leading organ of the Conservatives, had been using language throughout the Morocco crisis such as had never before been addressed to the throne—not only in Germany itself, but in any other country.¹ It

¹ One Berlin correspondent wrote: "Already Wilhelm II, if not 'deposed,' is isolated. He commands no enthusiasm; his best qualities are unpopular; and people who twenty years ago distrusted him as a Chauvinist now complain that he is a Pacifist. . . . To-day it is the once loyal Conservative newspapers which are publishing lists of the too-peaceful sovereign's offences. The main offence is that he has belied the promise given twenty years ago when he frightened Europe by speeches adumbrating war. They accuse him of being anti-National, and recall that he opposed the people's will during the Boer War. They remind him that he pledged himself to protect Turkey; but now, out

was this aspect of the case which seemed to aggravate the Prince's offence in the eyes of his critics; but by this time it had become quite clear to the Germans that their Emperor was a man who, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, had learnt to accept and adapt himself to situations.

During the Morocco debate the Crown Prince, quite as much as his hero, Herr von Heydebrand, had "carried his sword in his mouth"—to use the words applied to the Conservative leader by the Imperial Chancellor; but for that very reason he had been looked upon by his admirers as a better and truer exponent of "the sentiments that were gnawing at his angry country's heart."

In a magazine review of three volumes—three!—of the Emperor's speeches, Prof. Sarolea, while saying many complimentary things about his Majesty, remarked that his speeches must not be taken seriously, because on very few matters did the Kaiser voice the feelings of Germans; was not, in fact, as he ought to be, the spokesman of his people—in the sense that our own King Edward ever was.

It was very different with Napoleon and Bismarck. Their utterances expressed the sentiments of their nations; the Kaiser expresses only his own, and Germans either laugh or frown at them. The Kaiser, he continues, is deeply religious,

of bureaucratic correctitude, clings feebly to Italy, despite the fact that the whole Italian Press derides the Triple Alliance, and openly prophesies that Italy will join the Triple Entente. And this attitude is quite as unpopular as the Kaiser's advice to England how to beat the Boers."

which his countrymen no longer are—the churches being almost empty; the Kaiser is an idealist, while his subjects are now rapidly merging to mammon-worship and materialism; the Kaiser is intensely earnest and moral, while the morals of his people are growing looser and looser; and, finally, the Emperor is essentially feudal and agrarian, while Germany is rapidly drifting away from feudalism and becoming the type of a great industrial and progressive Empire. He is, in fact, *not* a representative German, says the professor, “and therefore, when he speaks, he does so for himself alone.”

But if his demeanour during the Morocco debate had more than ever made the Prince the darling of the people, his subsequent interposition in the Zabern affair undoubtedly also caused him to become the idol of the army, and it is too often forgotten in this country that the German army *is* the German people, as must be the case with every “nation in arms.” Some of our journals, in recording the result of the court-martial held at Strassburg over the officers implicated in the military excesses at Zabern, informed their readers that the acquittal of those officers implied a shameful victory of the army over the people.

But no man can achieve a victory over himself—unless of the moral kind; and all our writers seemed to be strangely unconscious of the fact that, when speaking about the German army and the German people as two separate entities, they were simply talking nonsense. In the Reichstag

Prince Bülow once quoted Frederick the Great as having said that "whoever bites at the Prussian army bites at granite"; and this is as true to-day as it was then. The Germans know what their army has done—not only for them as a nation, but also as individuals. They are proud of, and grateful to it for the advantages they derive from their period of service with the colours—discipline, bodily vigour, cleanliness, method, and all the virtues, in fact, which contribute to success in life.

It is a monstrous error to imagine that militarism is one of the main causes of Socialism in Germany—as if, forsooth, a man should turn round and curse his greatest benefactor. All those who have been through the mill know quite well what the army does for them, and therefore it is the most popular institution in Germany.

If the Germans were asked to choose between their Army and their Parliament, their choice would be swift, emphatic, and unanimous. When Englishmen talk about the "German danger," they think of a future, contingent, and conjectural peril. But a much more real, because ever-present and operative danger to their worldly position is that arising to them from the exercise of the civic virtues acquired by a man in preparing for war, which makes him such a formidable rival to an unsoldierly citizen in all the competitive walks of peace.

In our chapter on the Kaiser's heir as a soldier we had occasion to refer to his hortatory messages—"Go for them!" and "Bravo!" to the chief military figures in the Zabern melodrama, whose

principal offence was that they took themselves far too seriously, as German officers are apt to do in times of peace, thus falling easy victims to practical jokers like the cobbler-captain of Köpenick—an impostor who would have been impossible in any other country but Germany, where there is a blind worship of every kind of uniform, beneath which no one ever takes the trouble to look.

The Crown Prince's demeanour in the royal box during the Morocco debate had been open, flagrant, undisguised; while his Zabern telegrams were at the worst a private indiscretion, seeing that they were not intended for the public eye, and could only have got into print—in perhaps a mutilated form, certainly with a false signature—through some gross betrayal of confidence, such as clearly must have accounted for the divulgence by the *Times* of the private correspondence between the Kaiser and Lord Tweedmouth as to our naval affairs in the spring of 1908.¹ Nevertheless he was again sharply taken to task for his interference in public affairs—especially by the Socialists, who hastened to put a question on the subject in the Reichstag, their spokesman, Dr. Frank, saying:

“For the sake of our domestic politics we are grateful to him (the Crown Prince) seeing that hundreds of thousands must be shaken out of their lethargy when they see that the future German Emperor stands in intimate friendship with the despisers of the Constitution and the agitators for a *coup d'état*, and then realise that they must take their destinies into their own hands.”

¹ See p. 191, *post*.

This allusion to a *coup d'état* was a reference to Herr von Oldenburg, who had once, as we have already seen, suggested a present-day "Pride's Purge" in the shape of the shutting up of the Reichstag by a lieutenant and ten men. But amid a scene of unprecedented excitement and uproar the Imperial Chancellor (Bethmann-Hollweg) started up and declared that the charge levelled against the Crown Prince of consorting and sympathising with would-be perpetrators of a *coup d'état* was "a monstrous accusation which I most emphatically repel."

"If the Prince," continued Dr. Frank, in allusion to his farewell speech to his Dantziger Hussars, "thinks that to ride against the foe is the highest joy of the soldier, the people think this soldier's joy is the greatest calamity for them." Another minister—the Secretary of the Interior—took the Prince under his wing, pointing out that, in constitutional and monarchical States, it was not the custom thus to drag the heir to the throne into debate. "The Prince's farewell to his Hussars proved that the right spirit of the German army dwelt in the breast of the future wearer of the Imperial crown, and for that they should be grateful to him."

Another Socialist rejoined that they would have had no occasion to discuss the Prince if the latter, like the shoemaker with his last, had only stuck to his business of making sleeve-links, of which he had invented a new pattern. The Reichstag had never been the scene of such explosive

commotion; and some one wanted to know whether the heir to the throne, in sending his Zabern messages, should not have been warned by the example of his own father against the practice of congratulatory telegrams—an allusion to President Kruger and the unfortunate heartening he received from Berlin.

At last the storm blew over, leaving the militarists, on the whole, in possession of the field; and at the ensuing Court reception, on the Kaiser's birthday, it was remarked that his Majesty, contrary to custom, withheld his hand from the President of the Reichstag, who had come to offer its congratulations, but who had not displayed sufficient energy in protecting his son from the insults offered him by the Socialists—which reminded one of Dr. Johnson, who bullied and brow-beat Boswell to his heart's content, but would suffer no others to indulge their taste for vituperation at his worshipper's expense.

If the Zabern incident—of which, as we saw, one of the results was the severe punishment of several editors for libelling the Kaiser's heir—had been due to a breach of confidence on the part of some who divulged the Prince's encouraging messages to the chief officers concerned, it was an indiscretion of the same kind which had shortly before landed him in still more serious trouble with his Imperial father, by revealing the fact of his having written to the Imperial Chancellor to protest against the election of his brother-in-law, Prince Ernest Augustus of Cumberland, to the

throne of Brunswick, until he should make much more categorical and clear the renunciation of his claims to the crown of Hanover.

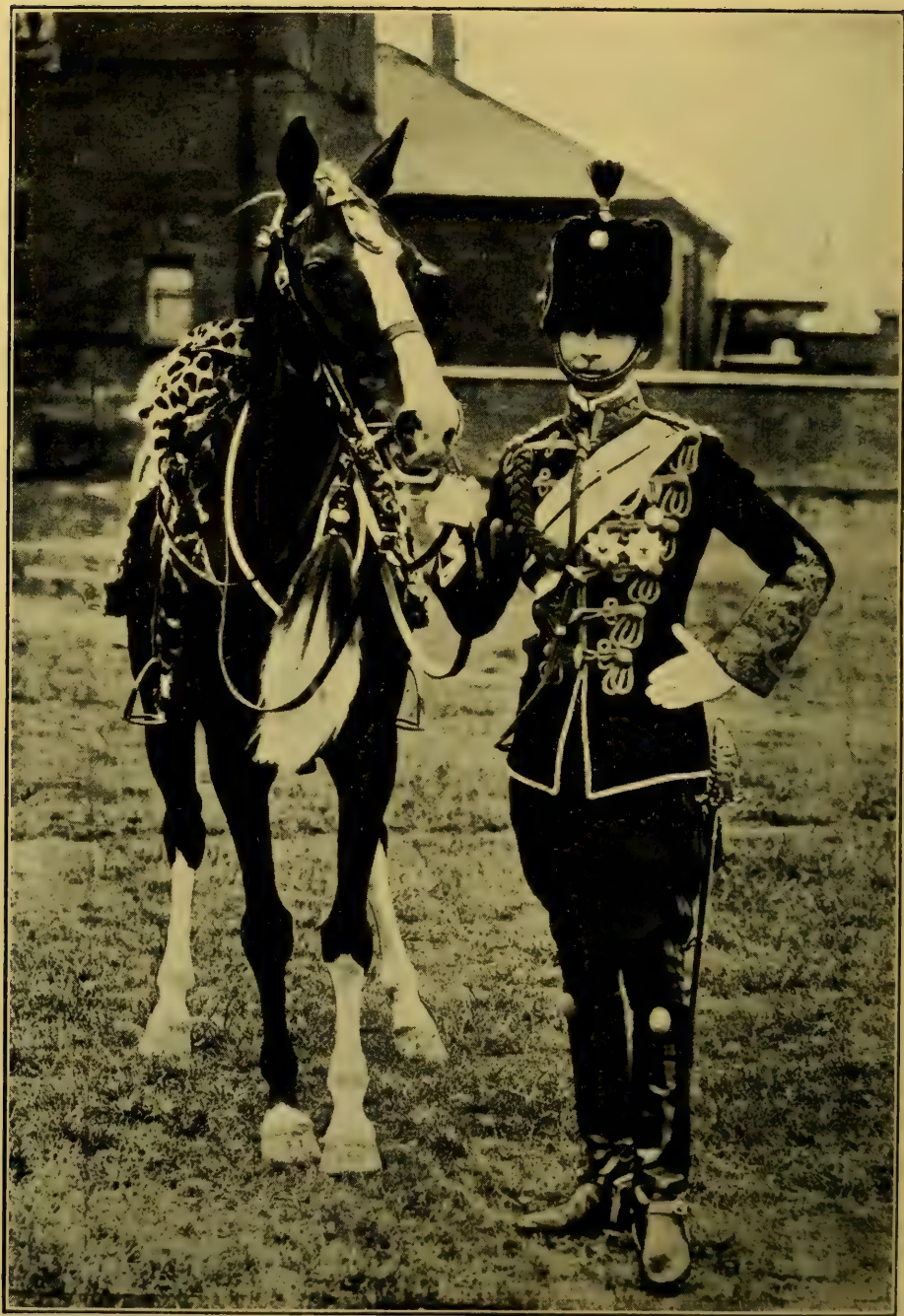
This renunciation had been conveyed in language as unequivocal as a man of honour could well make it; and it certainly satisfied the Emperor himself, as well as his Government and fellow-sovereigns. But it did not go down with the Pan-Germanists and the "armour-plate" writers, who seemed to have "got at" the Prince somehow and put him up to take a step which savoured less of tact and wisdom than anything he had ever done.

But, of course, after his action had leaked out—and perhaps even he himself had not been averse from its divulgence—it had to be explained away in the usual semi-official manner by the Government organ, thus :

"In a letter from his shooting-box in Bavaria, on October 17 (Friday last), the Crown Prince expressed his lively regret that his private letter to the Imperial Chancellor (Dr. Bethmann-Hollweg) on the Brunswick affair should have become public. The assumption of a section of the Press that the Crown Prince had placed himself in opposition to the Kaiser is altogether false. The Crown Prince replied to the Chancellor that the latter's letter contributed materially to clearing up the affair."

Anyhow, the incident was productive of very severe tension between father and son—so much so, that the Prince had to absent himself from the centenary celebration of the "Battle of the Nations" at Leipzig, when a magnificent monument was unveiled in presence of the Emperor

and all the other crowned heads of the Fatherland. The only wonder was that the wayward, impulsive Prince was now let down so lightly by his father, who probably felt that the resemblance between himself and his heir, in respect of character, was too strong to justify him in inflicting punishment for faults which were really his own.



PRINCE AS ENGLISH COLONEL.
(11th Hussars, "Prince Albert's Own.")

CHAPTER VIII

RELATIONS TO ENGLAND

Misunderstood incident—Comparison with Bismarck—Private and political feelings—An Anglophile at heart—"Most popular of foreign figures"—Prince and English players—In the Engadine—Kaiser as England's friend—A newspaper interview—A private correspondence—King Edward in Berlin—Two indiscreet Britons—Lord Lonsdale as modern Plutarch—Kaiser as "half an Englishman"—Dusting down of Lord Haldane—Fury of "armour-plate" Press—Tactlessness of Mr. Churchill—Press polemics—"Tudor system" of government—Blood-poisoners of the Press—"To the Day!"—"A beastly lie!"—Lord Roberts as war-prophet—Historical inaccuracy—"Germany and the next war"—Diametrical opposites—Elijah and Sir John Moore—"Incorrigible youth"—The Prince surprised—An explanation by himself—And also by another—True to his friends.

OUR last chapter was mainly devoted to a consideration of what might be called the political relations of the Crown Prince to his own father; and now it may be well to say something about the Prince's feelings towards the country of his father's mother.

Surely, if there be one thing more than another about the character of the future German Kaiser—the master of such a mighty army, and the controller of such a formidable fleet—which must have a special interest for British readers, it is his attitude towards the Mistress of the Seas.

Will he prove as pacific a monarch, and as friendly to England as his father has ever been? Or is he likely to catch the fever infecting the bellicose portion of the German nation, and become a danger at once to his own country and to Europe?

Only on one occasion—to which we shall presently have to revert—has the Kaiser's heir hitherto displayed what might be construed as a decided spirit of antagonism—not to England herself, but to the policy of her ministers, which is a very different thing; and that was when, on the memorable occasion of the Morocco debate (November 9, 1911) in the Reichstag, he openly sided with the Jingoës of that assembly in a demonstration against the course which had been pursued by the Imperial Government to the sorrow and mortification of all true German patriots.

But theretofore the charge against the Crown Prince by his Chauvinistic countrymen was that, like his father, he was much too English to suit their taste; and possibly he may even have been goaded by the sting of such a reproach to show by the Reichstag incident that, at heart, he was just as good a German as any of them. Bismarck himself, he might have pleaded, was very fond of England and the English, though these private feelings had of course to be subordinated to his public duties. In 1858 Lord Bloomfield, our Ambassador at Berlin, had complained to the Foreign Minister there (Manteuffel) that Herr von Bismarck, then acting as Prussian envoy to the old Diet at Frankfort, had shown great hostility

to England in a certain private affair affecting the Bentincks of Oldenburg.

“ I am really at a loss to know,” replied Bismarck to his Chief at Berlin, “ what could have induced me to act as I am said to have done, seeing that not only with both the Bentincks, but also with Sir Alexander Malet ” (our representative at Frankfort) “ I have always been on the best footing, and that in general, as your Excellency knows, my sympathies for England are livelier than for any other country after my own.”

These are words which might equally have been used, not only by William II., but also by his eldest son to express his personal feelings towards England, though they also represented a state of mind which did not, and could not prevent the Iron Chancellor from trying to put a spoke into our political wheel from time to time when the interests of Germany seemed to conflict with those of the nation of which he was otherwise so warm an admirer.

There can be no question about the Crown Prince's private feelings for the country of his grandmother, seeing that these have so frequently, as in the case of his own father, exposed him to the bitter criticism of his countrymen. It would indeed be surprising had it been otherwise, considering the English manner of his upbringing; the Anglophile atmosphere of his family circle; the happy days he himself had spent in this country—both as a child and a youth; his fondness for our outdoor sports, which proved more attractive to him than the coarser occupations of Bonn; and the compliments and honours which

had been showered upon him by his English relatives and their people. He once said that some of his happiest recollections were connected with his various visits to England—especially his presence at King George's coronation, when, according to such an authority as Mr. Frederic Harrison, he was "the most popular of foreign figures in the pageant."¹

It was a source of great regret to the Prince that both etiquette and duty prevented him from accompanying his imperial parents on their second State visit to England in the autumn of 1907, to share their triumphal progress through the streets of London, which had never been more densely crowded, even on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. But in this same year he had otherwise an opportunity of evincing his partiality for the land of his preference—after his own. In particular he made a point of extending his special patronage to Mr. Beerbohm Tree and his company when they went over to give the Berliners a taste of their quality. "The Kaiser, as you know," remarked Mr. Tree to a friend, "took a great interest in our visit, and it was a special privilege to me to meet the Crown Prince, who is a fine fellow, a delightful conversationalist, and speaks English with remarkable fluency and absence of accent."

But, by the by, Mr. Tree was far more pleased with the Prince than he was with the censorious

¹ For further details of the Prince's visits to England, see pp. 38, 58, 73, *passim*.

Press-critics of some of his Shakespeare plays, of whom he caustically remarked that they seemed to have "developed their intellect at the expense of their intelligence"—"a hit, a very palatable hit," as Osric said of Hamlet's first fencing-bout with Laertes. At Mr. Tree's concluding performance, *The Merry Wives*, he and the chief members of his company were summoned to the royal box, where the Crown Prince took effusive leave of them after inducing our actor-manager to gratify the demand of the audience for a speech in English.

The Prince had then but lately returned from the Engadine, where, with the Princess, he had been enjoying the winter sports of which he is so fond—too much so, in fact, to please many of his captious countrymen, who were extremely irritated with what they called his inveterate Anglomania. They complained that, apart from wearing a kit of the most pronounced London cut, the Kaiser's heir spoke English almost exclusively; and that, while patriotic Germans had been trying for years to Germanize English sporting terms, he ostentatiously stuck to the latter. But worse than that, he was also accused of ignoring his own compatriots at St. Moritz and Celerina, and of showing a decided preference for the English and Americans. "Naturally," some one wrote, "the German visitors are annoyed at such conduct on the part of their future monarch, and many complaints are heard that no one in his suite seems to have courage or tact enough to acquaint him with the scandal he is thus creating."

That was in 1907, and the incidents of the following year must have convinced the Prince how impolitic and even perilous it was for the Kaiser, no less than for himself, to make open avowal either by word or deed of their partiality for England. As a result, no doubt, of his State visit to King Edward in 1907, and the impressions he then received, the Emperor had confided to some one—whose identity still remains one of the best-kept secrets of our Press—his profound mortification at the way in which he had been misunderstood and misrepresented in this country, accompanied by a pathetic confession of all he had done to acquire, not only our goodwill, but even our gratitude by his action in our favour during the Boer War—confidences which were thrown into literary shape by some very skilful writer and published in the form of an interview with his Imperial Majesty in the *Daily Telegraph*.

“ I repeat,” said his Majesty, “ that I am the friend of England, but you make things difficult for me. My task is not of the easiest. The prevailing sentiment among large sections of the middle and lower classes of my own people is not friendly to England. I am, therefore, so to speak, in a minority in my own land, but it is a minority of the best elements, just as it is in England with respect to Germany. That is another reason why I resent your refusal to accept my pledged word that I am the friend of England. I strive without ceasing to improve relations, and you retort that I am your arch-enemy. You make it very hard for me. Why is it ? ”

It is probable that no newspaper article in the world ever raised such a terrific commotion as

was now produced in Germany by this interview. The poet Keats was said to have been killed by an article in the *Quarterly*—as Byron put it :

“ ’Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article.”

But here was a German Kaiser, with none of the supersensitiveness characteristic of poets—the *genus irritabile vatum*—who was in danger of being also extinguished altogether, like a penny candle, by an interview in an English newspaper, such a storm of protest it evoked throughout the Fatherland, a storm almost as great as the uproar which had been produced in England, several months previously, by the revelation that the Kaiser had been indulging in a private correspondence with Lord Tweedmouth, our First Lord of the Admiralty, about the state of the British Navy.¹

As a matter of fact this interview, looked at from this distance of time, had nothing of the

¹ Speaking in the House of Lords (March 9), Lord Tweedmouth, then First Lord of the Admiralty, said : “ It is a fact that on Tuesday, February 18, I received a letter from his Imperial Majesty the German Emperor. That letter came to me by way of ordinary post. The letter was a private and a personal one. It was very friendly in its tone and quite informal. When I received that letter I showed it to Sir Edward Grey. He agreed with me that it should be treated as a private letter and not as an official one. Accordingly, my lords, on Thursday, February 20, I replied to his Imperial Majesty the German Emperor in the same sense as his own letter was directed to me—that is to say, in a friendly and informal manner. My lords, all I can say further is this, that I beg to assure your lordships that I firmly believe the course I adopted was a good one, and that it was calculated to do what we all so much desire, which is to do all that we can to foster a good understanding between the German Empire and ourselves.”

unconstitutional enormity ascribed to it by its critics, seeing that the Kaiser had done no more than convey to a private friend, or interviewer, who published his confidences, views and sentiments for which he might equally have found a channel of expression at a public banquet without being criticised and abused as he was for it, and compelled to give—not “contingent guarantees,” as in the case of our own sovereigns, Edward and George, but positive pledges through his Chancellor that he would never do the like again.

What, however, had convulsed his people with rage was not so much that he had contravened the Imperial Constitution by such a published conversation without the countersign of his Chancellor, as that he had made public parade of his practical sympathy with the British nation and Government at one of the most crucial crises in their history. An acute American author, the late Mr. Price Collier, was perfectly right when he wrote (in his *Germany and the Germans*):

“The English are thoroughly and completely mistaken about the attitude of the German Emperor towards them. He is far and away the best and most powerful friend they have in Europe, and I, for one, would be willing to forgive him were he irritated at their misunderstanding of him. Personally, I have not the shadow of a doubt that, had France or Russia treated the German Emperor with the cool distrust shown him by the British, the German army and fleet would have moved ere this.”

The national uproar occasioned by the *Daily Telegraph* interview must have convinced the Crown

Prince of the danger to himself also of being too pronounced in the expression of his Anglophile sentiments; though in the following year—1909—he was free to give play to his natural inclinations in this respect by helping his imperial parents to entertain King Edward and Queen Alexandra on the occasion of their State visit to Berlin, when they were simply overwhelmed by the ardour of their welcome. The festivities included a banquet in their Majesties' honour by the Crown Prince and Princess, when his Imperial Highness was promised an English regiment—when the proper time came.

All the same the Kaiser's heir had been given a lesson by the hullabaloo over his father's newspaper interview; and further proofs were awaiting him of the peril of being lauded as an Anglophile. There were two distinguished Britons whose eulogy of the Kaiser himself in this respect aroused another storm of protest in a certain section of the Press. It is true this was after the Morocco debate, but the incident may be referred to now for the sake of subject-matter unity. One of those extremely indiscreet Britons was Lord Lonsdale, our foremost sporting Peer; and the other was Lord Haldane, our leading German scholar.

The former, whose position as a Colonel of Cumberland Yeomanry entitled him, as he thought, to set up as a military critic after the manner of Plutarch, took it upon him to compare his friend and patron, William II.—whom he had once entertained for a few days at Lowther Castle at a cost,

it was said, of over £50,000—with Frederick II., surnamed the Great, as commander-in-chief of the German army. But the *Post*, mouthpiece of the Pan-Germanists, scoffed at the very idea of such a thing.

“The Emperor,” it wrote, “knows perfectly well what his military capabilities are worth, and in the event of war he would leave the generals to command. Lord Lonsdale calls William II. the greatest mind of the century. The German people know their Emperor, and they realise that in no domain whatever could he claim such a qualification.”

All that was pretty strong for the mouthpiece of the Imperialist party, but worse was to follow from the same quarter :

“The declarations of English politicians on the acts and qualities of our Emperor have once already been disastrous for him. What Lord Lonsdale has said deserves to be described as a ‘public danger.’ In a really disgusting manner he attempts to flatter the Emperor and show him to be a pacifist and an Anglo-phile. After what has happened that is an insult to our Sovereign. . . . If, after all the shame and injury that England heaped upon us last summer, anybody contends that the German Emperor is the sincere friend of England, and cherishes only the warmest feeling towards that country, it is an insult against which we must protest. We cannot imagine a German Emperor so oblivious of the real feelings of the German people as to have inspired such sentiments as the English Earl puts in his mouth.”

That was how the “armour-plate” Press of Berlin replied to the lordly master of Lowther Castle’s laudation of the Kaiser as a friend of

England; but a much severer dusting down of the same kind was reserved for our Lord High Chancellor himself for daring to indulge in a similar panegyric. In the spring of 1912—a few months after the Morocco debates both in the English and German Parliaments, Lord Haldane, who was still at the War office, had gone over to Berlin on a most mysterious mission, though it doubtless had to do in a general way with the promotion of a better understanding between the two countries, which Mr. Haldane, as a lover of German philosophy and literature, was always known to have very much at heart.

In none of the numerous luncheon- and dinner-parties given in honour of our Cabinet Minister did the Crown Prince himself—with his demonstration in the Reichstag scarcely as yet three months old—appear to have been included, his Dantzic “Death-Heads” being at this time probably more attractive to him than all those private conferences at Berlin. Anyhow, the Kaiser himself appeared to have been highly delighted with the results of Lord Haldane’s visit, seeing that he presented him with the bronze figure of a Greek warrior, with helmet, spear, and shield—fit ornament for the mantelpiece of a civilian minister of war occupying a position which the simple-minded Germans had never been altogether able to distinguish from that of a minister of civil war.

A few months later, in return for this marked sign of Imperial favour, Lord Haldane, who had in the meantime exchanged the War Office for the

Woolsack, presided at the annual dinner of the German Hospital in London, when he paid the Kaiser the highest compliment he could think of by referring to him, apart from his being the possessor of other virtues, as "half an Englishman,"¹—that is to say, obviously, the son of an English mother.

Hereupon one journal of the Krupp persuasion hastened to say that Lord Haldane must surely have known this description of the Kaiser could only wound the German people, and that "he is really insulting us in tracing the extravagantly praised services of our ruler to his alleged English manner."

"Last year England tried the whip on us. Now she is proffering us sugar-coated stuff. The object is the same—to arrest our promising rise to great sea power. The newest thing in that line is Lord Haldane's attempt to ensnare us with honeyed words, an attempt which is all the more unsympathetic because it is aimed

¹ Lord Haldane said: "The German Emperor is something more than an Emperor; he is a man, and a great man. He is gifted by the gods with the highest gift that they can give, and I use a German word to express it—*Geist* (spirit). He has got *Geist* in the highest degree. He has been a true leader of his people—a leader in spirit as well as in deed. He has guided them through nearly a quarter of a century and preserved unbroken peace. I know no record of which a monarch has better cause to be proud. In every direction his activities have been remarkable. He has given his country that splendid Fleet that we who know about fleets admire. He has preserved the tradition of the greatest Army the world has ever seen, but it is in the arts of peace that he has been equally great. He has been the leader of his people in education and in the solution of great social questions. That is a great record, and it makes one feel a sense of rejoicing that the man who is associated with these things should be half an Englishman."

at the person of the Kaiser, and under cover of the most brazen and exaggerated compliments discloses the incorrigible arrogance of the British. . . . The noble lord, who ranks as a master of back-door intrigue, evidently hopes, by indulging in a bombastic panegyric, to detach the Imperial person from that portion of the nation which realises that Germany's only salvation is a strong and energetic foreign policy."

This had been the general tone of the German Press ever since the date of Lord Haldane's arrival in Berlin on his mysterious mission which had, nevertheless, been so far successful, in spite of the fact that, on this very same day his "pitch," so to speak, in the German capital had been most grievously "queered" by his tactless Cabinet colleague, Mr. Churchill, who, speaking at Glasgow, declared that while a strong navy was a positive *necessity* for us, such a thing was only in the nature of a mere *luxury* for the Germans; and then again the fat was on the fire of controversy between the two countries.

The Crown Prince himself, no less than his father, was unfeignedly grieved at all these Press polemics, and repeatedly gave expression to his inability to understand them. It often happened that when the relations between the two Governments were good and cordial, the newspapers of each nation were carrying on a regular pen-war—thus presenting a spectacle analogous to what may be seen in the Bosphorus, with its parallel but contrary currents—one running towards the Sea of Marmora, and the other towards the Black Sea.

The Press of both countries seemed to exist for

the purpose of mutual recrimination, and whenever there was a lack of matter for controversy in the field of international relations, the writers would take to each other's domestic domain and decry the institutions of their respective nations, just as in Eastern countries it is the custom for a man who has exhausted all his other arguments to blacken the character of his opponent's women-kind. Thus, on one hand, we had English journalists strongly advising the Germans to seek a remedy for all their political woes in English constitutionalism, or party government; while the Germans retorted by advising us to take to conscription as the only thing that could save us, and by otherwise asking us—in good Scots phrase—“to keep our ain fish-guts to our ain sea-maws” (mews).

The climax of inconsistency was, however, reached when one of our leading anti-German organs began to twit the Teutons with their tameness in submitting to, and even being “pleased with,” their “Tudor system” of government, while all the time lamenting, day after day, that England had fallen under the accursed sway of what Cromwell called “the horriddest arbitrariness ever seen,” namely, the unbridled despotism of a Legislature consisting of one chamber and nothing more. People may think and say what they like about the German form of government; but, after all, it is not nearly so much of an autocracy, or one-man system of rule, as our own single-chamber despotism of the democracy.

We have it on the best authority that nothing ever gave the Crown Prince greater pleasure than when his uncle, Prince Henry, gave the lie direct to one of the most scandalous falsehoods ever propagated in this country against Germany by our perverters of public opinion in the Press. This was during our general election of December 1909, when every effort was made by our Jingo papers to inflame public opinion against Germany and exploit this for partisan ends.

Among other virulent, purulent falsehoods thus circulated was the assertion that it had now become the fashion for all German naval officers to drink every night at dinner—" *Zum Tag!*" *i. e.* "To the Day!" when at last the German should meet the British fleet in the North Sea and sink it. This was a calumny which continued to circulate even after it had received its quietus—to the great satisfaction of the Kaiser's heir—from the Kaiser's sailor-brother, who publicly branded it as "a beastly lie"—pretty strong language from such a source.

An English friend of Prince Henry had been lunching with him on board his flagship at Kiel that same autumn, and referred to the calumny in question as being current in England; whereupon—according to the testimony of this friend—the Prince declared in the most emphatic terms, and appealed to his officers who bore him out, that such a thing was inconceivable in the German navy. Yet the story continued to be sedulously propagated during the electoral period referred to;

so that at last Prince Henry, in response to the request of his English friend for a categorical denial, telegraphed :

“ Apart from the fact that the newspaper in question grossly insults the German navy, to which I have the honour to belong, I can only state that the spirit of our fleet forbids any such thought or deed which, as you say, is a *beastly lie* from beginning to end. We honour and respect our British naval brother-officers, with whom we are proud of being on friendly terms.”

If the Crown Prince had felt distressed by the circulation in England of this “ *beastly lie* ” about the officers of the German navy, he was equally surprised by the assertion of a very much more responsible person as to the aims of the armed forces of Germany in general. This was no less a personage than Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, who, speaking at Manchester in the autumn of 1912, committed himself to this grave assertion :

“ Now, just as in 1866 and 1870, war will take place the instant the German forces by land and sea are, by their superiority at every point, as certain of victory as anything in human calculation can be made certain. Germany strikes when Germany's hour has struck. That is the time-honoured policy of her Foreign Office. It is her policy at the present hour. It is, or should be, the policy of every nation prepared to play a part in history. Therefore, arm and prepare to quit yourselves like men, for the time of your ordeal is at hand.”

It was a considerable thing for a responsible man like Lord Roberts thus deliberately to impute aggressive designs to a nation whose Emperor had

presented him with his highest order, the Black Eagle, in admiration of his services in South Africa—an act of favour which exposed the Kaiser to the severest condemnation among certain classes of his own people. The accusation of our veteran soldier would have been less open to criticism had it been historically true; but it was *not* true. For it was *not* Germany who struck first in 1870; it was France—and all that Germany did was to assume a magnificent offensive-defensive in order to save her own territory from invasion.

But the assertion, the accusation of Lord Roberts, had to be considered—as the Crown Prince did it—from another point of view, namely, that of his favourite military writer, General von Bernhardi, the author, among other things, of *Germany and the Next War*—to which we have already had occasion to allude. Lord Roberts laid it down that whenever Germany felt strong enough she would hasten to strike on some pretext or other—a dreadful charge to make; whereas Bernhardi put the case just the other way round, as thus :

“ English policy may not yet have made the definite decision to attack us; but it doubtless wishes, by all and every means, even the most extreme, to hinder every further expansion of German international influence and of German maritime power.” He then goes on to discuss the probabilities of a land and naval war, and comes to the conclusion that this latter “ will be waged with England, *for although we cannot contemplate attacking England, as such an attack would be hopeless*, that country itself has a lively interest in checking our political power. It will therefore, under

certain conditions, attack *us* in order to annihilate our fleet and aid France.”¹

Anyhow, the two authorities quoted—Lord Roberts and General von Bernhardi, are agreed on this—and the issue is a very clear one—that future war between the two countries amounts to a certainty, while diametrically differing as to the quarter whence it shall proceed: the former asserting that it will come from the east side of the North Sea, and the latter from the west side, though it is mathematically certain that one of them must be wrong. Let us hope, however, that both will prove to be so; and there is nothing to show that Germany's future War-Lord would not be unfeignedly delighted by the falsification of the views of both those distinguished war-prophets.

It is possible, if not indeed probable, that in standing forth on a Manchester platform as a prophet of Anglo-German evil—though, as a rule, soldiers are rather chary of wrapping themselves in the mantle of Elijah, preferring the more becoming “martial cloak” of Sir John Moore: it is possible, we say, that Lord Roberts may have still been labouring under the influence of the Reichstag debate, when the Crown Prince, about a year previously, had indulged in what was deemed to be a very anti-English demonstration of sympathy with his nation's war-party, which

¹ Admiral von Tirpitz only expressed this meaning in different words when he said: “There can be no question of our wanting to act aggressively towards England, for substantial superiority is essential for aggressive action.”

reached its climax when he vigorously applauded the avowal of Herr von Heydebrand (*quasi* Firebrand) that "we must be ready at the right moment to draw the sword."

Lord Roberts, we say, in speaking as he did, may have been suffering from a painful recollection of this episode, though he had evidently not made sufficient allowance for the fact that the Crown Prince, then only in his twenty-ninth year, was still suffering from what Herr Bebel declared to be the fault of "incorrigible youth." In fact, the whole thing on his part was in the nature of a freak, such as might be expected of a high-spirited, effervescent undergraduate. "If any proof of his buoyant nature is needed," wrote one commentator, "it may be found in the fact that, after expressing publicly in the Reichstag his complete disapproval of his Imperial father's policy, he spent the following morning in voyaging over Berlin in a Zeppelin dirigible. The idea of the Prince looking down from aloft on a Berlin hotly engaged in discussing and condemning his conduct of the day before seems to suggest that he regards the whole affair somewhat lightly."

So lightly, indeed, did he regard the incident, and so little did he dream of having thereby compromised himself in the eyes of his English friends, who by this time were legion both in England itself and in India, that, on next returning to Berlin from Dantzig, he was quite surprised at finding the whole affair to have been taken so seriously. And not only was he surprised, but

also hurt to think that he should have been regarded as an international mischief-maker. It was thus that he hastened to get the thing put right, through the medium of an English newspaper-correspondent in Berlin, who wrote :

“The Crown Prince is a friend and admirer of England and the English. He remembers with gratitude the warm welcome accorded to him on several occasions on British soil, notably in London and during his recent visit to India. He left that country full of appreciation of British genius for government and administration. Nothing was farther from his mind than an intention to display any kind of unfriendly feeling towards England.

“His conspicuous demonstrations of disapproval made during the Reichstag debate were aimed exclusively at certain features of German foreign policy which he condemned. It was a complete misrepresentation, he now claims, to attribute to him signs of sympathy on his part with any anti-English passages in any of the speeches on that occasion.

“So keen is his desire to remove every degree of misunderstanding that he has sent verbal and written messages to some of his friends in England to explain the position to them. I can testify that these communications are full of a spirit of sincere friendship for England and the English.”

The above may be supplemented by another communication from “Abdullah of Kasmandi,” who thus about the same time wrote to the London Press from Hyderabad :

“I have read with painful surprise the reports of the German Crown Prince’s anti-English feeling, which he is alleged to have expressed in the Reichstag. In the light of some little knowledge that I possess of his Imperial Highness and his character, I can never

give credence to such reports as attribute to him a feeling of enmity towards Great Britain, else the Crown Prince must have completely changed since his departure from India.

"When he visited this country last year I was on his Imperial Highness's staff as the only Indian Press representative; and, thanks to the kindness of Sir Harold Stuart, Chief of his Indian Staff, I was enabled to gain some knowledge of his noble character and some insight into his political views. He is no vain-glorious false diplomat or mysterious politician, but a most outspoken and unceremonious gentleman, in the best sense of the term, like our own Emperor; and it is not unravelling a mystery to read his character.

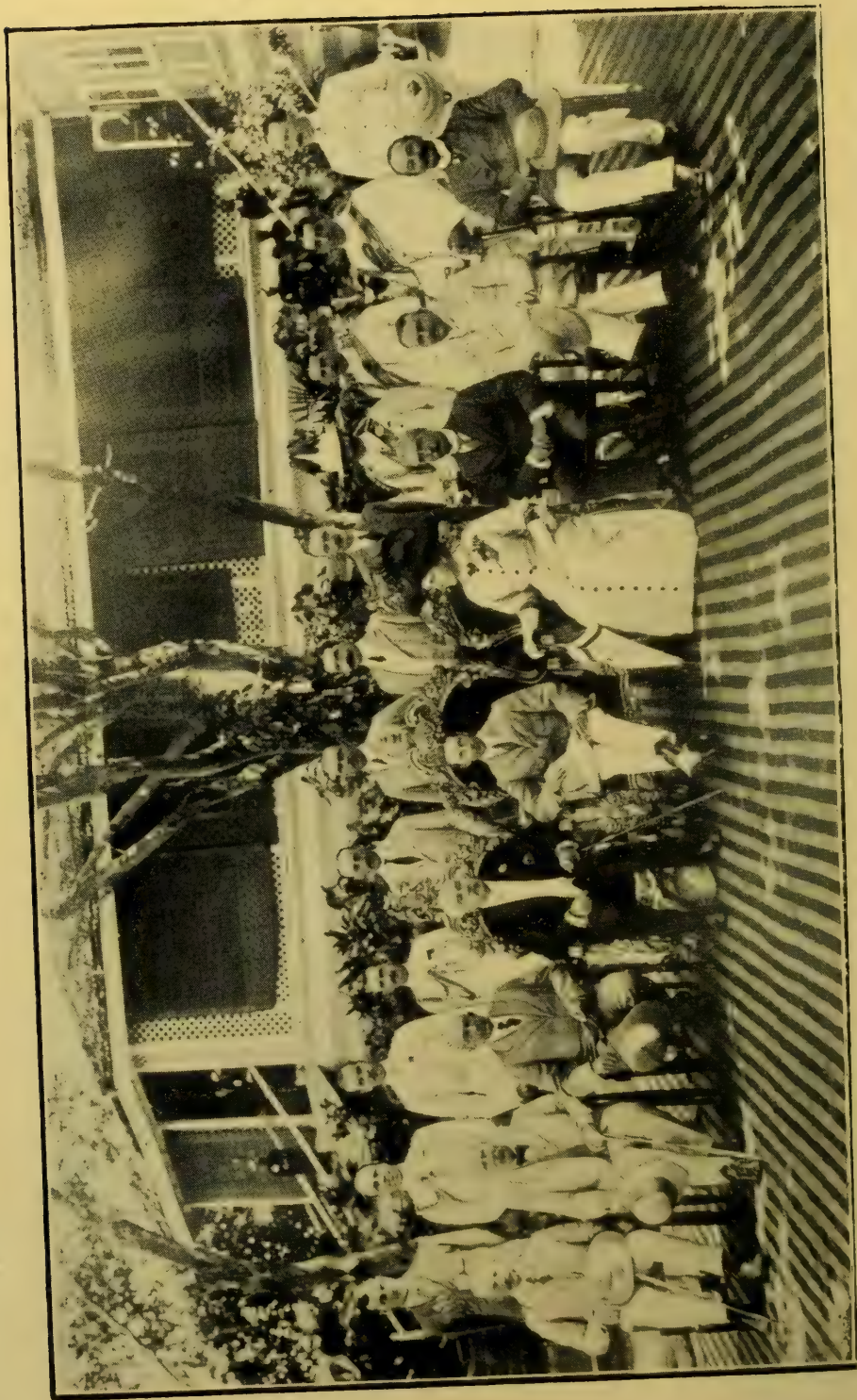
"In fact, the thing that most appealed to the Indian mind was his honest and frank demeanour. Anything he had to say he would say outright, without beating about the bush or 'political reserve.' On most occasions he gave his views of European politics, and they were always imbued with a high sense of sincerity and truth.

"On one occasion, when his Imperial Highness was taking his tea as he sat on a snowy peak of the Himalayas beyond the frontier of India, somewhere near the famous Khyber Pass, talking about the defensive preparations and of the Border Militia, which had been mobilised with the quickness of the magician's wand for his inspection, the Crown Prince observed: 'Looking at the wonderful work of the English people in India, one cannot fail to be struck with the greatness of the British nation and the immensity of its resources.'

"Again, when camping in the immeasurable forest of Kiliban, in the Mirzapur district, on his Shikar trip, his Imperial Highness was reading a Reuter telegram (the service was regularly supplied for him by the telegraph office) when he pointed out to a member of his suite a report of Mr. Gibson Bowles's alarming speech in regard to the possibilities of a war with Germany, and said, 'Germany dreams less of war than those party-leaders who always talk of it for purposes of their party warfare. The spirit of the

German people is not bellicose, but peaceful; and war is the last thing we want. Why should we fight with England, which is closely allied to us by blood and sentiment, and is the only country with which we form friendship on a footing of equality? Personally I like England, and follow the policy of my father, who always thinks that the peace of the world can only be maintained by a close understanding between England and Germany."

But now, having said so much, we must hasten to say something about the Indian tour itself which had the effect, among other things, of instilling into the Prince's heart such feelings of attachment and gratitude to the British people.



AT BOMBAY.

CHAPTER IX

ON TOUR

Father and son—Advantages of travel—Tsarevitch and Franz Ferdinand as globe-trotters—A second honeymoon tour—Penalties of popularity—"Garden of the East"—A stag-hunt—His first elephant—Englishman says "damn!"—Prince Imperial and Crown Prince—Kaiser's congratulations—"Doing" Ceylon—Reception at Bombay—Tigers and Socialists—The Tsar as deer-stalker—"Who wouldn't be a soldier?"—A whisky and soda—Rapture of the fray—The "Call of the East"—A "Sporting Diary"—An "Indian Album"—Two heirs-apparent contrasted—William Tell and William Shakespeare—Bullet-flights and fancy-flights—"The three p's"—Modern Red Cross Knight—Reviewing the "Royals"—Eye-opener to Kaiser's heir—Indo-British Pisgah mount—Elephants of Empire's "banjo bard"—"Reverse arms!"—"Impressions de voyage"—The Prince and the pedants—"Splendid men"—A grand success—A plague on you!—A half-way house—Silk dress for mother—In the Nile Valley—Recognition and reward—Joys of Egypt—Pyramids *v.* polo—At Rome—Home again—A great success.

As far as the relations between England and Germany are concerned the Kaiser's heir enjoys this most decided advantage over his father, that he has seen much more of the British Empire, and must therefore be in a better position to judge of our world-power and resources. "What can they know of England who only England know?" Certainly the Emperor himself knows his England better perhaps than any other foreign sovereign.

He has looked with admiration at Gibraltar, with envy at Malta, and even made a sudden descent on Tangier with the view of establishing some foothold of influence in North Africa; but otherwise he has never been out of Europe, unless indeed his trip to Palestine, in the year of Omdurman, gave him some indirect inkling of our position as a Mohammedan Power.

His heir, on the other hand, in addition to being well acquainted with Egypt, which he has visited twice, has enjoyed the enormous advantage of travelling all over our Indian Empire—an advantage as great to us as it is to himself, seeing that the future German Emperor will thus be the better able to estimate our resources and respect our power. It is with nations as with individuals—misunderstandings and quarrels between them result in most cases from mutual ignorance, so that travel really is the best training that any heir to a crown can have.

Even Nicholas II. of Russia, when as yet heir-in-waiting, had done the grand tour, which used to mean only the circuit of Europe instead of, as now, the circling of the globe; though in the case of the Tsarevitch he was content to visit India and the Far East, returning to Russia overland, mighty glad at having escaped the knife of a would-be assassin in Japan. A year later the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria, surpassing the example of the Tsarevitch, made the complete round of the world; and now it was the turn of the Kaiser's heir himself to show that, in self-

educational zeal, he was not inferior to the heirs-apparent of Russia and the Dual Monarchy.

It was no fault of the Kaiser's heir himself that his tour—while not intended to equal that of the Archduke in extent, nor surpass in area that of the Tsarevitch—had ultimately to be confined to India and Ceylon, seeing that the breaking out of the plague in the Far East prevented him from extending his travels to China and Japan, and thence home through Russia. But that had been his original intention when setting out from Berlin at the beginning of November 1910, leaving the Morocco question, and all other questions, to be settled by princes and politicians for whom protocols had a greater fascination than sporting rifles and the pursuit of big game.

For part of the tour at least—that portion of it devoted to Ceylon—the Crown Princess herself was to be his companion; and a happier or more light-hearted pair never started on a sort of second honeymoon tour. At Genoa they and their suite—which included Sir Harold Stuart, K.C.V.O., Home Secretary of the Indian Government—embarked on board the *Prinz Ludwig*, a North German Lloyd liner, and in less than three weeks' time the Imperial party landed at Colombo.

During the voyage the Prince had been diligently reading up his subject, so to speak, priming himself in the company of several specialists with information about all the men and things he was likely to see, though he had also not neglected the lighter pleasures of the voyage—he, the blonde, blue-eyed

Prince, and his black-eyed consort taking part in all the dances, games, and usual pastimes of the upper deck, for which they presented prizes, and mixing with their fellow-passengers in the most unaffected and affable manner. It was now that the Kaiser's heir more than ever realised how popular a personage he had become, seeing that the liner was crowded up with people who, on hearing that the Crown Prince and Princess had taken their passage by this vessel, had paid most extravagant prices—to ticket-brokers, not the company—for berths and cabins so as to be able to bask in the sunshine more of German royalty than of Indian seas. None of Thackeray's snobs could ever hold a candle to the German variety of the parasitic race.

At Colombo the imperial visitors were received with all the honour due to their exalted rank. They spent three weeks in the beautiful island which has been called the "Garden of the East," visiting all its chief sights, including its former capital, Kandy, with its world-famous botanical gardens, Peradenia, the finest in the world, and its "Temple of the Tooth," enshrining a tusk of the holy man Buddha, about two-and-a-half inches long and one thick, more suggestive of an antediluvian giant than of the gentle founder of the religion which bears his name. The Prince made a point of playing a round on whatever golf-links he came across—notably at the beautiful hill-sanatorium of Nuwara Eliya, the Simla of Ceylon; and he was also essentially English in this respect, that on

coming down to breakfast every morning his first question of a friend was, "What shall we kill to-day—a stag or a buffalo, or an elephant?" As for stags, take but one experience.

Early one fine morning the princely pair left Nuwara Eliya, and travelled by motor-car to Nunuoya, and thence by train to Pattipolla. They then walked a mile and a half to Horton Plains. Here fifteen couples of harriers entered the forest and were soon on the trail of a fine stag, which broke cover near the royal party. The scene was exciting in the extreme. The Crown Prince got away first on foot, and out-distanced the remainder of the party after a quarter of a mile run. After a long detour in the forest the hounds brought the stag to bay in a brook. The Crown Prince, having already waded through a stream and a marsh, again jumped into the brook and dispatched the quarry with his whinger.

But now let the Prince himself describe his first encounter with a mammoth monarch of the wilds, which showed that he was no mere *Salon-tyroler*, or drawing-room sportsman dressed up to resemble a Tyrolese stalker of chamois and such-like small deer. At Cantalei, a small and dirty village, a native hunter arrived with news that he had found the fresh spoor of an elephant:

"We were a small party, four in all. Two were Englishmen. One was the owner of the largest known elephant rifle. He had with him a gigantic double-barrelled gun. The other, an active little man, led

and stalked in front of me. In the rear were my friend Finckenstein and the *shikari*.

"For about three-quarters of an hour we splashed about perspiring at every pore without seeing a single thing. Suddenly we heard a most peculiar noise. It sounded like distant thunder, dull and rumbling."

It was the snoring of an elephant, and in another moment they saw the colossal brute leaning on one side, grey and massive, with his head turned towards them, fast asleep. The Prince fired first and hit the elephant, but without mortal effect.

"What happened then I cannot possibly describe. The report of the shot was mixed up with a kind of earth- and sea-quake, and a fearsome trumpeting from the suddenly awakened old gentleman. He fairly sprang into the air. . . . The brute stood there amazed and furious. But only for a second; just long enough for Finckenstein and one of the Englishmen to fire. Then the wounded giant turned and crashed away. There we stood—looking remarkably foolish. The Englishman said 'damn,' and we said '*verflucht*,'—which is very much the same thing. One thing I was determined on, and that was to follow immediately. One of the Englishmen roundly declared that he would not consent to my going a step farther, as a wounded elephant was no joke."

Probably this Englishman was thinking of the fate which had overtaken the Prince Imperial of France in Zululand through the negligence of the British officer who had been specially entrusted with his safety, and surely as much danger might be apprehended from the tusks of a Ceylon elephant as from the assegais of a South African savage. But the German Crown Prince, forgetful or disdainful of the danger which had done for the

Prince Imperial, would not be restrained from the pursuit of his tusky prey. So—

“I told him [his English companion] quietly that he could go back if he liked. This he declined to do, so we all started to follow the horrible, reeking track.”

They had an exciting time breaking their way through the undergrowth, where they could see nothing ahead, with a hidden danger threatening them at any moment. Then suddenly the Prince jumped forward. In front of him, twenty paces away, stood the grey giant ready for the attack, his huge ears stretched out, his trunk rolled upwards. They fired again just as he was about to charge, but once more the giant escaped, and the chase ended when the Crown Prince sat down in the water of a marsh utterly exhausted—“simply unable to move another step.”

“So ended this strange hunt. The elephant had received more than a dozen bullets—but we never saw him again. On another day I shot a slightly smaller elephant, but in circumstances which were nothing so exciting as those of the hunt I have just described.”

And from his Imperial father of Berlin he received a telegram congratulating him on the bagging of his first elephant, which was more than the Kaiser himself had ever done, or any other member of his house.

But sport and sight-seeing in that enchanting “Garden of the East,” that island-paradise of the picturesque, were not the only things that en-

grossed the Prince's attention. He also found time to inform himself as to various native industries—the culture of tea, the harvesting and preparation of cocoa, and the tapping, collection and preparation of rubber. In fact—dashing about like American tourists—the Imperial couple, within three most delightful weeks, had “done” the island, completing their engagements by attending an entertainment at the German Club, Colombo, a “devil dance” being the chief item on the programme.

On all with whom they had come in contact the Imperial pair left a most pleasing impression as a princely couple who combined the dignity of their rank with a charming simplicity of manner. But they were now to part company—the Princess returning by a liner to Egypt, and her husband proceeding to Bombay on board the German cruiser *Gneisenau*.

The Prince's tour now assumed more of an official character, and at the port of entry into our Indian Empire he was received with much ceremony by the Governor, and enjoyed a mixed cavalry and infantry escort to Government House, where there was a private banquet in his honour the same evening, with an exchange of speeches which dwelt, of course, on the necessity for friendly relations between England and Germany. Still the Prince had gone to India not to talk politics, but to play polo, spear pigs, and shoot tigers; and he had not been twenty-four hours in the country before he had scored two for the Government House

team against the Gymkhana, so that he thus made a most promising beginning.

Polo teams, however, were tame things in comparison with the tigers which the Prince was now panting to confront, as knowing that the man who could face a Bengal tiger need have little fear of tackling a Berlin Socialist. When Nicholas II., as Tsarevitch, similarly made the tour of India (in 1890-1) he was content to concern himself more with the temples than the tigers of India; but it was precisely the other way round with his fellow Crown Prince of Germany. Nicholas II. was just the sort of monarch to suggest the idea of an international Peace Conference at the Hague, for he had nothing of the soldier in his whole composition.

The "kick" of a double-barrelled sporting rifle, such as that now carried by the Kaiser's heir, would have completely floored him. At Balmoral, where he paid his first sovereign visit to Queen Victoria (in 1896), the Highland ghillies were amazed by the spectacle of a monarch, claiming to be the master of a hundred and twenty millions of his fellow-men, who seemed to stagger under the weight of a sporting rifle, and thus made but a poor show as a deer-stalker in a mountain region picketed by members of his own secret police.

It was otherwise with the plucky Hohenzollern Prince, who had not long set his foot on "India's coral strand" before starting off in quest—not of a harmless stag such as is to be found among the mountains of Braemar, but of a positive tiger of the kind that prowls among the jungles of Bengal.

Such a quarry, worthy of a Hohenzollern warrior, he first found in Mirzapur when the guest of Sir John Hewett, the Governor of the Central Provinces, "a delightfully jovial host," as the Prince wrote of him, "a grand organiser, and one of the most gifted, powerful and interesting personalities in the Anglo-Indian Government." The Prince and his companions went into camp in the tiger country, and he was enraptured with the open-air life.

"In the course of my shooting expeditions in the the Fairyland of India," he wrote, "I have never been able to decide whether the morning or the evening hours are the most lovely; on looking back, however, I think I would give the palm to the evening. And yet, when you crawl out of the tent in the early morning—somewhere about seven o'clock—and breathe the wonderful morning air; when you listen enraptured to the song of the birds and the happy cooing of a hundred doves among the branches overhead; when your dazzled eyes behold the river, a silver streak, shimmering by, then indeed, as we say—'who wouldn't be a soldier!'"

Yes, decidedly, it required the nerve of a true soldier to stand the ordeal the Prince was presently to undergo, including two hours of waiting, under the broiling sun, on a little platform erected among the foliage of a dwarf tree, with but one native huntsman as his companion. After two hours of waiting thus, "an almost unbearable period of glare and heat combined with intense strain upon every nerve":

"At last he comes fully into view. He slinks slowly forward, then stops, looking suspiciously round



HIS FIRST TIGER.

towards the beaters, as if he would say : ' Don't you worry me too much ! I am only going of my own free will, you miserable puppets ! '

" I was so absorbed in the contemplation of the splendid brute, that I almost forgot to raise my rifle. The sights trembled perceptibly, but at last the shot rang out.

" A roar which shook me to the marrow broke upon the silent air. I have never heard anything to equal it.

" I had hit him a little too low, but the animal fell and was unable to move. My second bullet finished him.

" The suspense had been so great that I felt quite unnerved. A good drink of whisky and water helped to restore me."

What *gaudium certaminis* ! What rapture of the fray, such as had never even been felt by the Prince's grandfather on at last storming the heights of Chlum at Königgrätz, or by the " Red Prince " after his capture of Metz ! But what were those martial accomplishments compared with this slaughter of a Bengal tiger—the first feat of the kind ever achieved by a scion of the Hohenzollerns ! Truly a red-letter day in the history of his house.

" Such a ride ; such pictures, such emotions, are not easily forgotten. They draw one back with a kind of home-sickness. The Englishman calls it ' the call of the East.' I, too, know it now, that call . . . "

Those vivid touches are taken from a modest little volume entitled *Leaves from my Sporting Diary*, in which the Crown Prince records his shooting experiences in many lands from the hills

of Scotland to the jungles of India and Ceylon;¹ and as far as concerns the Prince's Eastern tour, this may be supplemented by his *Memories of my Journey to India*, being an album of some seventy photographs every one of which, with the exception of those dealing with himself, was taken personally by the royal traveller. The photographs are so arranged as to give a complete review of the Prince's travels, and clearly indicate what mostly interested the heir to the German throne during his sojourn in the Indian Empire.²

In connection with those modest records of the Crown Prince's experiences in India we may indulge in another personal comparison. When his fellow heir-apparent of Austria, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, made his tour of the globe already alluded to, he published an account of his travels in two ponderous quarto volumes (*Diary of My Journey Round the World*) scaling the greater part of a stone; and yet they do not contain as much independent thought and philosophy as the sporting "Diary" of the Kaiser's heir, weighing but a few ounces.

The German Crown Prince, being gifted with the

¹ Of the Prince's "Diary" an excellent English version has been issued (by Hodder & Stoughton) under the title, *From my Hunting Day-book*—a transliteration of *Aus meinen Jagd-Tagebuche*.

² As the proceeds of the sale of the Prince's Indian "Album" were given to the families of German soldiers who had lost their lives in South-West Africa, so from the corresponding sale of his sporting "Diary" the Prince, among other things, was able to entertain for a whole happy summer month a hundred poor Berlin boys in a wing of his "Death-Head" Hussar barracks at seaside Dantzig.

historical imagination and a Hamlet-like feeling for the philosophy of things, gives us incidentally a far deeper insight into the meaning, so to speak, of our Eastern Empire, which, however, as Carlyle remarked, Englishmen would rather part with than with William Shakespeare. Yet it is doubtful whether, with his Hohenzollern preference for the region of hard facts to the realm of poetic fancy, the Kaiser's heir would have decided for the Bard of Avon rather than for the Land of Buddha.

As reflected in the pages of that sporting "Diary" of his, the Prince is a sprightly, luminous, emphatic figure, compared with his fellow Crown Prince of Austria. For one thing, the Archduke was such a poor linguist that, at Aden, he had to send for the commander of his vessel—an Austrian cruiser—to interpret between him and the Governor, "who only spoke English"; whereas his fellow heir-apparent of Germany spoke the tongue of his grandmother as fluently and well as if he had spent several years—first at Eton and then at Oxford; while at the same time he had nothing of the stiffness and formality of an Austrian Archduke.

In one respect, however, Franz Ferdinand was decidedly his superior. Though a very good shot himself—albeit he had failed altogether to bring down his first elephant, and only bagged his first tiger with his left barrel—the Kaiser's heir was inferior to the Archduke as a marksman; and in these revolutionary days it is perhaps better for a ruler to be a good rifle-shot than a romanticist—better to be a William Tell than a William

Shakespeare. That the Archduke was second to none as a shot the following anecdote, as recorded by himself, will show.

At Hyderabad the Nizam, "known as the best marksman in India," suddenly challenged his Austrian visitor to a shooting match, and the latter—though with much reluctance, and only after pressing encouragement from his suite—consented to toe the line. First of all at thirty paces' range, the targets took the form of thirteen empty glass bottles with clay balls the size of a small apple stuck on them, and the thing was with a rifle—not a shot gun—to smash the balls without touching the bottles.

The Nizam began by making four misses—oh, shades of Bisley!—while the Archduke followed with three hits out of four shots, after which he capped this achievement by smashing fifteen balls out of sixteen in succession. The Nizam was speechless, while his friends burst into applause.

But then came a still more crucial test of marksmanship. The next targets were eight silver rupees tossed successively into the air. Of these the Nizam only hit one; while his Austrian rival—descended from the Emperor who had tyrannised over William Tell—managed to send a bullet through three out of his eight coins, though he had never had practice of this kind before, "and I confess that in my heart of hearts I felt as proud as a lion."

Such Robin Hood rifle-practice was quite beyond the Kaiser's heir, whether at Hyderabad or at

Hubertusstock; but, on the other hand, Franz Ferdinand, with all his bullet-flights, was incapable of such fancy-flights as this—based on the Crown Prince's communings with Nature in India and other lands :

“ It is assuredly not only this delight in conflict which draws us sportsmen out into the wild. The great book of God's glorious nature opens itself willingly to the true hunter. In the glow of the rising sun, in the languid, noiseless midday sleep of Nature, in the soft evening which spreads its peace over wood and field, in the wildly howling mountain gales, great, glorious Nature speaks to us sportsmen in ever-varying, ever-mighty voices, singing to us the high song of the Creator.

“ To speak of one's religious feelings and opinions is a difficult matter. But one thing I know : I—to whom the maxim of my great ancestor [Frederick] ‘ in my State each can seek salvation in his own fashion,’ is as if spoken from my innermost soul—have never felt nearer my God than when—with rifle on my knees—I sat in the golden dawn of the lonely hilltops or in the penetrating stillness of the evening forest.

“ The sense of one's own pettiness and nothingness in comparison with eternal, boundless Nature and in the sight of the works of our Creator—by whatever name one calls Him—the dreamy lassitude and opportunity for quiet reflection in alternation with honest effort and tension of body and mind to outwit the game, all this, perhaps, no one experiences more finely and better than the true sportsman. These hours spent in solitary communion with Nature are alone enough to make life worth living.”

Having made his mark as a polo-player and a tiger-slayer, the versatile Crown Prince now set himself to the blooding of his spear as a pig-sticker

—a pastime for which he found a ready opportunity on coming to Jaipur. In his "Diary" he wrote—

"The Englishman says: 'Three p's make life worth living in India: pig-sticking, port, and polo.' And he places pig-sticking first on the list. I cannot entirely agree with him here, for, personally, polo appealed most strongly to me; but we won't quarrel over a question of taste."

Well, rising betimes, the Prince, in the pink of condition, vaulted into the saddle of his little Arab, and, spear in hand, set forth in quest of adventure, like the Red Cross Knight in the *Faerie Queen*.

"It was a perfectly beautiful morning. A clear, dry air, and yet so sharp that one's fingers tingled. And the sun was just rising! On a bright morning such as this, astride a good horse, one feels one could touch the tree-tops. The English have a very good name for the feeling; they call it 'Fit.'"

It was an abominable country to ride over, hard and uneven, and obstructed with "nullahs" and high reeds. But what was that to a young, devil-may-care Hohenzollern Prince destined to command the "Death-Head" Hussars at Dantzig, as well as our own "Cherry Brecks" at Shorncliffe?

"After we had galloped for a time the pig was sighted. One of the Englishmen had already speared it. The beast 'jinked' (doubled) and came in my direction. It made away as fast as it could straight in front of me. I dashed after it, but every time I sank my spear it 'jinked' again, and my horse dashed by it. At last I succeeded in spearing it as I galloped past, but did not wound it mortally. It was the third hunter who gave it the *coup de grâce*."

Perhaps the best sport of this pig-sticking kind was enjoyed by the Prince at Muttra, where he also had the proud satisfaction of reviewing his Imperial father's English dragoon regiment the "Royals," who happened to be in garrison there. On behalf of his sovereign sire the Prince—who was wearing his own white cuirassier uniform—conveyed to the regiment, forming three sides of a square, a cordial message from its Imperial chief; and in reply its colonel recalled British and German comradeship in arms at Waterloo, asking the Prince to convey to the Kaiser the deep feelings of attachment which all ranks felt towards their Colonel-in-chief, whose generous sympathy with the widows and orphans of the regiment during the South African War, no less than his constant interest, would never be forgotten.

The Prince had gone to Muttra from Agra where, as he said, he was very much struck with the inscription which the Mogul Emperors had placed over their citadel there: "If there is a paradise on earth, it is here, it is here!" But with this paradise on earth the Prince's costume was scarcely in keeping, seeing that, on arriving there, he was observed, with some surprise, to be wearing "ordinary clothes and a dilapidated pig-sticker topee," which he presently, however, exchanged for a polo kit and scored one for his father's "Royals."

At Hyderabad, whence he had come to Agra, he had made his entry into the fortified capital of his warrior-host in more befitting style—heading

a brilliant procession with the Nizam and the British President to Falaknama Castle. A magnificent review of the Secunderabad garrison was held in his honour, and the Prince caused a mild sensation by taking command of the 33rd (native) Cavalry, which he manœuvred in such a way as to impress the spectators with his skill as a leader of Horse.

It was now for the first time that the Kaiser's heir had an opportunity of seeing something of our Indian army—native and British, and he was said to have declared his admiring conviction that nothing better in the way of such spectacular evolutions could be witnessed even on the Tempelhof Common at Berlin when the whole Army Corps of the Guards parades on Sedan day to march past the Emperor. In popular phrase this Hyderabad review had been quite an "eye-opener" for the Kaiser's heir.

But presently he was to see our Indian army from quite another point of view. For after spending a few days of pig-sticking and polo-playing with the "Royals" at Muttra—where he had the "time of his whole tour"—he was whisked off to Peshawar, whence he could visit the frontier fighting-ground of which he had read so much.

First of all at Peshawar the Prince inspected the Khyber Rifles, and next day motored off to the famous Pass. Four miles beyond Jamrud his Imperial Highness witnessed a sham attack by the Khyber Rifles, supported by a mountain battery, against a typical position usually held

by the savage tribesmen with whom the force has to deal. The weather was excellent, and the Prince expressed his keen admiration of the Rifles' attack and the handling of the guns and mules.

But that was not enough, for the Prince must needs return next day on a second visit to Landi Kotal, from the summit of which—as from a kind of Indo-British Pisgah mount—he was able to obtain a glorious view of the country near to the plains of Afghanistan, and doubtless had his own shrewd thoughts about the chances of a Russian invasion of India.

At Lahore the Prince rode through the city to the fort on an elephant, though this was not much to his liking. “Riding on an elephant,” he wrote, “is rather poor fun for a European. But you begin to understand it when you are in the country, for the elephant is as essential a feature of India as is the changing of the guard at Berlin, beer at Munich, coffee in Saxony, or ice-water and chewing-gum in America.”

At the same time “in Rudyard Kipling's books” (of which the Prince, like his father, seems to have been a diligent reader) “there are some charming stories of elephants, which on account of their subtle observation are of the deepest interest to every animal-lover.”

But the Prince may not have realised that it was at this very city of Lahore where our “banjo bard of the Empire” acquired his knowledge alike of elephants and of Indian life.

But now the Prince had to set his face towards

Calcutta, stopping to visit all the chief places of interest *en route*, and indulging in tiger-shooting, polo-playing and other forms of sport as a set-off to the perpetual sight-seeing of his tour—and, what was still more trying, the constant round of social entertainments in his honour, which at last had the effect of causing him to seek a three-days' rest in bed.

Delhi, Allahabad, Benares, Lucknow and other scenes of the Mutiny were in turn visited and explained to the Kaiser's heir, till at last he reached Calcutta (February 3), where he wrote :

“At the end of the incomparably beautiful journey through India we found ourselves in Calcutta, where we were welcomed in the most cordial manner in the friendly home of the Viceroy, Lord Hardinge, and his wife. Here, unfortunately, we received the order to ‘right about,’ that is to say, we heard from Berlin that the rest of our tour must be given up, and that owing to the plague in Eastern Asia our return journey must be made *via* Egypt.”

At Government House the Kaiser's heir was received with all the splendour befitting his exalted rank, and presented with an address of welcome by the Corporation of Calcutta.

In reply, his Imperial Highness expressed his thanks for the warm greeting which had been accorded to him “as a kinsman of the King-Emperor, and a great-grandson of the beloved Queen Victoria.”

“I shall never forget,” he said, “the delightful days which I have spent in this wonderful country, and

I shall not fail, on my return to Germany, to do all in my power to encourage the interest which my countrymen already take in India, and in her ancient literature and antiquities."

Before leaving Calcutta the Crown Prince warmly thanked the Viceroy for the admirable arrangements which had been made for the prosecution of his tour. But he did more than that; for he caused a member of his staff, Privy Councillor von Treutler, to issue the following communication to the Press :

"His Imperial Highness carries away from India most interesting, enjoyable, and affectionate impressions. This mighty country itself, its wonderful and varying scenery, its many monuments of ancient splendour, its records of the glorious deeds of British and Indian soldiers, as well as of the accomplishments of modern culture and energy, and the remarkable administration of an enormous territory by so small a number of officials have impressed themselves deeply on his memory.

"Further, his Imperial Highness most highly appreciates the kind hospitality he has received and the friendly feeling shown him wherever he went, privately, publicly, and in the Press. These most pleasurable experiences will never be forgotten by him. India will always hold a prominent place in his affections."

This was supplemented by a corresponding statement from the British side :

"Now that the tour has been concluded, it can safely be said that it has been a thorough success.

"His Imperial Highness took interest in the Northern frontier, and was specially struck with the Kyber

country, and the manner in which a few British kept order on the wild frontier. He deeply regretted that time forbade his visiting the whole border, and the hardy fighting tribesmen.

He was much impressed by the railway system which had enabled the country to make such wonderful progress. When shooting he saw the rural life of the peasants, and inquired deeply into all the problems of civil rule.

"Finally he studied keenly the military system, expressing his warmest admiration for the splendid British and Indian troops. The Gurkhas particularly interested him. He thoroughly enjoyed his visit to the Royal Dragoons at Muttra, where he studied regimental life. As a sportsman he showed decided skill with the rifle and the gun, and bore himself well in hunting and on the polo-ground.

"Socially his Imperial Highness has been the greatest success. All classes were struck with his courtesy and charmingly natural, but at the same time dignified, manner. The German staff has been highly popular. The Prince's cordial reception and the fêting of the crews of the German warships has tended to cement the friendship of the English and German communities of Calcutta."

But still another communication to the Press had to come from the Crown Prince, who had been annoyed by the complaints of some of his countrymen that he had been spending too much of his time in such frivolous pursuits as polo-playing and pig-sticking, instead of pottering about like a spectacled pedant among the ruins of Hindoo temples, and inflaming his eyes with the dust of antediluvian Sanskrit manuscripts. To these characteristic carpings of the German Press the *Times of India* had already replied by remarking that, if it had been the object of his Imperial Highness

to attain proficiency in Sanskrit and Vedic philosophy, it was hardly necessary for him to come to India; but that if his purpose was to widen his horizon, and obtain a first-hand knowledge of Indian matters, he would be more likely to succeed by the methods he had been following. "Englishmen do not like priggishness, and the fine, manly qualities which his Imperial Highness displayed have won for him admiration and affection. The Prince has left behind him everywhere an atmosphere which may contribute not a little to a better feeling between the two countries."

On the same subject the Prince made the following statement to a friend, desiring him to publish it as a reply to his captious critics :

"I have been criticised because I did not day by day go from temple to temple, from museum to museum, and my journey has been described as a tour devoted to hunting, golf, and polo. That is utterly untrue. Sir Harold Stuart was attached to my suite. He is one of the highest officials in the country, with thirty years' Indian experience. Day by day from the moment of my arrival in India until my departure he was with me, and my conversations with him were a never-ending source of instruction, whether they were conducted in railway carriages or while we were riding to hunts.

"I may also name Sir John Hewett, Sir G. O. Roos-Keppel, also India's highest judge, Lord Chief Justice Jenkins, and Sir Charles Stuart Bayley, the Resident at Hyderabad, with whom, as well as with other high officials and officers, I came into contact. It can well be imagined that these English brought me in touch with the best men they have in India. By talking half-an-hour with one of these I gained more than by days of intercourse with ordinary men.

"My association with these distinguished personages enabled me to study important questions concerning India, while in shooting, and playing golf and polo, I learned something of the life of India. In these pastimes I met merchants, young officials, officers—in brief, all classes of Englishmen living in that country. They were splendid men in their free and easy bearing and their manly characteristics, and never once did I experience any lack of tact. By conversing with them I gained an insight into English life in India which will be most valuable to me, and which, as heir to the Imperial Throne, I cannot easily acquire by other means."¹

¹ Here it may be added that the Crown Prince also declared himself to be in perfect accord with the ideas and observations subsequently set forth in an essay, "Foundations and Problems of British-Indian Rule," originally delivered as a lecture to the Geographical Society of Berlin by Dr. Wegener, who had been on the Prince's staff in India. The lecture took the form of a sustained eulogy of British rule in India. "One great reason," he says, "for the supremacy of the English in India is undoubtedly their very special genius for governing, just as had the Romans. It is a gift peculiar to the English. Their commercial talent is not their greatest gift, and in this they have rivals, but their instinctive capacity for organisation and administration is unequalled. . . . England is really master in India, not merely in name as is the case with Holland with regard to so many of its Colonial possessions, but every German who has travelled in India has felt the profound strength of England's power, though to our German eyes it appears marvellously kept in the background. . . . The Indian Civil Service is manned by persons of absolutely spotless character, and they all show wonderful courage and wonderful character.

"While the tension between Germany and England is so great, as it undoubtedly is, many Germans believe that it would be advantageous to Germany if the British should be expelled from India. My opinion is the exact opposite to this. Since Japan conquered Russia, and occasioned the present awakening of the East, we know that it is not as certain as we thought that we shall be able to resist the yellow races in the future. In the struggle to come all the white nations must act as one. India is the one spot on earth where the supremacy of the white race over the coloured is most strikingly exhibited. If the Asiatics

The Prince, of course, was extremely sorry that, owing to the breaking out of the plague in the Far East, he was unable to carry out the rest of his projected tour—the more so as at Peking, in particular, an unprecedented honour was in store in the shape of a residence costing £30,000, which had been prepared for him not merely in the Forbidden City, but in the Imperial Palace itself. Yet the Kaiser's orders were imperative, and by this time his heir had realized that obedience is the soldier's first and highest duty.

At the same time it was thought advisable that, in order to obviate the danger of a too sudden change of climate, the Prince should break his homeward journey in Egypt, where the Princess was now again awaiting him. As we saw in a previous chapter, the Prince and his eldest brother had already seen something of the Nile Valley on his leaving Bonn; and now it was his own desire—apart altogether from the suggestion of his father—to complete his acquaintance with a land in which he took such a lively interest as another region under exemplary British rule.

From Bombay the Prince travelled to Port Said by the P. & O. s.s. *Arabia*, mixing freely with the passengers and taking part in all the sports on board. During the voyage he had plenty of time to review his experiences of the last four months. Among the souvenirs of India that he brought

succeeded in breaking up the English rule the position of the entire white race on the earth would be in imminent peril, and this applies to Germany as well as to any other nation."

home with him for presentation to his friends was a piece of native silk which he had gone into a bazaar to purchase for his mother; and out of this fabric was fashioned the splendid ball-dress which her Imperial Majesty was to wear at Buckingham Palace a few weeks later, when in London with the Kaiser for the unveiling of Queen Victoria's memorial. Here was a kin-making touch of nature—this purchase of a piece of silk for his mother—which placed the heir to an imperial throne in the same category as the rough yet tender-hearted sailors who, from foreign climes, bring to their dear ones at home parrots, Chinese crockery, Japanese jars and other curiosities.

At Cairo the Kaiser's heir was welcomed by the Khedive, his ministers and the members of the diplomatic body; and a week later a gala dinner was given in his honour at the Palace. But what had most of all delighted the Prince on reaching Cairo was a letter from his Imperial father appointing him to the colonelcy of the "Death-Head" Hussars at Dantzic—his first independent command. Subsequently, as we have already seen, this appointment was popularly construed as an act of banishment; but it really was in the nature of a recognition and reward of the excellent results achieved by the Prince throughout his Indian tour.

In Egypt he now spent a couple of very pleasant weeks, though again the pedantic portion of his countrymen were vexed to see that their future ruler was evidently paying less attention to the pyramids than to polo, of which he indulged in

a daily game. He went into the desert—not to examine ruins, but to shoot; he dined with the officers of the English garrison at Cairo; he attended the military tournament of the Egyptian army; with his wife he made several trips up the Nile, in the course of which he took far more interest in snipe and alligators than in mummies and papyri. In fact, as an epilogue and fitting wind-up to his Indian tour, he enjoyed himself immensely; and after that he and his wife set out for Rome to represent the Emperor at the national anniversary of the Italian kingdom.

After an absence of more than five months, the Kaiser's heir returned to Berlin, rich not only in his own personal experience, but also in the consciousness of having rendered his country a real service by everywhere producing such a favourable impression as its fascinating representative.

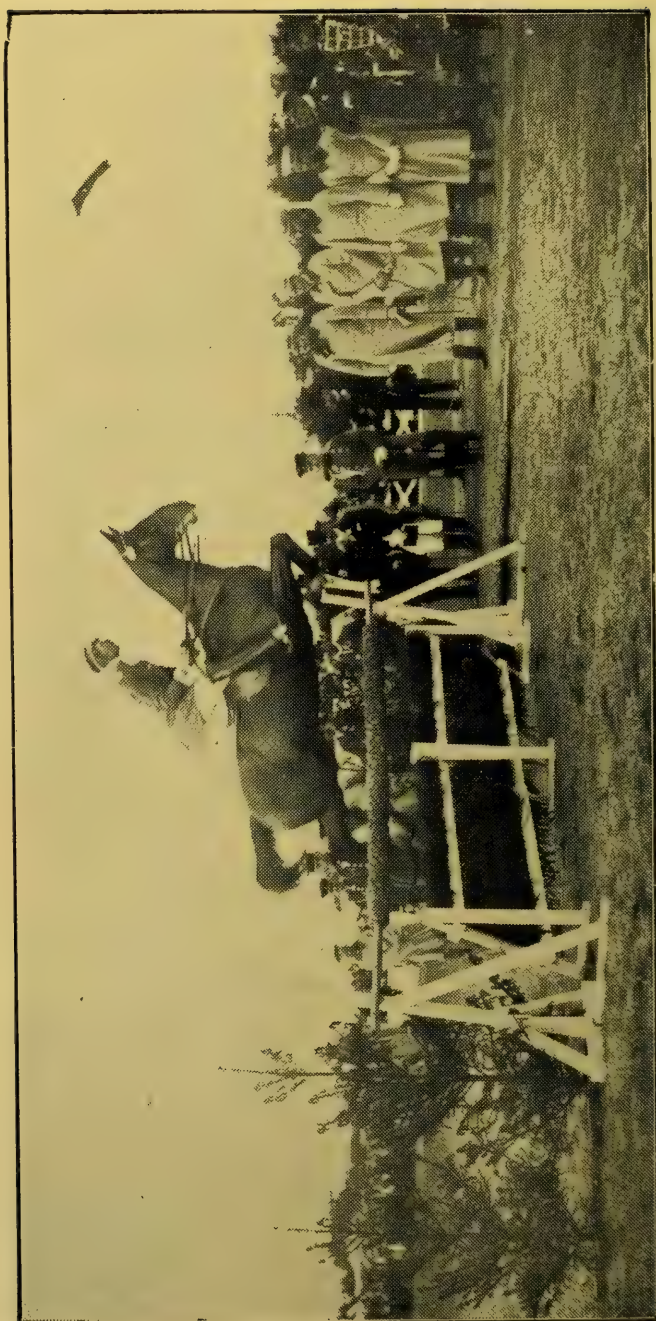
"If it be true," wrote one semi-official organ, "that the German Empire suffers from widespread unpopularity abroad, no better or more successful ambassadors for removing such misconceptions could have been chosen than the Crown Prince and Princess, with their fresh, genial and informal manner."

"It was with especial joy," added the mouth-piece of the Foreign Office, "that we in Germany watched the warm sympathies with which the Crown Prince was received everywhere on his journey, and saw how unanimously favourable was the impression created abroad by his Imperial Highness's person and bearing. Thus the journey

has been a complete success for the Crown Prince and a gain for the German Empire.”¹

¹ In his lecture to the Berlin Geographical Society already referred to, Dr. Wegener, who accompanied the Crown Prince to India as official chronicler of the tour, said that “the mere appearance of the future German Kaiser on Indian soil was an event of inestimable importance to Germany, of whose existence India’s British-ruled millions for the most part hardly knew. The Fatherland’s ‘position’ and Germanism in general were undoubtedly strengthened by the Crown Prince’s visit.”

The lecturer told a characteristic story of a Hyderabad native who asked for information about some instruments he was accustomed to use for gold embroidery. The native bought them from an English merchant in India, but noticing the words “Made in Germany,” declared his intention henceforth of “buying direct.” That was a trifling but typical example of the interest in German wares which the Crown Prince’s trip was destined to awaken in India.



A DARING RIDER.

CHAPTER X

PRINCE CHARMING

"Human documents"—Count and shop-girl—"Cæsar" and "Mucki"—Word of honour—Burning his bridges—True till death—"Impossible for a gentleman"—"Papa always kind to me"—A "man of the people"—Offered for a dollar—Highest because rarest—Loyal to old friends—"Camarilla" scandal—Polish Jew moralist—A cruel calumny—Sodom and Gomorrah circumstances—Crown Prince as *Deus ex machinâ*—Turning on the light—How it was done—Non-existence of war-party—"Willi" and "Cilli"—A "Buen Retiro"—Rider and airman—Encouragement from the clouds—"Deutschland über Alles"—"Absolutely delighted"—"Blackguard Heine"—Conquest of the air—An all-round sportsman—Leader of a new movement—Anglo-German *entente cordiale*—"Nature grand and beautiful"—A prose-poem—"Hark, hark! the lark"—A sporting chance—Matutinal tub—An "Admirable Crichton"—Characteristic stories—Not a Don Juan—Idol of the Fatherland's "flappers"—Stars as decorations—"What I am not"—"What I really am"—Father and son—Filial independence—Gossips and quidnuncs—Prince and playwrights—A Napoleon-worshipper—Blücher and Jena bridge—Popular but execrated—"The Two Grenadiers"—Heine and Goethe—The Kaiser and Heine's bust—A trumpet-toned ballad—Contrariety between father and son—"Young dog frisking in the sun"—Blank sheet of paper no longer.

It is a very good rule in the writing of a biography that its subject, whenever possible, should be allowed to tell his story in his own words. In the case of the Crown Prince's tour in India, and what it taught him, we have seen how a couple of his own communications to the Press, with several extracts from his *Sporting Diary*, were far more

illuminating than any amount of description by another hand could possibly have been; and now we shall present our readers with one or two little epistles of the "human-document" kind bearing on his general character.

They refer to the year 1906, when the Prince was but twenty-four, and had not long been married. They take the form of a correspondence with a youthful friend and comrade in the Guards, Count Hans Ferdinand von Hochberg, scion of one of the foremost houses in Prussia, a cadet branch of the princely family of Pless. Falling in love with a pretty shop-girl of Berlin, the young Count, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, threw up his commission, married the girl of his choice and went to New York, where he had a variety of adventures and ultimately assumed the name of Barnes—which was that of a mining speculator of his acquaintance.

Under his new name the young Count returned to Germany, where he induced some of his aristocratic friends to invest money in his American associate's mining scheme; and it was on a charge of having misappropriated some of this money that Barnes proper was placed on trial before the Supreme Court at New York in the spring of 1910, his noble namesake, Count Hans Hochberg, being the chief witness for the prosecution. It was in the course of this trial that the following correspondence was produced in court. "Mucki" was the Count's pet name among his friends, while the Prince was known as "Cæsar." The latter wrote—

"Potsdam, Dec. 9, 1906.

"DEAR MUCKI,

"I must speak to you very seriously to-day. I went the other day to Rohnstock" (family seat of the Hochbergs). "My mission, as you may believe, was an unpleasant one in the circumstances. Your father showed me a document written in your own hand in which you gave your word of honour to abandon your noble name the moment you married the girl of your choice.

"Mucki, I think there can be no retreat from this. You must abandon your name. If the affair becomes known, as it certainly will, you will be assuredly impossible and lost to us all. Therefore do what you promised. Listen to your old friend."

On a postcard sent from the shooting lodge of Klein-Ellgut, Silesia, the Crown Prince had written: "Come back soon. It's too stupid of you."

Another letter from the Prince ran—

"You know how sorry I am for the whole affair. I had long hoped that you would forget it, but your motives are irreproachable and do you all honour. And yet you ought not to have done it. You have now burned pretty nearly all the bridges behind you, but you know we, Achim Helldorff and I, will always remain the same to you, come what may. But this matter of your word of honour you must unconditionally put in order.

"I am soon to begin work in the Government. That will be very agreeable to me. This year I have shot nineteen stags, thirty-eight bucks, and three chamois. A thousand greetings! *Au revoir!*

"Thy

"CÆSAR."

In one of his replies the young Count attempted at great length to set his "dear Cæsar" right

regarding the point of honour. He promised, he said, to change his name on condition that his father gave him enough to live on respectably in New York and did not oppose his marriage. "Instead, father left me to starve. I was without a single dollar, and literally had to support myself by manual labour." To this the Prince replied—

"Potsdam, Jan. 11, 1907.

"DEAR MUCKI,

"Many thanks for your last letter, from which I learn something in detail of your present life. From what you write everything seems all right, and you can believe that your parents have not influenced me. But nevertheless you cannot escape from your written promise, made upon your honour. If I had written as you did, that 'in case of marriage below my station I shall change my noble name,' then I should do so anyhow.

"Believe me, dear Mucki, that personally it would be quite indifferent to me whether you have this or another name. You will yet be my good old friend, to whom I shall always stick. But with your new home and new friends you cannot at once adopt new ideas of honour. Are not mental reservations impossible for a gentleman? And, then, this dictated letter of Barnes to your parents! Excuse me if I find it peculiar. We all look upon it as silly and bombastic."

The letter to which the Crown Prince had referred was one from Count Hochberg written at the dictation of Barnes, containing observations on the futility of titles, and saying that "love was worth more than a title." The Crown Prince proceeded—

"Can't you see that he is using you as an advertisement for himself? Poor Mucki! Please tell me

something about your home. Here it is all the same. I am confined to my room with my annual cold. Cecilia too. Baby is developing in a splendid way. I enjoy my squadron very much. It is much nicer than a company, although the non-coms. of the First Guards are better. I am occupied now with speeches (delivered in Parliament). The other day I spent two hours with Bülow (Imperial Chancellor).

"Papa, too, now is always very kind to me. We have approached one another a good deal. A few days ago he talked to me for a long time about politics. I am so thankful for it. You know it is like being a sailor who is never allowed to conduct a ship, but who may at any time be called upon to replace the steersman. Now good-bye, old chap. Continue to be German. Do not become such an old Yankee business man,

"Your

"CÆSAR."

In another letter the Prince assured the Count that he was his dearest friend, and added, "Your father still loves you very much, but your mother, I am sorry to say, has completely given you up." "Cæsar" told the Count that he had vainly importuned the Hochberg family to receive his wife, and proceeded to impress on him the necessity of changing his name. The Count's reply was a glorification of the joy of being a "man of the people," and a condemnation of the aristocratic ideas which his father had acquired "through his association with the Emperor."

"My child," he added, "could not respect me if I sold my name and birthright for greed of gold." To his father the Count wrote: "It is not money I want. The blood of the noble Hochberg family rises in my veins and resents the insult of

an interference by an attorney who is paid for trying to take all you have left me—my name.”

At the New York trial in question, Count Hans Hochberg, chief witness for the prosecution, stated that he had lent his associate—Barnes—the royal letters in question, and been unable to recover them; while the defence, on the other hand, declared that the Count had sold to Barnes his correspondence with the Crown Prince for “one dollar and other valuable considerations.” It appeared that, before the publication of the letters, an attempt had been made to induce the Berlin authorities to buy them back on the ground that their divulgence was likely to cause a disagreeable sensation. But this attempt—at something like blackmail—came to nought, the view of the matter taken at Berlin being that there was no reason to dread disclosure.

The publication of the letters certainly produced a sensation; but, far from being “disagreeable,” it was exactly the reverse. For they raised the character of the Kaiser’s heir in the eyes of all who read them. There was not a line in any of these letters, not a thought, not a sentiment which was not that of a man of honour and a gentleman. They revealed their writer to be a Prince as true to the principles of personal honour as he was inflexibly loyal to old friends now living under a cloud, which is the highest, because the rarest, form of friendship.¹ Moreover, the letters showed

¹ Reference may here be made to another instance of the Prince’s fidelity to old friends. One of his special “pals” at Potsdam had been the young Duke of Croy, serving in the

their princely writer as an eager student of politics and administration, studying the speeches delivered in the Reichstag, a docile pupil of Prince Bülow, the Chancellor, and, above all, rejoicing in the fact that his imperial father had begun to initiate him in the principles of statecraft.

But it was presently to be the Prince's turn to become the instructor of his sire. For a few weeks after writing his last letter to his "dear Mucki" he did a very courageous thing. That is to say, he dared to draw his father's attention to the rumours buzzing about all over Berlin, and reaching everywhere except, apparently, the steps of the imperial throne, as to the prevalence of an unmentionable vice—*crimen inter Christianos non nominandum*—among the members of a certain Court clique known as the "Camarilla," in closest contact with the Kaiser himself.

Those loathsome rumours were connected with the names of such exalted personages as Prince Philip Eulenburg, who had been German ambassador at Vienna, Count Kuno von Moltke, a nephew of the great "battle-thinker," who was Governor of Berlin, and General Count Hohenau, a blood-relative of the Emperor; and the rumours in

Gardes-du-Corps, who must needs infringe the rules of his order by marrying Miss Nancy Leishman, daughter of a former American ambassador at Berlin—a union which, according to the etiquette of courts, had to be regarded as one of "unequal birth"—in fact, almost morganatic, or left-handed. But when the wedded pair paid their first visit to Berlin—some six months after their marriage—the Crown Prince brushed aside etiquette and hastened to spend an hour with them at their hotel—to the scandal of the Court purists in such affairs.

question had repeatedly found daring expression in a weekly journal called *Die Zukunft* ("The Future"), edited by a clever but unscrupulous Polish Jew called Witkowski, who had assumed the sonorous German name of Maximilian Harden, a very good Christian patronymic wherewith to go to church on Sundays. This Witkowski had been taken up and used as one of his pliable Press-instruments by Bismarck after his fall, and among other things he had perpetrated the villainy of asserting that the Empress Frederick, the Kaiser's own mother, had been secretly married a second time.¹

Anyhow, Witkowski-Harden was just the sort of man to do the dirty moral-scavenger work to which he now addressed himself; and his weekly magazine soon became a sort of *cloaca maxima* for discharging over Berlin one of the most disgusting streams of wickedness ever vomited from any capital since the days of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Charges so foul were levelled against members of the Emperor's *entourage* that the Crown Prince, taking his courage in both hands, at last brought them to the notice of his father, and then the storm

¹ In his *Word-Portraits*—of which an English version was issued by Blackwood—Harden had the incredible effrontery to write: "Besides the first husband she now rests in the Friedenskirche, which the living woman, since she discarded her widow's weeds, had scarcely ever entered." A first husband, of course, implies a second; and this was how the Jew Witkowski gave printed currency to the horrible calumny that the widowed Empress was secretly married, *en secondes nocces*, to Count Seckendorff, who had been a life-long and highly honoured member of her household, and remained truly and purely devoted to her in her cruel bereavement.

burst. The ensuing legal proceedings were the scandal of all Europe, but the Kaiser's heir again reaped golden opinions for the courageous part he had played in the matter.¹

On one side he had reaped golden opinions, but on the other he could not fail to have antagonised certain social elements more or less immediately connected with the so-called "Camarilla" round the Kaiser; though it was conclusively proved by Prince Bülow that there was nothing whatever in the *entourage* of his Imperial Majesty corresponding to the thing denoted by this quite un-German name.

This reasoning was the same as the Kaiser himself had used during that acute stage of the Morocco question (in 1905), when the French

¹ How the Emperor came to be enlightened concerning the matters under investigation was thus explained in court—

"One day, as a group of officers at the club were discussing these matters, one of them observed, 'This is nothing out of the common: there are a whole lot of persons in high positions with similar inclinations, as one could see by reading the last number of *Die Zukunft*.'

"The Crown Prince, who chanced to hear the last part of the conversation, demanded an explanation. He sent for the numbers of *Die Zukunft* concerned, and asked General Count Huelsen-Haeseler if it were not necessary that the latter should report the matter to the Emperor. General Huelsen-Haeseler declined to do this, on the plea that Prince Philip Eulenburg was not a military officer, but he persuaded the Crown Prince himself to undertake the enlightenment of the Kaiser. The Prince at first remonstrated, saying he felt too young for such a mission; but finally, on May 5, he mentioned the occurrences and the articles to the Emperor.

"His Majesty immediately sent for General Huelsen-Haeseler, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, Minister of the Interior, and Dr. von Borries, the Berlin Prefect of Police, and a conference of several hours' duration took place, with the result that Count William Hohenau, Count Kuno Moltke, and Prince Philip Eulenburg were dismissed from their positions."

ambassador at Berlin had been unguarded enough to write about the danger of the "war-party" at the Imperial Court. "It is wrong," his Majesty remarked, "to say that there is a war-party in my *entourage*. There is no such party, and, even if there were, the fact would be of no importance, inasmuch as the final decision rests with me alone."

The intervention of the Prince in the so-called "Camarilla" scandal pleased the public all the more as he himself was known to lead the cleanest of lives. Indeed, one of the secrets of his popularity was the purity of his domestic life. He was known to be ardently devoted to his wife, and it was hard to say which was the more popular, "Willi" (for William) or "Cilli" (for Cecilia), as they called each other, and were also so known to the "man in the street." It seemed to be the mission of this royal couple to bring the Crown into closer touch with the Crowd than ever before.

In his "Diary" the Prince frequently alludes to the pleasure he derived from the companionship of his wife on his shooting excursions—

"Cecilia," he wrote, "often accompanies me on my hunting expeditions. She shares my passion for nature and sport, and her sharp eyes are as quick as the foresters'."

And again—

"Every year, if it is in any way possible, Cecilia and I come with a trusty friend to this Buen Retiro" (at Klein-Ellgut, Silesia); "and it is always a wrench when we have to leave it. Not far from Ellgut stands our

beautiful, big castle of Öls. Here a merry band of my young friends and comrades gather for the four days' hare and pheasant shooting. Cecilia and I, however, care more for the quiet little house in the forest, and only inhabit the castle for the winter season."

Another main cause of the Prince's popularity was that he had proved himself to be such a dare-devil as an airman, a steeplechase rider, and a sportsman of every kind. He enjoys the distinction of being the first "future monarch" to entrust himself to a flying machine heavier than air. But he had already served his apprenticeship to the service of the air by making several ascents in the dirigibles of Count Zeppelin and others. When the Emperor was staying with his friend Prince Fürstenberg, at Donau-Eschingen, in the Black Forest, seeking refuge, so to speak, from the storm which burst over the Fatherland in consequence of his Majesty's interview with an English newspaper, the Crown Prince came sailing along in a Zeppelin airship and wafted down messages of encouragement to his imperial parent standing on the castle terrace gazing up at this startling phenomenon, and wondering what his lively son and heir would be up to next. On returning to Friedrichshafen, on the Lake of Constance, the Crown Prince and Count Zeppelin received a tremendous ovation, an immense crowd singing *Deutschland, Deutschland ueber Alles* and the *Wacht am Rhein*.

That was in the autumn of 1908; and about the same time next year the Prince improved on his airship achievement by ascending as the passenger

of Mr. Orville Wright on an aeroplane at Potsdam, to the mingled apprehension and admiration of the spectators. Prince Henry of Prussia had been the first of his race to sail round the world; but it was from his nephew, the Crown Prince, that he was to get a lead in the conquest of the air. In an interview Mr. Wright said—

“Although the Crown Prince did not say much more than ‘fine’ when he was up in the air with me I could read all the impressions on his face. I never took up any passenger who looked so pleased. He was absolutely delighted. He just smiled when we started, and kept smiling right along. I felt a great responsibility in having the future German Emperor as a passenger; not that I mistrusted my machine, but because I knew how scared the spectators would be if any little irregularity occurred, so I kept low at starting. This did not please the Prince, who continually urged me higher. He was not in the least nervous, nor evidently was the imperial family, for I think I mentioned to the Empress when her Majesty visited the Bornstedt field the other day that his Royal Highness intended to make a flight.”

The poet Heine—“blackguard Heine,” as Carlyle not unjustly called him—had written a pungent epigram on his German countrymen as a mere nation of dreamers whose thoughts were always in the air, though his words had now received a wonderfully new significance from the achievements of Count Zeppelin and the heir to the imperial crown himself—

“The French and the Russians now lord it on land,
In the ocean the Britons are rooted;
To the Germans remaineth the regions of air,
Where they domineer undisputed.”

Fearless as an airman, the Prince is equally renowned as a dashing motorist and a daring rider—so much so, in fact, that, if rumour speaks true, he has repeatedly had to suffer confinement to his quarters in consequence of parental displeasure at his audacious escapades. Some of these have already been referred to, and the illustration prefixed to this chapter will show how the Kaiser's heir can clear a five-barred gate as cleanly as any hunter in all our shires. With black and white for his colours (those of Prussia) he has also started a racing stable—another quite new departure on the part of a Hohenzollern prince; and, in fact, he may almost be said to have already done as much for Germany in the world of sport as his father in the domain of the sea. If William II., by the creation of a navy, has taught Germany how to swim, his son and heir has equally shown her how to shoot—especially to stalk, to play polo, lawn tennis, ice-hockey, golf, football, and the various forms of winter sports.

He has, in fact, constituted himself the patron and player of all kinds of English outdoor games, and is the recognised leader of the new movement which promises to make Germany our most formidable rival—not only in the field of commerce, but also in the domain of sport, in which we have hitherto been complacent enough to regard ourselves as unsurpassable. No one more than the Crown Prince has helped to break down the popular prejudice in Germany against

English forms of sport.¹ "He will make of us," a loyal admirer has already prophesied, "the first all-round sporting people in the world."

Certainly at last the Prince, as leader of the new movement, has already made a very good beginning; and it is no exaggeration to say of him that, in spite of all his demonstrations in the Reichstag, he has done more than any other man in Germany—after his own father, *bien entendu*—to promote a better understanding between the two kindred peoples. As our *entente cordiale* with France had the immediate effect of popularising tennis, golf, football, and, above all, boxing on the other side of the Channel, so the introduction of English sports into Germany promises to bring about a better state of feeling between the two nations.

In the case of France it was English sport that followed on the *entente*, while with Germany it promises to be just the other way round. But the result will be the same—and all because the Kaiser's heir, far from being inimically disposed towards the land and people of his grandmother, is doing so much to make his fellow-countrymen apprehend what English life really means, and how much it would profit them to assimilate some of its best elements.

In the introduction to his *Sporting Diary* the

¹ In April 1907 the Crown Prince opened an International Sport Exhibition at Berlin. Its object, as the Duke of Mecklenburg stated in his address of welcome to the Prince, was to combat the prejudices still existing in many classes in Germany against sport. He hoped that the Exhibition would popularise sport in the Fatherland, and bring the nations closer together in peaceful competition.

Crown Prince modestly says of it that "they are just pages taken from the hunting diary of a man who loves open-air sport, and to whom Nature, grand and beautiful, is an inexhaustible source of delight and joy. . . . I do not pretend to claim any literary merit for these plain, unadorned little sketches. There is nothing particularly striking about them."

But there, his Imperial Highness—if he will permit us to say so—is entirely wrong. All these sketches are very striking, very charming, and very much above the literary average of the ordinary sporting writers, few of whom, for example, are capable of such little bits of sentiment and colour as this—

"The ride home is delicious. The sun has risen, the birds are in full song; everything smells of fresh earth, of wet meadows and corn. And in the corn glisten bright-coloured tufts of wild flowers. The peasants, many an old friend of mine among them, are driving their teams to work. And hark! there is the cuckoo's tireless call!"

Must there not be something of soul-kinship between the Prussian Prince who could feel and write like that, and the English poet who penned this morning serenade to Imogen?

"Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise,
Arise, arise!"

It was in returning from a deer-stalking excursion that the Prince conceived that little prose-poem of the sunrise; and it is a mighty rare thing for any German sportsman to stalk anything. Their favourite form of shooting—whether deer, hares, or wild boar—is by *battue*, which is not so much sport as organised butchery. But against that the sporting instinct of the Crown Prince, as developed in Scotland, in India, and among the Austrian Alps, rises in revolt. His favourite way of dealing with the chamois, the dun and the red deer, is the Highland method—by stalking, which enables him to pit his intelligence and his physical powers against those of his quarry, and gives it a sporting chance.

That is the true sporting spirit, which the Crown Prince has done so much to introduce into Germany, just as he has initiated a new departure in the use of the matutinal tub, even at three o'clock in the morning when aroused by his head keeper, and when, though very much against the grain, “with a great heave I am out of bed and into a cold bath, and then down to breakfast in the hall.” Has not some one sapiently said that the highest form of courage is the two o'clock in the morning variety of the virtue?

It was only after we had made ourselves masters of India that we took to “tubbing,” tent-pegging, pig-sticking and polo; and by the adoption of at least three of those practices the Crown Prince has set an example to his countrymen which should enable them to complete the boast of Bismarck

on a memorable occasion that "we Germans fear God and nothing else in the world"—with the addition of—"not even cold water."

Yes, the Crown Prince is a good and even enthusiastic all-round sportsman, rich in experiences, as he says himself, "such as fall to the lot of few." But in other respects, too, his accomplishments are such as entitle him to be regarded as a sort of "Admirable Crichton" of his time. A volume might be compiled of the stories that have been told of him—his dare-devil rides; his stopping of runaway horses; his motor smashes; his frequent giving of a lift in his luxurious motor-car to country tramps; his army-manceuvre conversation with an old apple-woman, and the sending of his personal dentist to draw her aching tooth; his purchase of a barrowful of sweets from another old crone, and distribution of the lot among the beaters at a shoot; his invention of a new thing in sleeve-links for which he took out a patent, but then withdrew it on finding that his right was contested by several firms; and, above all, the ardent adoration of which he is the object among the "flapper" communities of the Fatherland, who do not regard him as a Don Juan, but just as a simple, natural, effusive Prince Charming! ¹

¹ A characteristic story of the true kind was told of the Prince when serving with the 1st Foot Guards. It was during the autumn manœuvres, when his battalion was in bivouac, and a crowd gathered to watch the men cook and eat their dinner. After the meal the men were allowed to amuse themselves in their own way, the Prince participating in the fun.

Seeing ladies among the onlookers, his Imperial Highness proclaimed an impromptu beauty competition, passed the

The German Press teems with such stories about the Prince's affability, kindness, and vagaries—and with his jokes even at the expense of his imperial sire, of whom he was credited (but only perhaps by Mr. Benjamin Trouvato) with saying that “the stars in the firmament are the decorations conferred by my august father on his Creator.”

Like his grandfather the Emperor Frederick, and perhaps even like his own father, the Prince takes a lively interest in what is written about him in the Press, and is said to have made a special collection of erroneous statements labelled “What I am not.” Such cuttings must constitute rather a bulky volume by this time; but, on the other hand, the corresponding budget, entitled “What I really am,” embodies knowledge which may be said to be of the rarest kind among men. For how few of us know what we really are! And if the Kaiser's heir is one of those favoured few who has laid to heart the “know thyself” behest which, according to the Latin satirist, came down from heaven to men,¹ he must be fortunate indeed and a source of special satisfaction to all his friends.

Anyhow, his newspaper cuttings headed “What I really am” must have brought home to him the fact that he is the most popular personage

assembled aspirants in review, and, with impartial gallantry, awarded prizes to all.

The prizes consisted of chocolate and cigarettes. The Prince was particularly gracious to three young ladies who, at his request, took charge of his camp kitchen and cooked pancakes for the Prince and his officers, who hugely appreciated the delicacies.

¹ Juvenal, *Sat.* xi. 27.

in Germany, and above all, in the German army, though he might easily be so without its being believed of him that he is bellicose. Perhaps his popularity with the masses is due to the circumstance of his being so different in many respects from his father; that he is not so much of a persona problem; that his simple character and temperament are more congenial to his countrymen; and that he has been repeatedly in conflict with the parental will—not only in the field of high State policy, as we have already seen in a separate chapter, but also on minor questions such as the patronising of particular theatres. But, after all, it was surely never demanded of the Crown Prince by his father that he should not have opinions of his own, any more than this was expected by Queen Victoria on her eldest son and heir coming of age, when her Majesty wrote him a long letter announcing his complete emancipation from parental authority and control.

“She tells him,” wrote Mr. Greville, the distinguished diarist of the Victorian era, “that he may have thought the rule they adopted for his education a very severe one, but that his welfare was their only object; and, well knowing to what seductions of flattery he would eventually be exposed, they wished to prepare and strengthen his mind against them; that he was now to consider himself his own master, and that they should never intrude any advice upon him, although always ready to give it him whenever he thought fit to ask it.”

It is to be presumed that the German Crown Prince—who had to prepare himself for the

performance of duties quite as responsible, to say the least of them, as those which awaited the Prince of Wales—was given as long a tether of independence consistent with the rather more stringent atmosphere of military life in which he was to move. But the Berliners and their newscaterers are inveterate gossips and quidnunes; and whenever they found that their beloved heir to the throne had been purchasing gloves at a haberdasher from whom his imperial father had withdrawn his custom; or going to a theatre which the same father, for patriotic reasons, had ceased to visit; or employing a Polish artist who had incurred the imperial displeasure—they at once began to talk a deal of nonsense about a rupture between the Kaiser and his wayward heir—as if, forsooth, the natural relations between father and son could be seriously impaired by a petty difference of opinion about Gerhart Hauptmann or any other playwright.

This Hauptmann is the author, among other things, of a very Socialistic play called "The Weavers," of which one writer has said that "if I were August Bebel" (who, by the way, is now dead, and out of court) "I would produce this drama at the expense of the Social Democratic war-chest every night in every industrial centre in the land." This play was staged at the "Deutsches Theater," Berlin, which the Kaiser, in consequence, ceased to visit; while his son and heir, in the exercise of that independence which had been conferred upon him, scrupled not to

attend a performance there—though not of “The Weavers.”

On the other hand, it was said that the Crown Prince, as patron of the popular movement for celebrating the centenary of the uprising of the Prussian people against French domination in 1813, threatened to resign his office unless a “Festival Play” by Gerhart Hauptmann, produced at Breslau, the centre of that national uprising, were withdrawn, on the ground that the dramatist had glorified Napoleon too much at the expense of the Prussian heroes of the “Liberation War”—which was a curious thing to be done by a prince whose favourite historical character is said to be Napoleon, and who has collected a perfect museum of mementos about the victor of Jena—a battle that gave its name to the memorial bridge over the Seine, which old Blücher threatened to blow up on entering Paris with the allies after Waterloo.¹

It is another proof of the Crown Prince's force of character that he should dare to cherish sympathies of the kind which caused the name of Heinrich Heine, the most popular of all Germany's

¹ *Vide* pp. 9 and 174 *ante*. Blücher had already ordered preparations for the blowing up of the Pont de Jéna over the Seine, when Count Goltz, in Talleyrand's name, urged him to desist, to which Marshal “Vorwärts” replied: “The bridge shall be blown up, and I should be pleased if M. Talleyrand would previously seat himself upon it! How can this despicable man call the bridge a precious monument? Our honour demands the destruction of this memorial erected to our shame!” Some blasting was done, but on Blücher being assured, on behalf of Louis XVIII, that the bridge should receive another name (which it never did), the attempt was abandoned.

poets, to be covered with national execration. To this day no monument in all Germany—not even at Düsseldorf, his own native place—stands to the memory of the lyric bard who expressed his reverence for Napoleon, among other things, in his immortal “Two Grenadiers,” and who, though born a Prussian Jew, got himself baptised—thus becoming “*ein schlecht getaufter Jude*,” or “badly christened Jew,” who is said to be the worst of all characters—and “ratted” to France, where he not only wrote stinging things about his own discarded countrymen, but also accepted the Cross of the Legion of Honour from the sawdust “Man of Destiny” who was to become the victim of Sedan.

But then, had not even Goethe himself—when summoned to the Congress of Erfurt, where the victor of Jena boasted of his *parterre des rois*, his “pitful of kings”—also scrupled not to accept the same decoration from the conqueror and humiliator of Prussia, while declaring that the Corsican, with his compliments, had put the dot

¹ Some years ago no small astonishment was felt in Germany when a large number of English lists of the “hundred best books” in the world were drawn up, and Heine was found in them all—a distinction shown to no other German author, for there were lists which contained not a single book by Goethe. In his *Young Germany*, the eminent critic, George Brandes, writes: “Heine’s works, now that the copyright has expired, are republished in innumerable editions. Both in and out of Germany he is as much sung as read. His poems have given occasion to more than 3000 musical compositions. In 1887 the solo songs alone numbered 2500. . . . Of all the German lyric poets Heine is the one whose songs have most frequently been set to music. After him, with his 3000 compositions, comes Goethe, with about 1,700; the others follow far behind.”

above the *i* of his life? "I will gladly confess," he wrote, "that nothing higher and more pleasing could have happened to me in all my life than to have stood before the French Emperor on such a footing"—an Emperor who had said of the poet of Weimar—only a few miles from Jena: "*Voilà un homme!*"—"There's a man for you!"

It was different, however, with "blackguard Heine," who, we repeat, enjoys the double distinction of being at once the most popular and the most execrated of all German poets—mainly on account of his offences as a Napoleon-worshipper; so that when the Crown Prince's own father took over from the Empress of Austria her palace of the Achilleion at Corfu, one of his first acts—in the exercise of his *jus imaginum*—was to turn out of doors a bust of Heine which he found among the ornaments of the entrance-hall. The hateful thing found its way to Hamburg, where it was kicked about from pillar to post in the auction-rooms till at last it found another resting-place in the back parlour of an obscure bookseller—a great admirer of the author of "The Two Grenadiers," who, on reaching Germany, when returning from captivity in Russia—

"Were met by the tragic, the terrible news
That France to the ground had been shaken,
That the Grande Armée had been conquered and crushed,
And Napoleon, Napoleon been taken!"

There is nothing in all the mass of Napoleonic literature which so completely embodies the spirit of the Grande Armée as this trumpet-toned ballad

—with its musical suggestion of the “Marseillaise” —by a writer who, a Jew by race, a German by birth, and a Frenchman by adoption, had at his native Düsseldorf gazed on the Satanic Corsican and worshipped him almost as a god.

That the Kaiser's heir should share the Napoleon-worship of the renegade and apostate poet, whose bust the Kaiser himself had pitched out of his Corfu palace, is one of the most curious cases of that contrariety between father and son which the journalists of Berlin are so fond—but, perhaps, over fond—of emphasising. For, after all, it is a contrariety, not of the pin-prick and intentional kind, but such as simply springs from accidental independence of mind and the possession of high spirits, which, after all, are surely a young man's greatest charm.

Bismarck once tried to account for the puzzling vagaries of his “new master,” the present Kaiser, by comparing him to “a young dog frisking in the sun,” and the words are still more applicable to the Kaiser's heir, who is full of the spirit of youthful frolic—even when he goes to the Reichstag to listen to a high political debate. As a young man no one was ever more influenced by such a spirit than Bismarck himself, who, when writing to his wife in his manhood from the scene of some of his youthful vagaries, prayed that “it might please God to fill this vessel, wherein the champagne at twenty-one uselessly frothed, leaving only empty dregs, with His own clear and strengthening wine.”

Yet our task, for the present, may well end here—the more so, since the character of the Crown Prince had best be painted in the carefully mixed colours of his own words and acts, which must necessarily be more illuminating than the commentaries of a biographer. But in view of the foregoing narrative it can surely no longer be pretended that the life of the Kaiser's heir continues to be an “*unbeschriebenes Blatt*,” or blank sheet of paper. On this paper he himself, by his course of life, has already penned a story of quite exceptional interest—which we have endeavoured to transfer to these pages—while as yet only in training for the high and mighty position which awaits him, and which will put his character to the severest proof.

Meanwhile the further development of this character will be followed with the keenest and most sympathetic interest by all Britons, who are naturally more concerned than any other people, after the Germans themselves, with the future possibilities of the Kaiser's Heir.

THE END

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